

MIDWINTER NUMBER
OF
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 4.

A WHEEL AROUND THE HUB.



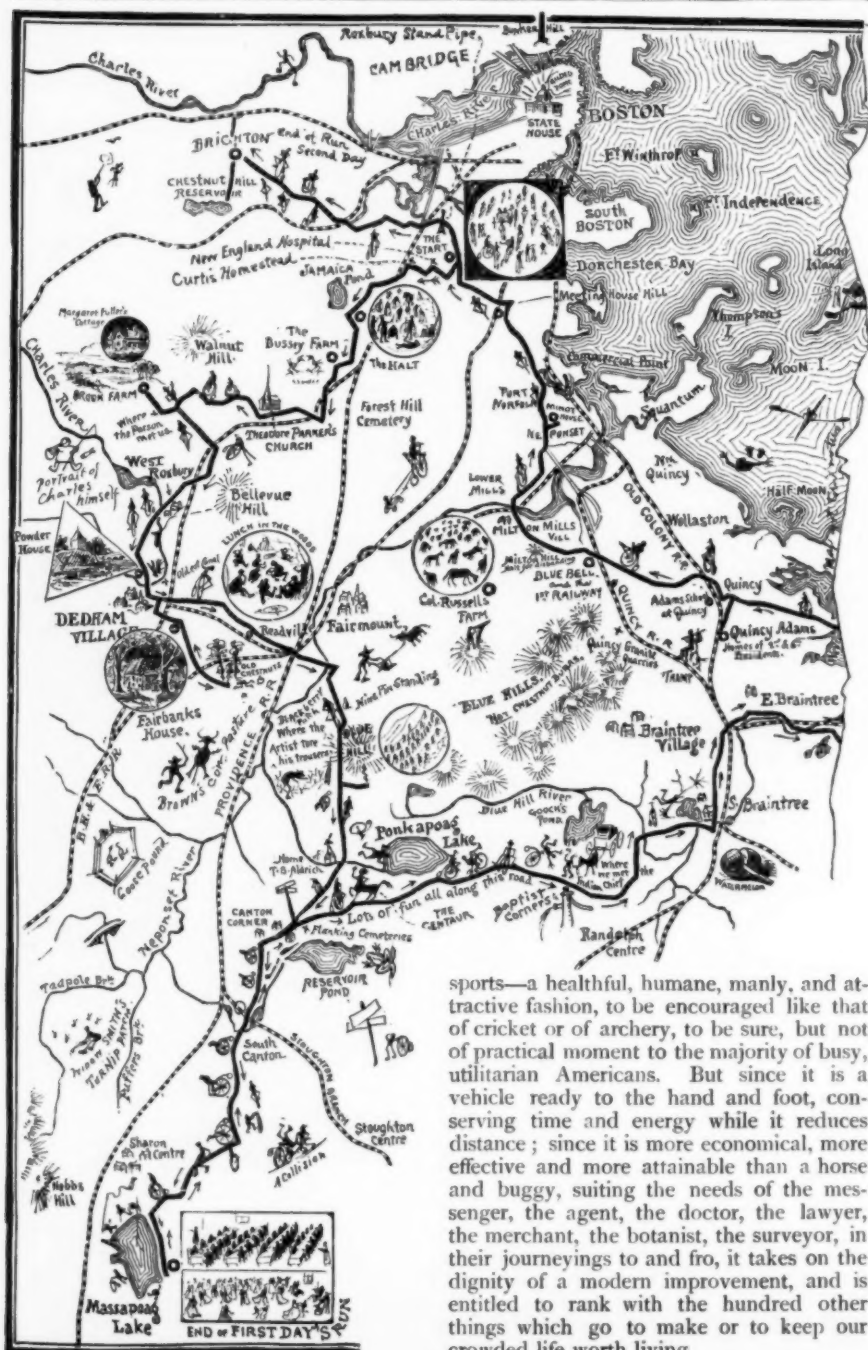
RECREATION AT MASSAHOAG. (SEE PAGE 496.)

THREE countries claim the birth of the bicycle. Whether the paternity of it really belongs to a German baron, to an English postman, or to a French mechanic, we may leave to the debates of the curious, or answer with the safe suggestion that it is the result of a process of evolution, while we enjoy the fact, that whatever its origin, it is now an American institution. An instrument with which M. Laumaille has threaded thirty thousand miles of European roads,

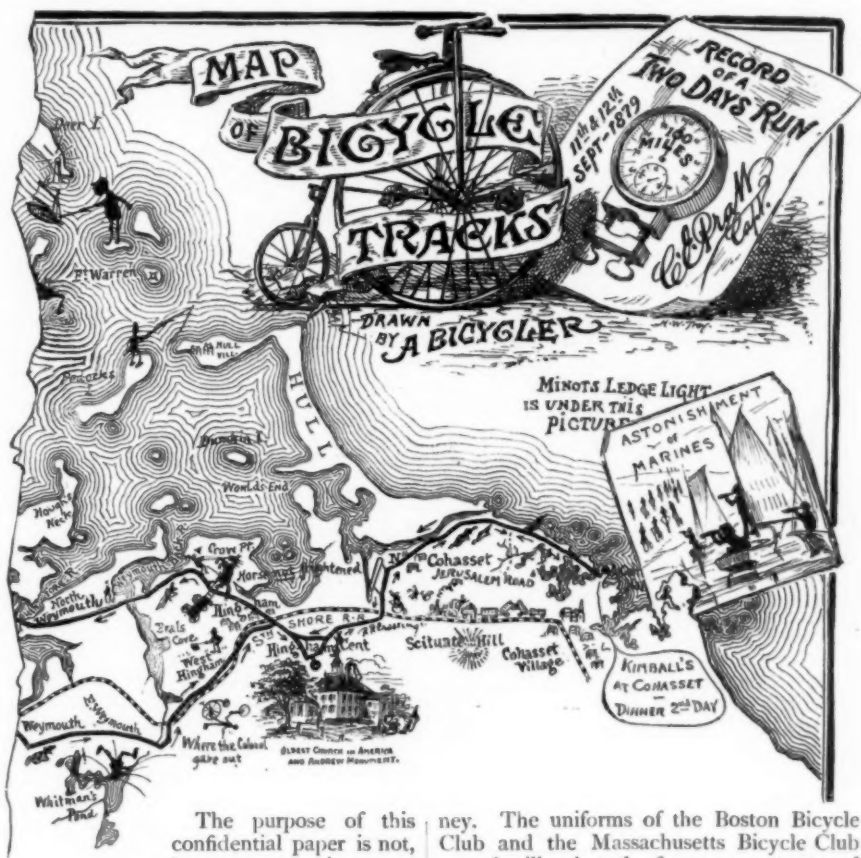
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with which Mr. Waller has accomplished more than fourteen hundred miles in six days, and which on any course longer than five miles enables a man to excel the fleetest horse, is one which may well excite the public interest and find its way into the popular literature of the time. If it were adapted only to the racing path or the public hall, if it had only its record in competitive and ornamental athletics, its use might be characterized as a fashion in

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sports—a healthful, humane, manly, and attractive fashion, to be encouraged like that of cricket or of archery, to be sure, but not of practical moment to the majority of busy, utilitarian Americans. But since it is a vehicle ready to the hand and foot, conserving time and energy while it reduces distance ; since it is more economical, more effective and more attainable than a horse and buggy, suiting the needs of the messenger, the agent, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the botanist, the surveyor, in their journeyings to and fro, it takes on the dignity of a modern improvement, and is entitled to rank with the hundred other things which go to make or to keep our crowded life worth living.



The purpose of this confidential paper is not, however, to praise or to disparage this modern rival of the horse, but to disclose how a few possessors of the birotate chariot, numbering some forty odd, enjoyed "a wheel around the Hub," as our Artist put it, and to record some of the events of their two days' run.

The meet was entirely informal. Personal invitations had brought together individual members of seven or eight bicycle clubs, and also several amateurs from the unofficered ranks of "the unattached." A rosy September morning smiled on them as they glided by ones or twos toward the place of meeting. This was the foot of a broad, winding avenue in ancient Roxbury, now a part of the municipality of Boston. Roxbury had seen many bicycles before, but never so many at once. There was something novel in the diversity of dress, in the equipments with knapsacks and compact "*multum-in-parvo*" bags, portending a jour-

ney. The uniforms of the Boston Bicycle Club and the Massachusetts Bicycle Club were familiar, but the fine gray costumes of the Worcester Bicycle Club, the white flannel shirts and bright stockings of the Harbords, and the blue polo caps, marked "E. Bi. C.," and the strange attire of the Newark, Washington, and Salem men, were remarked by the early-moving business men, on their way to town. Carriage people reined up to look, and teamsters to have a pleasant word; the street circulation of Roxbury had a stoppage. The community went into committee of the whole to consider a novel state of facts and canvass the prospects; ladies smiled from the windows and piazzas, children thronged the walls, and the irrepressible small boy shied his cap at the gleaming spokes and cried, "Mister, your little wheel's loose!"

As is usual with things "informal," the meet had a contriving head or two behind it, and the fact began to be apparent when a spirited horse with buggy attachment,



THE MEET, ROXBURY.

and a similar antiquity with a light express wagon and driver, surrendered to Praed, who directed Apollo and our Artist to the first, and invited the knapsacks and other *impedimenta* to the second. Meanwhile Ned was handing about some manuscript copies of something which an eager reporter, who chanced along, explained to his companion was "a programme."

The committee aforesaid had become a crowd. It rained questions and witty remarks.

"Pile machines!" exclaimed Quil,—an order equivalent to "stack arms" in a military company. The effort was futile, and revealed a need of leadership. Praed was requested to assume command. Calling his motley hosts to one side, by a thrice repeated



"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."

"attention" with a small bugle, he addressed them with terse directness if not with eloquence. The organization was simple. Five aids were appointed, namely, our Highland

Laddie to ride at the front with the captain, Quil and Old Easy to ride at the rear, and Ned and Squire Winsome for intermediate duty.

Just as the fortieth came wending his way laggardly through the crowd, the captain's bugle sounded "boots and saddles," and the mount was effected. Fluttering handkerchiefs of ladies receded fast, and fresh scenes opened to view as the rubber-hoofed steeds sped noiselessly along the winding avenue, across and beyond the busy streets, past fine new mansions and quaint old houses. Here was the New England Hospital set like a castle on a sunny slope; here, the ancient homestead of William Curtis, established in 1638. Tradition has it that, with very few changes, this is the house he then built; and from that time to this, continuously, he or some of his descendants have dwelt here. William Curtis was the progenitor of nearly all the numerous families of that name now in the United States, including the late distinguished jurist and him who graces the jolliest easy-chair in the domain of literature.

Arrived on the eastern strand of Jamaica Pond, a charming sheet of water between pretty hills, at signal of three short notes the bicycles dismount and discover the third evidence of foreordination

for this informal run. They had been preceded by a genial and accomplished knight of the camera, whose gentlemanly address had obtained leave of the residents, and whose artistic eye had selected a fine little lawn, bounded by an elegant country residence and the street, a hedge and a grove of young trees, as the best field for taking an impression of the pleasure-bound charioteers. His camera was set in position near the hedge, and at his invitation the company filed in, piled wheels, and grouped itself for a rest and a photograph.

Scarcely was the party at ease, however, when a buttoned and "billy"-bearing embodiment of the majesty of the law entered the enclosure, and growled:

"You're trespassing on private property here; get into the street!"

"No, sir," blandly interposed Mr. Notman; "I have obtained permission of the residents."



PEGASUS' PUZZLED.

arrest every one of ye!" retorted the lone policeman, now irate, and describing incalculable curves with his billy; "take them things and leave!"

"Shall we duck him in the pond, Captain?" asked Old Easy, drawing up his athletic figure.

"Mr. Officer," said the Captain, "we have a right here, and you are out of your jurisdiction."

"None of yer slack to me! The folks in the house don't own this property. I'll have this ground cleared or —"

"I intend you no disrespect," answered the Captain, advancing, "but if you do not leave at once I shall report you to the Commissioners of Police. If you make the least disturbance here I shall, as a justice of the peace, make you my prisoner."

"The law is clear; we'll back you," added the Squire, amid a general clapping of hands.

"Clear these traps off, or I'll smash 'em over the fence," exclaimed No. 626, retreating toward the camera.

"Touch that, and I'll prosecute you for malicious mischief!" ejaculated the Captain, —and then added, with a sarcastic smile: "Don't you think, my friend, that one set of buttons is rather lonesome here, against a body of forty able men?"



THE OLD CURTIS HOUSE.

"Put him out!" exclaimed Cruikshank, unguardedly.

"Oh, take his picture!" said the Irrepressible.

"Now you git out o' here quick, or I'll

The faithful guardian of persons and property, yielding perhaps both to the argument of numbers and to his own calmer reason, walked away. Our Artist in the meantime had sketched him with nice

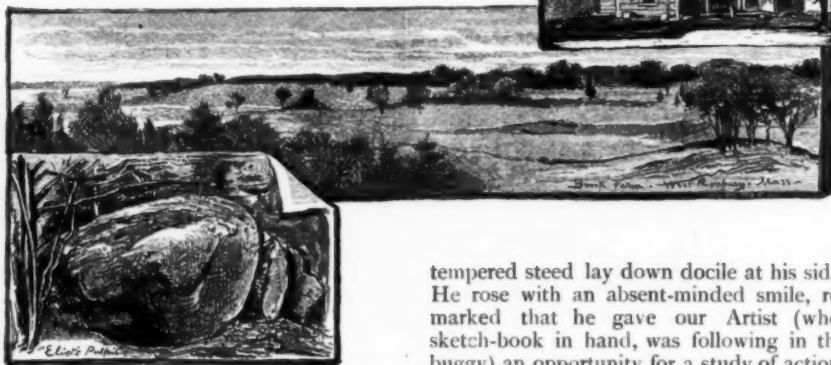


accuracy in expression and attitude. When the halt was ended, and all returned to the street for a mount, No. 626 was as genial and chatty as any.

Again the spinning wheels flitted along the pleasant streets of West Roxbury two

of Massachusetts teamsters and drivers, whose obliging fairness to bicyclers was frequently remarked by the New York and New Jersey riders; or, again, of the little church, where Theodore Parker preached the first draft of his Discourse on Religion; or of the Weld Farm and its cider, or of other themes suggested by the wayside attractions of the route. Up hill and down dale they rode, through valley and over ridge, at eight miles an hour; it was a moderate pace, but there was much riding ahead, and this was the pursuit of pleasure, not of speed,—and how exhilarating it was!

The lead was down a winding hill toward Brook Farm. Two long notes from the captain's whistle—"slow up"—repeated along the line, was understood to mean "take the hill with care," and was obeyed by all but Froggie. His saddle had been set well up to the head of his roadster, so that he was nicely poised over the center of his wheel, which, getting the better of brake and back-pedaling, took on a speed of fifteen miles an hour, till suddenly meeting a stone, it stopped,—while Froggie yielded to the force of circumstances, and took "a header," in process of which he left his bicycle for a moment with its little wheel reared aloft, reached out his hands to Mother Earth, and kissed her frantically, while his high-



IMPRESSIONS OF BROOK FARM.

by two; and now the social chat was of the quickly passed Bussey Farm annex of Harvard; now of the courtesy

tempered steed lay down docile at his side. He rose with an absent-minded smile, remarked that he gave our Artist (who, sketch-book in hand, was following in the buggy) an opportunity for a study of action, remounted and rode on.

So large a body of men in costume with implements of steel and hearts of loyal courage had not invaded Brook Farm since the second Massachusetts regiment of vol-

unteers were recruited here in 1861. "That was the best crop I ever raised," said the patriotic James Freeman Clarke, who, being then owner, gave the use of this two hundred and fifty acres to the state. One might easily believe his statement in the most literal sense, for this would seem about as poor a selection for a *farm* as could be made in fifty miles around. Whatever else the "Brook Farm Phalanx" were,—and these thirty-eight later years have proved them to have been a good deal besides,—they were not shrewd farmers.

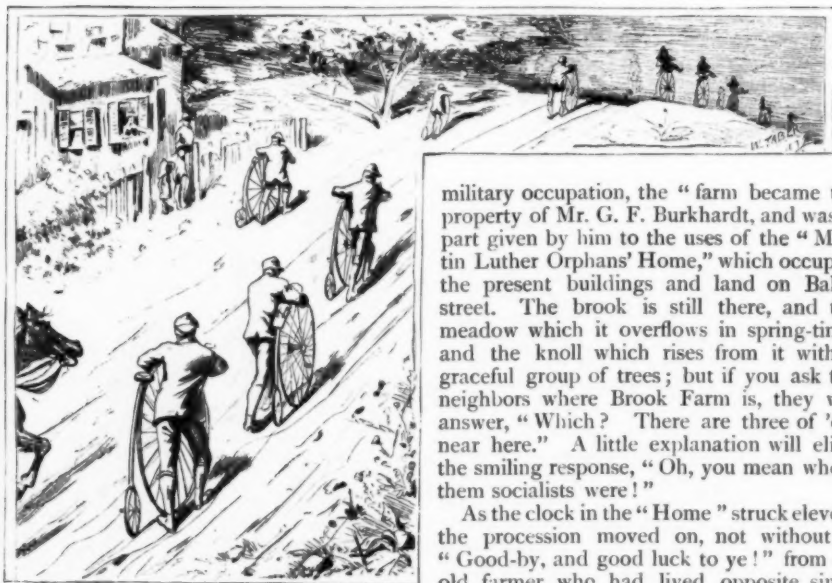
The Captain led his band over the brook and to the left up a drive-way, and on by the wheel-tracks of a grassy and gravelly cart-road through the sacred acres. This way leads a half mile or more back from Baker street to a cemetery, which now occupies part of the former "farm"; but a dismount was made midway at the foot of a ridge of primeval gravel heaped on a pudding-stone ledge, and where from under the few shade trees some old sites, the meadows and the encircling hills were visible in rural repose beneath a forenoon sun. Froggie and the Doctor had halted at the entrance for a consultation. Apollo and the breakfastless Artist reined up their perspiring quadruped. Old Easy was detailed to forage for milk for the company and coffee and biscuit for the Artist; and the result of his errand proved the hospitality of the neighborhood and the appreciation of the visitors.

And this was Brook Farm—scene of the chief of socialistic experiments! Here met in brotherly and sisterly communion inspired and gifted men and women,—Emerson, Hawthorne, Channing, Ripley, Dana, Dwight, Curtis, Clarke, Hecker, Alcott, Bradford, Burton, Pratt, Parker and Thoreau; Mrs. Ripley, Miss Peabody, Margaret Fuller, Miss Ostinelli, Miss Bruce, Mrs. Diaz, Miss Russell, the Misses Dwight, and many more, not to mention the distinguished visitors and the pupils who have since become distinguished. Here, where they hoped to realize a higher type of fellowship—the only tangible monument of their industry to be seen—is a tiny rustic cottage, built in form of a Greek cross on the ground, one story high, with four gables, three porches, and a cupola, seated at the southwestern end of the ridge. It contains four small rooms and a hall on the first floor, and a like number in the roof. Just below it is the old well; and a little to the westward is the place where the greenhouse and garden were, now partly overgrown with



A CHAPTER OF HEADERS.

scrubby young pines. The little house is now called "the Margaret Fuller cottage," and the tradition current in the neighborhood is that that distinguished woman contributed the money it cost and lived in it during her brief stay at the farm. When the "communitarians," as Hawthorne calls them in his "Blithedale Romance," came here, in 1841, there were only a farm-house and a barn on the place, near the road, and a short distance above the brook. That house came to be known as "the Hive." They subsequently erected the cottage and greenhouse referred to, and also a larger square two-story house, with a kind of parapet around the top for promenades, which was called



A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST.

"the Eyrie," and was the favorite building, the cellar of which is still to be seen not far from the cottage. On the eastern brow of the ridge is the site of a still larger three-story building, which they erected with money borrowed on a mortgage of the real estate. This was called the "Phalanstery," and when it was about completed, but before any insurance was effected on it, it took fire and was burned to the ground. This was a staggering blow; a dispersion followed; and in 1847, the Brook Farm Phalanx was a beautiful and pensive memory. "Where once we toiled with our whole, hopeful hearts," wrote one in his note-book, "the town paupers, aged, nerveless, and disconsolate, creep sluggishly afield." The town of West Roxbury did indeed take it for a poor farm. The romantic "Eyrie" was pulled down and put up nearer the barn for a sty, and four hundred hogs were housed within its consecrated walls. The "Margaret Fuller cottage" was filled with small-pox victims, and became a pest-house. In 1849, the city of Roxbury purchased it for a town-farm, and added a workshop, one end of which is still standing as part of a large annex to the present main building there; and about 1854, every building on the place, except the cottage and the part of the new workshop, was destroyed by fire. Subsequent to the ownership of Dr. Clarke and its

military occupation, the "farm" became the property of Mr. G. F. Burkhardt, and was in part given by him to the uses of the "Martin Luther Orphans' Home," which occupies the present buildings and land on Baker street. The brook is still there, and the meadow which it overflows in spring-time, and the knoll which rises from it with a graceful group of trees; but if you ask the neighbors where Brook Farm is, they will answer, "Which? There are three of 'em near here." A little explanation will elicit the smiling response, "Oh, you mean where them socialists were!"

As the clock in the "Home" struck eleven, the procession moved on, not without a "Good-by, and good luck to ye!" from an old farmer, who had lived opposite since

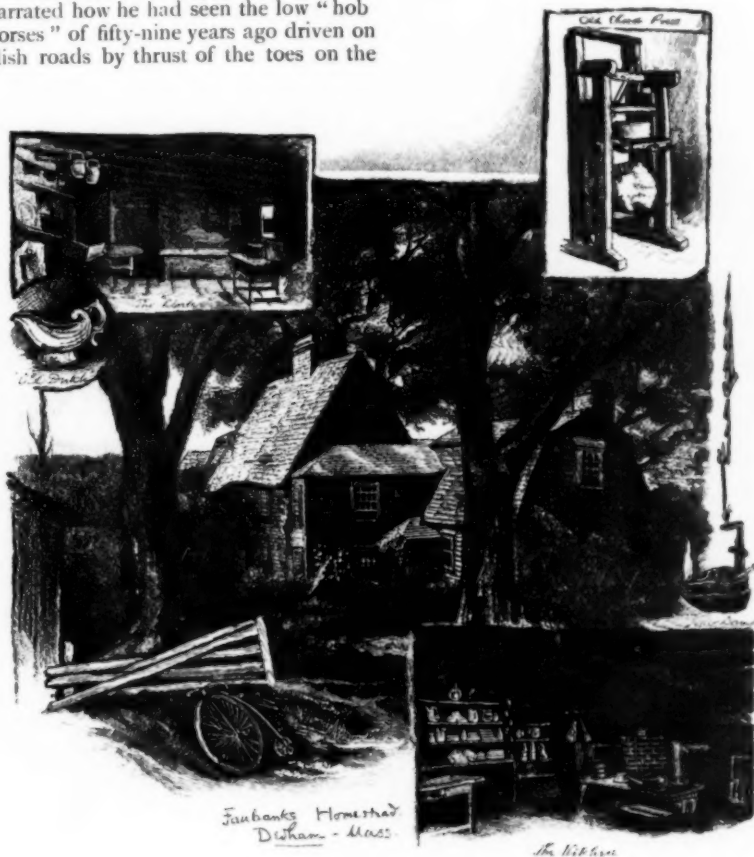


THE MASHER.

1848, and who took a kindly interest in the "hobby-horsemen," and recounted to them some of the traditions current about the place. His enthusiasm over their elegant aids to locomotion was quite puzzling until he narrated how he had seen the low "hobby-horses" of fifty-nine years ago driven on English roads by thrust of the toes on the

"O, no!" said the Masher; "but what would you call right down villainous, now?"

"You can't talk about roads with those



ground, when he was a subject of George the Fourth.

The village, a mile and a half away, was soon passed, and the route lay over worn turnpike, the worst of all roads for a bicyclist, except unmitigated sand. Here some of the less experienced toiled at a slower pace.

"If the aldermen would only ride bicycles, or change places with their horses!" complained the Masher, struggling toward a smoother band at the edge of the road.

"When they do, we shall have the streets attended to," answered Ned; "but this is not bad at all."

men who have toured it in New Hampshire," interjected Quil, the editor. "Now here's Ned, and there's the Squire and the Captain,—either of them will ride in two inches of dirt, or in a rut, or on a ribbon of grass, or in the ditch, or on a stone wall or a plowed field—"

"Oh, that's like your yarn of a depraved wheelman on the Great Wall of China," said Orange. "We should be proud of this road in New Jersey."

"Or in Connecticut," said Mr. Nutmeg; "we don't plane and sand-paper our roads, as they do around Boston."

"Quil always wants a calendered surface



OLD POWDER HOUSE.

to run on," ventured the Wobbler, as he pirouetted from one ridge to another.

"Yes; like Mother Ann, he founded a community of shakers," broke in Ned, as he passed them, "and he'll be left as far behind as she is unless he hastens."

A turn in the smoother road brought the laggards in sight of the advance guard waiting on Powder House

Rock, an abrupt ledge rising to a considerable height, on whose crest is a quaint little brick structure used for storing ammunition in provincial and Revolutionary times. While our Artist was sketching it, the others were taking in the pleasant view of the meandering Charles and the beautiful country village of Dedham, whose original name, Contentment, ought never to have been changed. Eastward, across the street and the intervalle, they saw the end of a canal three-fourths of a mile in length, which was made in 1639, to draw water from the Charles into Mosher Brook. It is the oldest canal in the United States, and forms a connection, called

"Mill Creek," between the Charles and Neponset rivers, making an island of six towns and three cities, around which the Boston boatman has often dipped his oar.

As our battalion moved in graceful order through the pleasant streets of Ded-



PASSING A SCHOOL.

ham, by its villas and churches and Memorial Hall and business blocks, the Captain and our Highland Laddie recalled in contrast the scene of two hundred and forty-four years before, when a few pioneers from Roxbury and Watertown entered this same locality, then rich in woodlands and wolves, and "sat down together."

A little way out still stands a most picturesque old dwelling, with low lop-eaves,

"and here at their feet John Eliot learned the polysyllabic accents of the Indian maids and won the hearts of their brothers of the forest wilds by reciting in their own tongue the war-songs of David." He was aglow with enthusiasm. The ride had restored his boyhood. He hurled pebble stones high into the air until they looked like bullets in the effort to reach the top while, watch in hand, he counted the seconds of



PICNIC LUNCH.

small windows and large chimney, showing the wear and tear and moss of age, and overhung with high, overreaching trees. This "Fairbanks homestead" is said to have stood against the wild attacks of savages, wolves, storms and "modern conveniences" since 1639. Our Artist beamed with delight as he and Apollo reined up before the quaint rookery, and saw it skirted with a fringe of gleaming bicycles leaned against the rustic fence. The riders whirled away southward, however, and dismounting, walked away into a pasture in search of a group of prehistoric chestnut trees. Rugged and gnarly, with scraggy arms swung aloft and a girth of thirty feet, each particular tree seemed to mock at the centuries and to vie with its fellows in longevity.

"Massasoit and Chickatabut and their swarthy warriors have danced beneath their branches," said Champagne, while his comrades lay on their backs looking upward through the tree-tops into the blue sky;

their falling to estimate the height. It was this effervescence of good nature that had earned him his name—a sparkling, bubbling good humor and quick suggestion, a readiness for any detour or feat or fun, that from the moment he put his foot to pedal in the morning of the meet made him a most genial companion. "I love my wheel," he said, "as the yachtsman loves his boat; I enjoy the recreation it brings as my boy does his play after school, and it puts care and weariness further from me."

Returning to the old house over a fine and level roadway, Ned and Muffin indulged in a scrub race. It was injudicious in face of a long run; but when they had happened abreast, one had advanced a little, then the other, and so on, until without design the question of speed had arisen and must be settled. Muffin tightened his hold on the handles, set his elbows wing and wing, leaned well over his wheel, and put quick feet to the cranks. The full muscles of calf

and thigh waxed and waned, and like a racking Canadian horse, with his head down and forward, he rocked from side to side, as his weight changed, until he seemed a nondescript bundle of action on a runaway



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

wheel. Ned, on the other hand, erect and apparently motionless above his saddle, with a graceful and steady movement, sped onward like a deer. How they flew! The wheels appeared but skeleton rims. The others increased speed to keep well in sight, now and then letting go the ebones and clapping their hands. Half a mile, three-quarters, a mile, receded, and Ned put legs over handles and pressed on his brake, at

"the Fairbanks homestead" again, fairly two lengths ahead of Muffin, who folded his arms behind him and unconcernedly wobbled by.

There had been a murmur of "rations" among the slower riders, and now there was a yearning inquiry to the same effect toward the front; but the finest of two mile stretches lay dinnerward over smooth undulating road to the east. The tiny valley of Mother Brook, two or three small ponds, the rural village of Hyde Park, rose one after another to view on the left; on the right were country villas and green fields, while before were the woodlands around Readville, with the western and highest of the Milton Hills rising in perspective beyond. A brisk spin, and then three short notes of the whistle called to a rest by the wayside in a grove of pines. Wheels were soon piled or leaned against the trees, and a general rest-as-you-please was effected on the soft knolls and in the breezy shadows. It was ten minutes before one by the watches—ten minutes ahead of time; but the prompt wagon of the caterer had already arrived. A long white cloth, stretched over the pine matting on the ground, was soon covered with the sundry good things which it is the caterer's art to supply, in profusion suited to the forty-odd fresh appetites. While these things were being diminished by the wanderers, grouped in every possible position around, the horses of Apollo and Jacob, the driver, were baiting at one side, and our Artist between courses penciled a memorandum sketch.

The conversation baffled all reporting. Wit, humor, anecdote, narrative, toasts in coffee to Colonel Bounce, who had privately paid for the picnic viands; to Apollo and our Artist, who had favored the social as well as the fine arts by accepting such escort; to the Captain, who had contrived and sprung upon his (largely) unsuspecting command the pleasures of the day—all contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion.

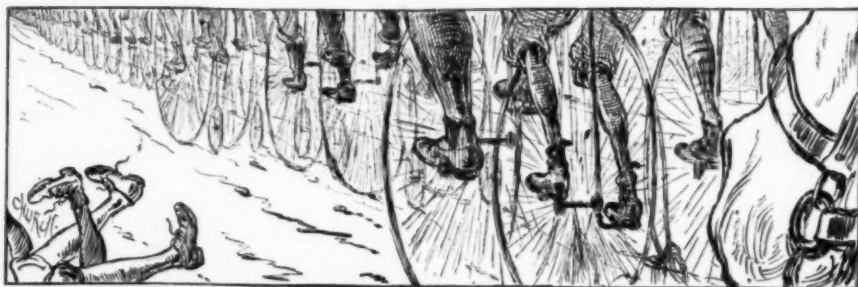
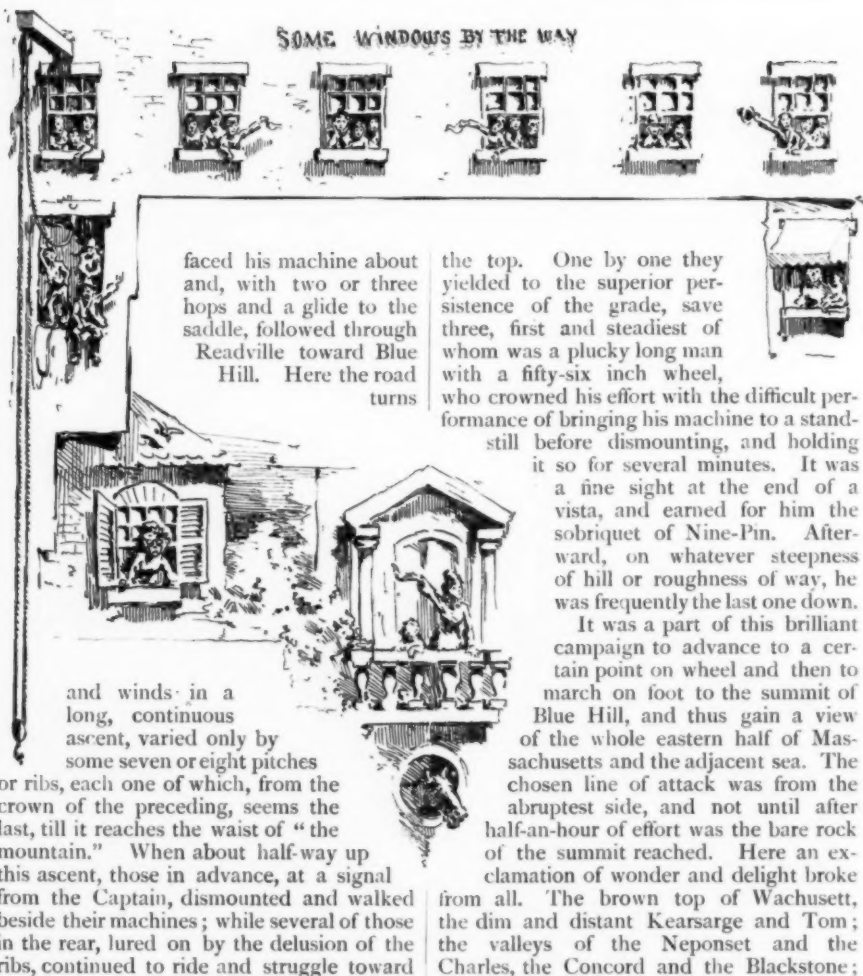
Any other toasts which might have been thirsting for response were prevented by the sudden summoning of a coffee-can court martial, which immediately sat on the case of Quil, the editor. He had been detailed, at his own suggestion, to proceed to Dedham, and meet Jacob and the caterer, and conduct them to the pine grove. It was alleged that he was afterward seen, far from the line of such duty, in animated conversation on a secluded piazza with a



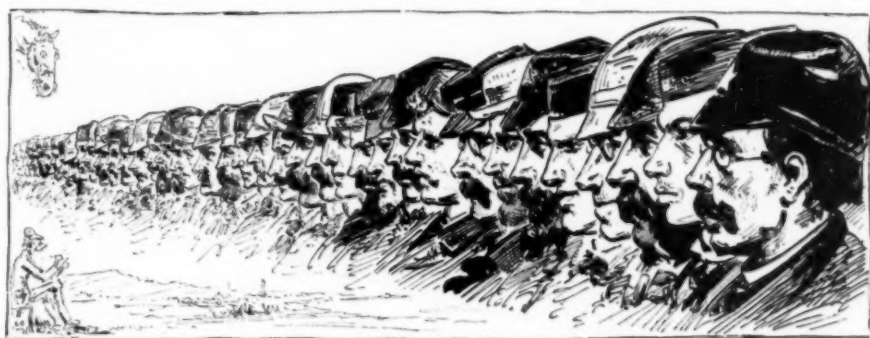
fair damsel, who was neither his sister nor his cousin nor his aunt; and that he arrived at the grove just in time to reverse machine, and salute his superior officer, as the company came up, with that innocent and enthusiastic assurance which so frequently adorns his otherwise well-formed face. But as the charge rested mainly on the testimony of Old Easy and the Masher, both

of whom were known to the court to be subject to hallucinations of the sentimental sort, and as the defendant did not "denige of it," he was promptly acquitted.

At precisely 2:30 the order was given to mount, and again the gallant battalion formed a line on the street, each man with his right hand on his saddle; and, at the signal of "Boots and Saddles," each in turn



WINNERS OR LOSERS BY HALF A LENGTH.

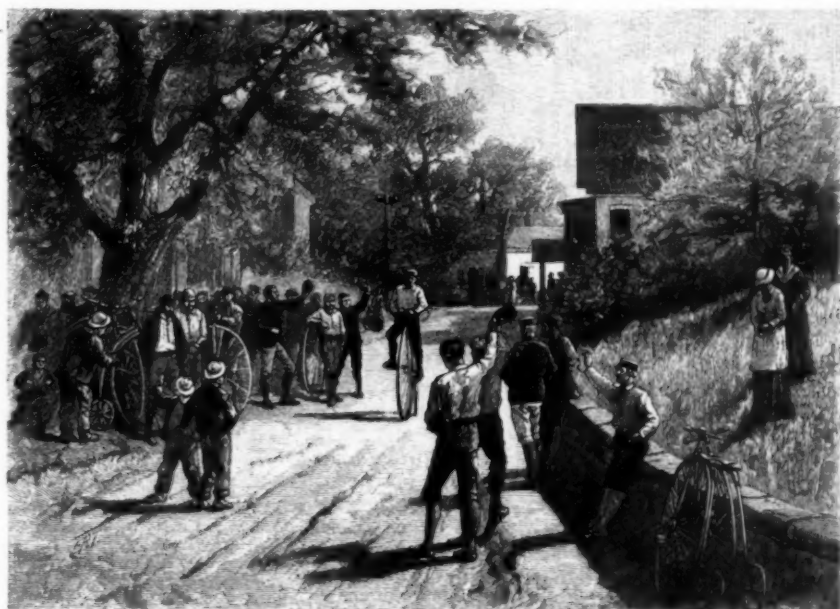


THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

the silver lakes of Massapoag, Quinsigamond and Cochituate; the gilded dome of Boston, the red-roofed villas of Nahant and Swampscott, of Squantum and Nantucket; the shimmering bays and blue sea beyond; the numerous spires and villages, fertile fields and forest wild,—all these were spread out under the clear sky in panoramic view. To the south-east was "little Blue

of the gilded dome?" said the Captain. "It is the Roxbury stand-pipe, near the place of our meet; then turn and look nearly southward, beyond the spires, to Massapoag, our destination to-night; and nearly eastward, to right of Minot's Ledge Light, is Cohasset, where we dine to-morrow."

A speedy mount followed their descent from the "hill," and then a brisk spin down grade



HALT TO CATCH UP.

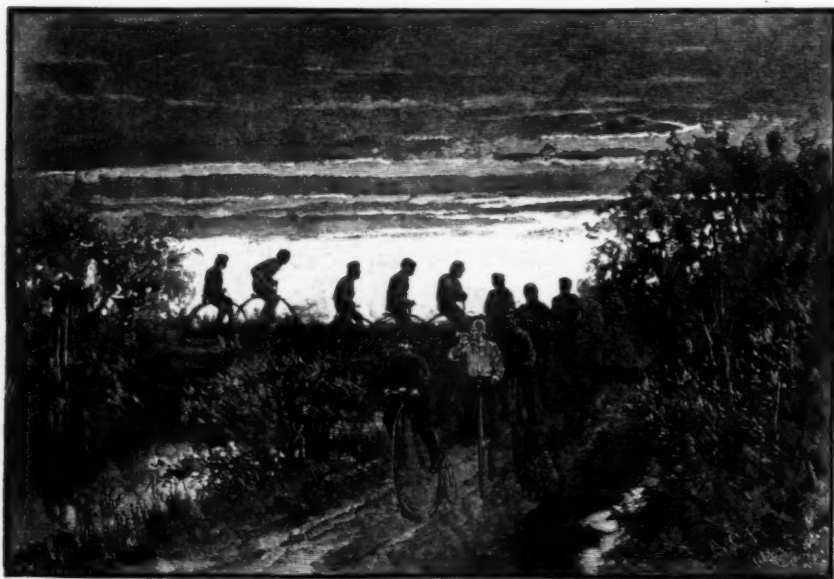
Hill" and the long range stretching toward Mount Wollaston and the bay, while, nestled in the valley below, lay peaceful Ponkapoag.

"See that white tower a little to the left

and over gentle hills, by the trim, tasteful poet-home of Aldrich, by the well-kept farms and cemeteries and country-seats of Canton, on through the noisy, stirring village of

South Canton. Lightly sped the wheels into lovely Sharon. The evening air grew cool and the shadows lengthened as the pilgrims approached, in double file and close ranks, the eastern border of Massapoag. Here they followed the wend of the lake, and took the last mile and a half in the fading rosiness of sunset and the silvern twilight that succeeded. Smiles and waving handkerchiefs of ladies greeted them from the piazzas of the Massapoag House, as the notes of a "quickstep" signaled the approach, and the two bars of dismount followed. The cyclometers registered thirty-five miles, the baggage was brought in and

Seal brown, chestnut, gray, drab, and blue were the colors, with now and then bright stockings or silver buckles and buttons to break the soberness of hue. Wheel talk, reminiscences of runs and races, the scenes and incidents of the day, furnished material for parlor conversation. There was a humorous address by the Arab on the "Unnatural History of the Oyster." In songs, the Tenor was at his best, well supported by the strong bass of the Colonel, the rich baritone of Shenstone, and by other voices, especially in the choruses. When the bicycling song, written by our Highland Laddie, was rendered to the air of "Dear-



EN SILHOUETTE.

the hungry guests registered and sought their appointed rooms. There was luxury in sponge and towel and fresh merinoes, and no lack of good cheer and brilliant conversation at the two long tables. The hotel had unconditionally surrendered.

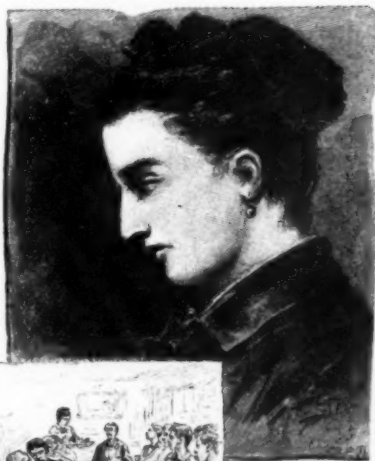
In the parlors the costumes of the wheelmen seemed not so much out of place as they were pleasing in their variety and color, while the uniformity of type and a certain positiveness of style bestowed upon the wearers collectively a half military effect. Short cut-away coats over flannel shirts, white collars and black ties, knee-breeches, long-worsted stockings and low shoes, had been dusted and freshened after the ride.

est Mac," the applause was prolonged and persistent. "Farewell, Ladies!" was the closing piece of minstrelsy; and when the Masher's voice was missed, he was discovered in the opposite corner from the piano in a very engaging *tête-à-tête* with a charming young lady. This was the fifth he had won already. When, however, the music struck up, and whirling couples sought the electric floor, and the Masher in his winning way asked the young lady for the pleasure, etc., she was overheard to say, sweetly, "Thank you,—for the next; but I am always engaged to dance first with my husband." In the scenes that ensued fifteen of the bicyclers found partners.

The rest of that night! The luxury of repose after action, of sleep after a day of sunshine and fresh air and energetic but unexhausted activity of every muscle and sense and faculty! The dreamless pillow, the downiness of perfect slumber, was found; and the curtain fell on the first day of the run.

The reader has now, it is hoped, some acquaintance with our excursionists and their methods, and has caught a little of the spirit, the breeze, and "go" of the trip. The second part was twice as long in miles and equally full in interest; but the pen must skip rapidly over it, as the wheels did, and the reader's imagination must now supply much of the filling.

A cheery breakfast at six, a hasty dusting and oiling of the trusty steeds, and then a fresher start was effected than on the morning before. A gentle west wind ruffled the placid and buoyant waters of iron-bedded Massapoag, and fanned the more buoyant spirits of the forty-odd bicyclers, as they sped along its shore and quickly left it behind. Cruikshank, making a sudden spurt on a treacherous bit of road, broke an axle, and was the first victim of the ambulance. A hasty good-by was said to him under the elms, at South Canton, whence he sadly turned away for a steam-train home. The lead was now for three or four miles over a devious country road, nearly all through woodlands, often loose or rutted, with occasional sand, and two or three sharp hills: a romantic route, but of a character to tax what might well be called the *horsemanship* of bicycling. Only the more experienced



PAN-DOWDY.

rode it all without enforced dismounts.

Then came Baptist Corners, in view of the fine old

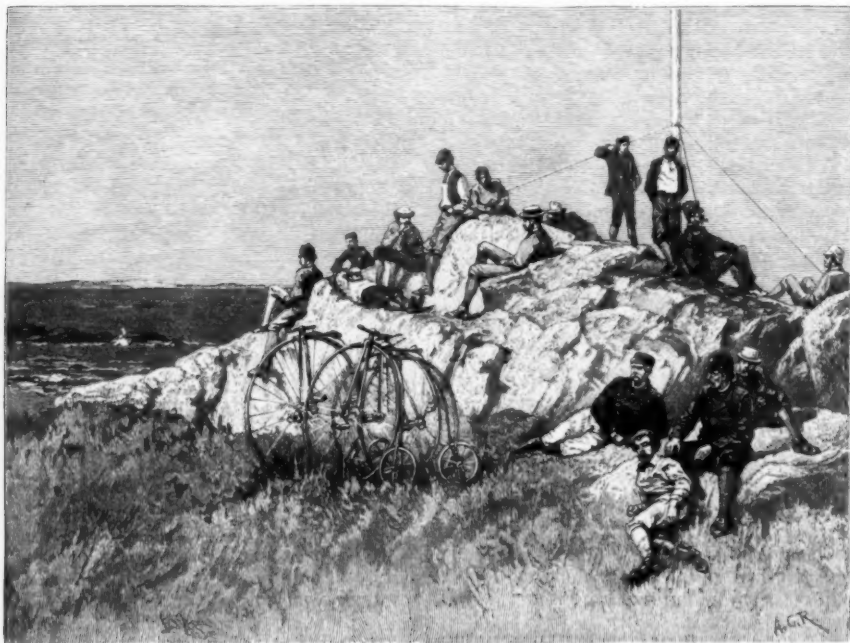
village of Randolph, and a few miles further on through an undulating country, the beautiful village of South Braintree, built lovingly around a smiling natural pond, and in view of the quarry-end of the Milton hills, with its forest of derricks. Here it became evident that the inquisitive reporter of yesterday had published the "programme," and the people were expecting the comers. Carriages drove out to meet them and escort



them into the town; and the reception was all the pleasanter because they were "on time."

Every one along the route through Brintree and Weymouth seemed on the watch; factory windows were filled with faces, men had climbed the roofs, and boys the trees; and when, for instance, Shenstone and Quinsigamond came sailing down an easy grade side by side, one with legs over

Colonel, he had been off on a railway trip for a fortnight, night and day, and had ridden little during the season. At Hingham there was a smell of sea air; and when, after a brief halt for rations, the Captain waved his hand, and ordered "all aboard for Cohasset;" the scarcely cooled saddles were again taken, and the company made the next five miles toward a fish dinner by the sea in twenty-five minutes.



ON THE ROCKS AT COHASSET.

handles, and the other with feet up on the toe-rests, or when Ned and the Tenor rode abreast in a span joining hands, they were greeted with applause from the crowds; and then some little boy, seated on a curbstone, would shout the familiar chorus: "'Hoa Wemmer!" as the rapid wheels went by. When, however, the rear was brought up by Jacob's ambulance, with Quil and the fat Colonel, and their machines thereon, the populace, supposing the run to be a race, was too much excited not to visit them with many adverse greetings—"Oh, you're playin' it on em!" "It's no fair!" "Get off o' that!" "You're cheatin'!" "He's too fat!" "They've given it up!" Quil said afterward that a flaw in his socket-head threatened him with disaster; and as for the

Not one of the well-trimmed yachts off Cohasset was in finer form than the jolly bicyclers as they luffed up and took their moorings at Kimball's fine old establishment, far out on the bluff rocks looking oceanward. The cyclometers read thirty-two miles since breakfast. It was not yet one o'clock. Apollo and Jacob had taken fresh horses at Hingham; "They are the two best horses in Roxbury," said Jacob, "but they can't follow them new-fangled velocipedes any further without a three hours' rest, anyhow." Bounce and Nutmeg had stopped at Hingham, with Quil and two or three others, to take a train for Boston; but the faithful thirty-two paused between courses to nibble their celery and congratulate themselves on the happy point just made, and

began to talk briskly of the home stretch, thirty miles toward sunset.

"Apple-pie, squash-pie, and pan-dowdy," said a pretty and innocently pert maiden, to whom more trifling remarks had been made than were necessary to the detail of dining.

"What is pan-dowdy?" asked Orange.

"It's part of the dessert, sir, and it's nice to-day," answered the maiden.

"If she says it's nice, it must be," said Orange, feigning to speak under his breath. When it was brought in he looked at the plate, heaped with something very like pudding, and asked, quizzically, "But where is the pan-dowdy?"

"The pan is in the kitchen," replied the maiden, and with an arch look directly at her victim, "*here* is the dowdy!"

Laughter shook the table, and Orange stood treat. Our Artist had scarcely traced a sketch of the pretty profile, when his eye was again caught by the after-dinner grouping of the party on the most prominent and picturesque of the rocks which stood between the lawn and the tides. Apollo and the Captain here recalled the beautiful story of Thorwald, and tried to settle in their minds the question of locality where, wounded by an arrow of the "Skraellings," he "died, and they buried him on the pleasant cape that looked out upon the pleasant shores and waters of Massachusetts Bay."

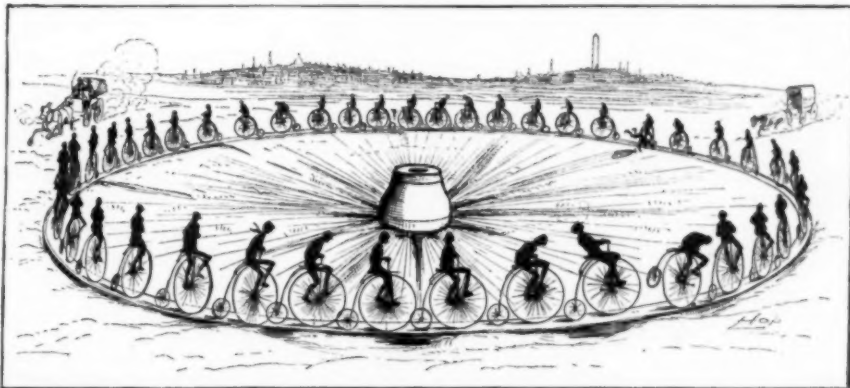
A brisk spin was made back to Hingham, where the "oldest church" was seen, and the fine Andrew Monument on the cemetery slope. Twelve miles an hour was kept up through North Weymouth and Quincy; and, with few halts, to the end of the route. The advance into the fine old village of

Quincy was greeted with ringing of school-house bells, and fire-engine alarms, and other demonstrations. The quaint and unpretentious homes of the second and sixth Presidents of the United States; Mount Wollaston, now garlanded with cottages; the oldest railway, leading from the Neponset into the rocky heart of the hills, too old for the excursionists to remember when the ox-power of 1826 gave way to the steam locomotive; the quiet attractiveness of the "Blue Bell," with its suggestion of tea and toast; the "oldest house," from whose window Mrs. Minot shot prowling Indians in 1631;—these and more were visited or passed by these pilgrims of the merriest two days' companionship and the richest hundred mile round trip of the season.

As they passed from Brookline into Brighton, the lingering rays of a setting sun held dalliance with the twilight over valley and hill. The dispersion had been gradual, and the last hour of the run was as informal as the meet. When the long ascent of Milton Hill, from the eastward, had been accomplished at a scarcely abated speed, and the magnificent view of Boston's island-spangled harbor and her matchless suburbs lay stretching in serene enchantment below, the climax of the Captain's successful campaign was reached.

The bugler sounded "Boots and Saddles," and as the last of the party whirled away, the words of our Highland Laddie's song rang clear and hearty on the evening air,—

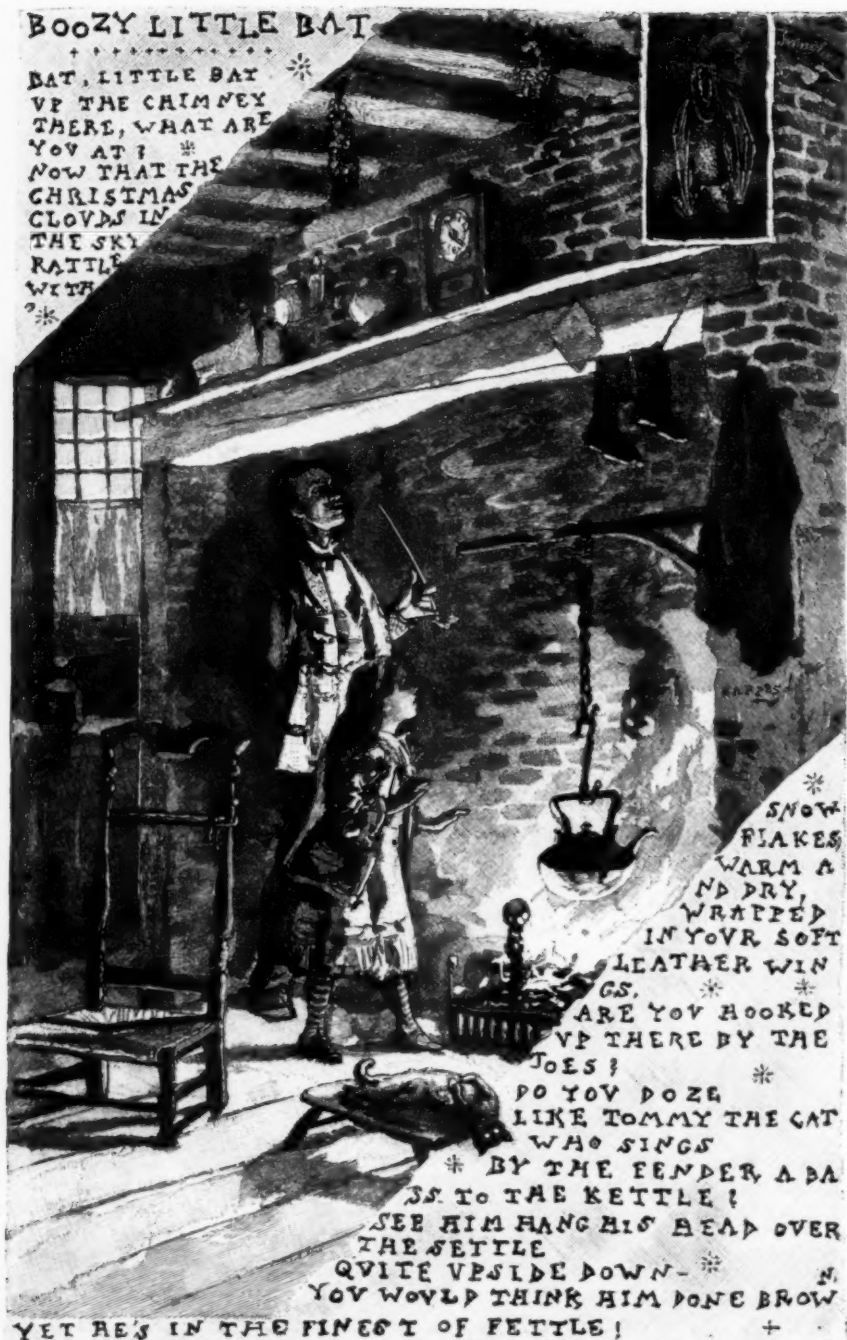
"The sun lay crimson in the west,
The soft breeze fanned my brow,
I rode the steed I loved the best,—
Would I were riding now!"



A WHEEL AROUND THE HUB.

BOOZY LITTLE BAT

BAT, LITTLE BAT
UP THE CHIMNEY
THERE, WHAT ARE
YOU AT?
NOW THAT THE
CHRISTMAS
CLOUDS IN
THE SKY
RATTLE
WITH



SNOW
FLAKES
WARM A
ND DRY,
WRAPPED
IN YOUR SOFT

LEATHER WIN
GS.
ARE YOU HOOKED
UP THERE BY THE
JOES?

DO YOU DOZE
LIKE TOMMY THE CAT
WHO SINGS

BY THE FENDER A DA
SS TO THE KETTLE!

SEE HIM HANG HIS HEAD OVER
THE SETTLE

QVITE UPSIDE DOWN-
YOU WOULD THINK HIM DONE BROW

YET HE'S IN THE FINEST OF FETTLER!

BAT, LITTLE BAT,
 WHEREVER YOU ARE, YOU'VE A BRICK IN YOUR
 DON'T DENY IT! HAT
 HOW ELSE, WINTERS THROUGH,
 COULD YOU HANG IN A FIVE *
 SO QUIET, SO QUIET *
 HEAD DOWNWARD! JUST ANSWER ME THAT, LIT-
 TLE BAT!

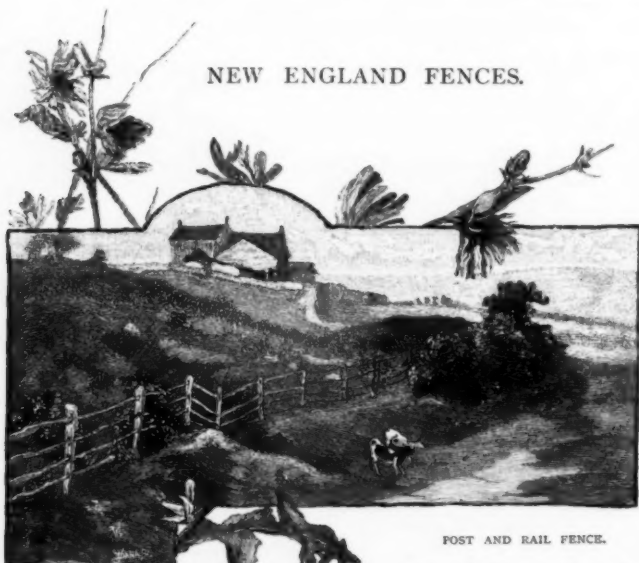
OH. THE SECRET WAS TOLD ME!
 A GNAUL-PATED GOBLIN (NO MATTER
 WHAT NAME! SMALL BATS MUSTN'T CHATTER.)
 HAS BLABBED, LITTLE BAT, *
 OF THE BRICK IN YOUR HAT
 EVERY AUTUMN—HUSH, HUSH NOW, DON'T SCOLD
 FOR HE SAID, ON THE GREEN ME!
 WHERE TITANIA, THE QUEEN
 OF FAIRYLAND HELD HARVEST REVEL,
 YOU WERE SEEN *
 AFTER DAWN *
 WHEN THE FAIRIES WERE GONE—
 FIE! DRINKING THE DREGS OF THE NECTAR PO-
 THEEN!

OH! OH! WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT
 YOU, BATLET, A JOT
 WHO DWELL ON SO LOFTY A LEVEL!
 TEHEE, LITTLE BAT, *
 SO WE FIND IT IS THAT *
 MAKES YOU SNOOZE WITHOUT CARE
 WITH YOUR HEELS IN THE AIR
 THOUGH THE DRAUGHT BE TREMENDOUS AND
 EVER SO HOT!

BUT IT'S NEVER TOO LATE;
 NEXT YEAR, WHEN YOU MATE *
 AND YOUR CHILDREN ARE FLEDGE, *
 COME DOWN TO OUR FIRE
 SMALL BROWN-COATED FRIAR
 AND SIGN, LIKE A GOOD FATHER, MATTHEW,
 THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.



NEW ENGLAND FENCES.



POST AND RAIL FENCE.

A QUESTION of the future, that troubles the mind of the farmer more

than almost any other is, What are we to do for fences? The wood-hungry iron horse is eating away the forests greedily and rapidly, and our people are ready to feed him to his fill for a paltry present fee, apparently learning no wisdom from the follies of our forest-destroying ancestors, but carrying on the same old, senseless, and indiscriminate warfare against trees wherever found, and seldom planting any except fruit-trees and a few shade-trees.

And, alas! no just retribution seems to overtake these evil-doers, except that most speculating deforesters go to the bad peculiarly, but the curse descends on the sorrowing lovers of trees, and will fall on our children and our children's children,—the curse of a withered and wasted land, of hills made barren, of dried-up springs and shrunken streams.

It seems probable that a generation not far removed from this will see the last of

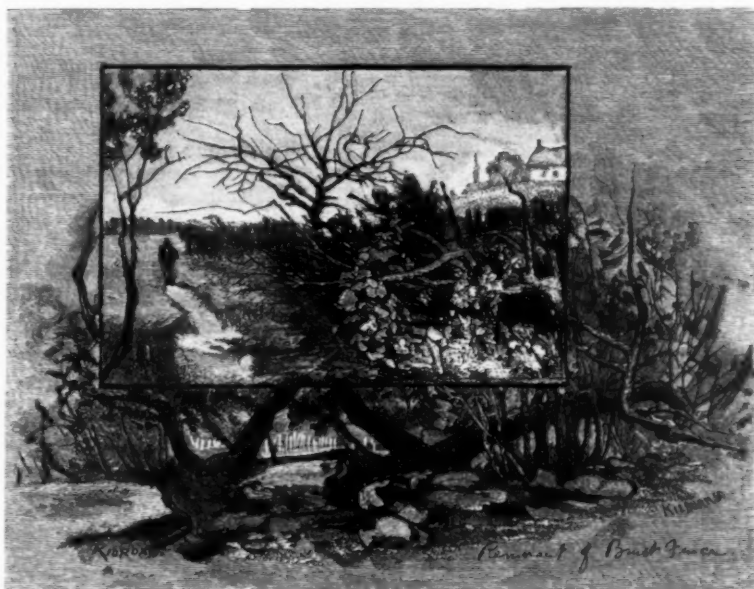
the rail fences, those time-honored barriers of New England fields, too generous of timber to be kept up in a land barren of forests. The board fence will endure longer, but will pass away at last, and after it, what? Where stone walls are, they may continue to be, and where there are stones enough there may be more stone walls, but all New England is not so bountifully supplied in this respect as parts of it that I have heard of, where if one buys an acre of land, he must buy another to pile the stones of the first acre on. In some of our alluvial lands it is hard to find stones enough for the corner supports of rail fences. The hedge, except for ornamentation in a small way, does not, somehow, seem to take kindly to us, or we to it; at least, I have never seen one of any great length, nor one flourishing much, that was intended to be a barrier against stock. If ever so thrifty for a while, is it not likely that the pestiferous field-mice, which are becoming plentier every year, as their enemies, the foxes, skunks, hawks, owls and crows grow fewer, would destroy them in the first winter of deep snow? Great hopes were entertained of the wire fence at one time, but it has proved to be a delusion and indeed a snare. Some are temporizing with fate, or barely surrendering, by taking away the fences where grain fields or meadows border the highway. To me it is not

pleasant to have the ancient boundaries of the road removed, over which kindly-spared trees have so long stood guard, and along whose sides black-raspberry bushes have sprung up and looped their inverted festoons of wine-colored stems and green leaves with silver linings, bearing racemes of fruit that the sauntering school-boy lingers to gather. And far from pleasant is it to drive cattle or sheep along such unfenced

stared a little at first at Ridgeway's Ready Restorative, but never took any.

However, it is not my purpose to speculate concerning the fences of the future, nor to devise means for impounding the fields of posterity, but rather to make some record of such fences as we now have, and some that have already passed away.

The old settlers, when they had brought a patch of the earth face to face with the



BRUSH FENCE.

ways, which they are certain to stray from, and exhaust the breath and patience of him who drives them and endeavors to keep them within the unmarked bounds; moreover, it gives the country a common look in more than one sense, as if nothing were worth keeping in or out. It will be a sad day for the advertiser of patent nostrums, when the road fence of broad, brush-inviting boards ceases to exist, and if we did not know that his evil genius would be certain to devise some blazoning of his balms, liniments, and bitters, quite as odious as this, we should be almost ready to say, away with this temptation. That was a happy device of one of our farmers, who turned the tables on the impudent advertiser, by knocking the boards off and then nailing them on again with the letters facing the field. The cattle

sun, and had sown their scanty seed therein, fenced it about with poles, a flimsy-looking barricade in the shadow of the lofty palisade of ancient trees that walled the "betterments," but sufficient to keep the few wood-ranging cattle out of the field whose green of springing grain was dotted and blotched with blackened stumps and log-heaps. The pole fence was laid after the same fashion of a rail fence, only the poles were longer than rail-cuts. There were also cross-staked pole fences, in which the fence was laid straight, each pole being upheld by two stakes crossing the one beneath, their lower ends being driven into the ground. This and the brush fence, though the earliest of our fences, have not yet passed away. That the last has not, one may find to his sorrow, when, coming to its lengthwise-laid abatis in the



SNAKE OR VIRGINIA FENCE.

woodland, he attempts to cross it. If he achieve it with a whole skin and unrent garments, he is a fortunate man, and if with an unruffled temper, he is certainly a good-natured one. According to an unwritten law, it is said that a lawful brush fence must be a rod wide, with no specification as to its height. You will think a less width enough, when you have made the passage of one. Coming to it, you are likely to start from its shelter a hare who has made his form there; or a ruffed grouse hurtles away from beside it, where she has been dusting her feathers in the powdery remains of an old log; or you may catch glimpses of a brown wood wren silently exploring the maze of prostrate branches. These are the fence viewers of the wood lot.

To build or pile a brush fence, such small trees as stand along its line are lopped down, but not severed from the stump, and made to fall lengthwise of the fence; enough more trees are brought to it to give it the width and height required. Many of the lopped ones live and, their wounds healing, they grow to be vigorous trees, their fantastic forms marking the course of the old brush fence long after it has passed from the memory of man. I remember a noted one which stood by the roadside till an ambitious owner of a city lot bought it and had it removed to his urban patch, where it soon died. It was a lusty white oak, a foot or so in diameter at the ground, three feet above which the main trunk turned at a right angle and grew

horizontally for about ten feet, and along this part were thrown up, at regular intervals, five perfect smaller trunks, each branching into a symmetrical head. It was the finest tree of such a strange growth that I ever saw, and if it had grown in a congenial human atmosphere, doubtless would have flourished for a hundred years or more, and likely enough, have become world-renowned. It was sold for five dollars! No wonder it died!

The log fence was a structure of more substance than either the pole or the brush fence, but belonged to the same period of plentifulness, even cumbersomeness, of timber. The great logs, generally pine, were laid straight, overlapping a little at the ends, on which were placed horizontally the short cross-pieces, which upheld the logs next above. These fences were usually built three logs high and formed a very solid wooden wall, but at a lavish expense of material, for one of the logs sawn into boards would have fenced several times the length of the three. I remember but one, or rather the remains of one, for it was only a reddish and gray line of moldering logs when I first knew it, with here and there a sturdy trunk still bravely holding out against decay, gray with the weather beating of fifty years, and adorned with a coral-like moss bearing scarlet spores.

From behind the log and brush fences, the prowling Indian ambushed the backwoodsman as he tilled his field, or reconnoitered the lonely cabin before he fell upon its defenseless inmates. Through or over these old-time fences, the bear pushed or clambered to his feast of "corn in the milk" or perhaps to his death, if he blun-

dered against a harmless looking bark string and pulled the trigger of a spring-gun, whose heavy charge of ball and buck-shot put an end to his predatory career.

After these early fences came the rail fence, as it is known in New England, or the snake fence, as it is sometimes called from the slight resemblance of its zig-zag line to the course of a serpent, or the Virginia fence, perhaps because the Old Dominion was the mother of it as of presidents, but more likely for no better reason than that the common deer is named the Virginia deer, or that no end of quadrupeds and birds and plants, having their home as much in the United States as in the British Provinces, bear the title of *Cana-*

sheen of a whole fence of such freshly riven material. Some one has called the rail fence ugly or hideous. Truly, it must be confessed, the newly laid rail fence is not a thing of beauty, any more than is any other new thing that is fashioned by man and intended to stand out-of-doors. The most tastefully modeled house looks out of place in the landscape till it has gained the perfect fellowship of its natural surroundings, has steeped itself in sunshine and storm, and became saturated with nature, is weather-stained, and has flecks of moss and lichen on its shingles and its underpinning, and can stand not altogether shamefaced in the presence of the old trees and world-old rocks and earth about it. So our fence



LOG FENCE.

densis. But rail, snake or Virginia, at any rate it is truly American, and probably has enclosed and does yet enclose more acres of our land than any other fence. But one seldom sees nowadays a new rail fence, or rather a fence of new rails, and we shall never have another wise and kindly rail-splitter to rule over us; and no more new pine rails, shining like gold in the sun, and spicing the air with their terebinthine perfume. The noble pine has become too rare and valuable to be put to such base use. One may catch the white gleam of a new ash rail, or short-lived bass-wood, among the gray of the original fence, a patch of new stuff in the old garment, but not often the

must have settled to its place, its bottom rails have become almost one with the earth and all its others, its stakes and caps cemented together with mosses and entwined with vines, and so weather-beaten and crated with lichens that not a sliver can be taken from it and not be missed. Then is it beautiful, and looks as much a part of nature as the trees that shadow it, and the berry bushes and weeds that grow along it, and the stones that were pitched into its corners thirty ago, to be gotten out of the way. Then the chipmunk takes the hollow rails for his house and stores his food therein, robins build their nests in the jutting corners and the wary crow is not

afraid to light on it. What sheltering arms half inclose its angles, where storm-blown autumn leaves find their rest, and molder to the dust of earth, covering the seeds of berries that the birds have dropped there—seeds which quicken and grow and border the fence with a thicket of berry bushes. Seeds of maples and birch and basswood, driven here by the winds of winters long past, have lodged and sprouted, and have been

to complete it. Then they are so easy to climb and so pleasant to sit upon, when there is a flat top-rail; and when a bird's nest is found, it can be looked into so easily; and it is such jolly fun to chase a red squirrel and see him go tacking along the top rails; and there are such chances for berry-picking beside it. In winter, there are no snow-drifts so good to play on as those that form in regular waves along the rail fence, their crests



BOARD FENCE.

kindly nursed till they have grown from tender shoots to storm-defying trees; there are clumps of sumacs also, with their fuzzy twigs and fern-like leaves and "bobs" of dusky crimson. Here violets bloom, and wind-flowers toss on their slender stems in the breath of May; and in summer the pink spikes of the willow herb overtop the upper rails, and the mass of the golden rod's bloom lies like a drift of gold along the edge of the field.

The children who have not had a rail fence to play beside have been deprived of one abundant source of happiness, for every corner is a play-house, only needing a roof, which half a dozen bits of board will furnish,

running at right angles from the out-corners, their troughs from the inner ones. I am sorry for those children of the future who will have no rail fences to play about.

The board fence is quite as ugly as the rail fence when new, perhaps more so, for it is more prim and more glaring, as there is no alternation of light and shade in its straight line. But age improves its appearance also, and when the kindly touch of nature has been laid upon it, and has slanted a post here and warped a board there, and given it her weather-mark, and sealed it with her broad seal of gray-green and black lichens, by which time weeds and bushes have grown in its shelter, it is very picturesque. Its pre-

vailing gray has a multitude of shades; the varied weather-stains of the wood, the lichens, the shags of moss and their shadows, and some touches of more decided color, as the yellowish-green mold that gathers on

The fence which is half wall and half board has a homely, rural look, as has the low wall topped with rails, resting on cross-stakes slanted athwart the wall, or the ends resting in rough mortises cut in posts that



OLD HALF-WALL FENCE.

some of the boards, the brown knots and rust-streaks from nail-heads, patches of green moss on the tops of posts, and here and there the half—or less—of a circle, chafed by a swaying weed or branch to the color of the unstained wood.

The wood-pecker drills the decaying posts, and blue-bird and wren make their nests in the hollow ones. There is often a ditch beside it, in which cowslips grow, and cat-tails and pussy-willows, akin only in name; on its edge horse-tails and wild grass, and higher up on the bank a tangle of hazel, wild mulberry, gooseberry and raspberry bushes, with a lesser undergrowth of ferns and poison ivy. The field and song sparrows hide their nests in its slope, and if the ditch is constantly and sufficiently supplied with water, sometimes the musk-rat burrows there, and you may see his clumsy tracks in the mud and the cleanly cut bits of the wild grass roots he has fed upon. Here, too, the hylas holds his earliest spring concerts.

All this applies only to the plain, unpretending fence, built simply for the division of fields, without any attempt at ornament. Nature has as slow and painful a labor to bring to her companionship the painted crib that encloses the skimpy door-yard of a staring, white, new—or modernized—farm-house, as she has to subdue the glare of the house itself; but she will accomplish it in her own good time,—the sooner if aided by a little wholesome unthrif of an owner who allows his paint-brushes to dry in their pots.

are built into the wall, which is as much of a "post and rail" fence as we often find in northern New England. A new fence of either kind is rarely seen nowadays in our part of the country, and both may be classed among those which are passing away.

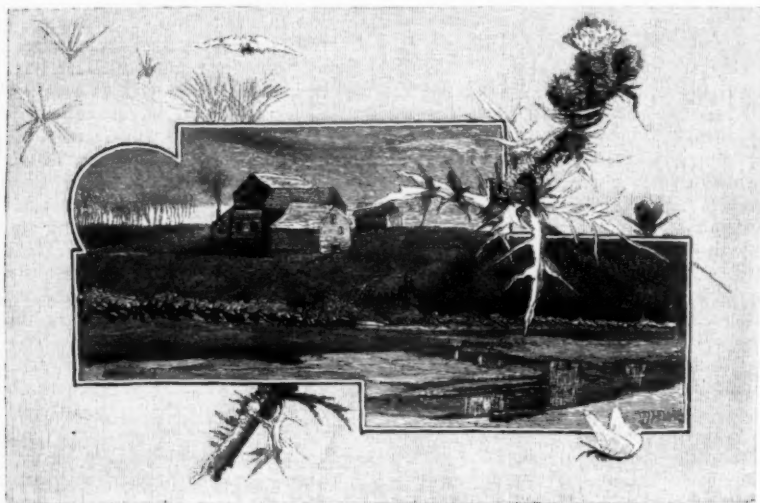
Of all fences, the most enduring and the most satisfying to the eye is the stone wall. If its foundation is well laid, it may last as long as the world,—which, indeed, it may slowly sink into; or the accumulating layers of earth may in years cover it; but it will still be a wall—a grassy ridge with a core of stone. A wall soon gets rid of its new look. It is not propped up on the earth, but has its foundations in it; mosses and lichens take quickly and kindly to it, and grass and weeds grow out of its lower crevices, mullein and brakes and the bulby stalks of golden-rod spring up beside it. Black raspberry bushes loop along it, over it, and stretch out from it, clumps of sweet elders shade its sides, and their broad cymes of blossoms, and later, clusters of blackberries, beloved of robins and school-boys, bend over it. When the stones of which it is built are gathered from the fields, as they generally are, they are of infinite variety, brought from the far north by glaciers, washed up by the waves of ancient seas, and tumbled down to the lower lands from the overhanging ledges. Lumps of gray granite and gneiss, and dull-red blocks of sandstone, fragments of blue limestone, and only a geologist knows how many others, mostly with smooth-worn sides and rounded corners and edges. All together, they make a line of beautifully varie-

gated color and of light and shade. One old wall that I know of has been a rich mine for a brood of callow geologists, who have pecked it and overhauled it and looked and talked most wisely over its stones, and called them names hard enough to break their stony hearts.

At the building of the wall, what bending and straining of stalwart backs and muscles; what shouting to oxen—for it would seem the ox can be driven only by sheer strength of lungs; what rude engineering to span the rivulet; what roaring of blasts, when stones were too large to be moved in whole, and the boys had the noise and smoke and excitement of a Fourth-of-July celebration without a penny's expense, but alas! with no gingerbread nor spruce beer. Then, too, what republics were convulsed when the great stones, underneath which a multitude of ants had founded their commonwealth, were pried up, and what hermits were disturbed when the newts were made to face the daylight, and earwigs and beetles forced to scurry away to new hiding-places! But when the wall was fairly built, the commonwealths and hermitages were re-established beneath it, more secure and undisturbed than ever.

make a breach in his stronghold through which the dogs can reach him, or throw him a "slip-a-noose" into which he hooks his long teeth and is hauled forth to death. The weasel frequents a wall of this kind, and there is hardly a fissure in its whole length through which his lithe, snake-like body cannot pass. You may now perhaps see his eyes peering out of a hole in the wall, so bright you might mistake them for dew-drops on a spider's web, or see him stealing to his lair with a field mouse in his mouth. In spring, summer and fall, nature clothes this little hunter in russet, but in winter he has a furry coat almost as white as snow, with only a black tip to his tail by which to know himself in the wintry waste. The chipmunk, too, haunts the wall, and the red squirrel finds in it handy hiding-places into which to retreat, when from the topmost stone he has jeered and snickered at the passer-by beyond all patience.

Long after our people had begun to tire of mowing and plowing about the great pine stumps, whose pitchy roots nothing but fire would destroy, and when the land had become too valuable to be cumbered by them, some timely genius arose and invented the stump puller and the stump fence. This fence with-



OVER THE STUMP FENCE.

The woodchuck takes the stone wall for his castle, and through its loopholes whistles defiance to the dogs who besiege him, but woe be to him if the boys join in the assault. They

stands the tooth of time as long as the red-cedar posts, of which the boy said he knew they would last a hundred years, for his father had tried 'em lots of times; and now many

fields of our old pine-bearing lands are bounded by these stumps, like barricades of mighty antlers. These old roots have a hold on the past, for in their day they have spread themselves in the unsunned mold of the primeval forest, whereon no man trod but the wild Abnaki, nor any tamed thing; have had in turn for their owners swarthy sagamores, sceptred kings and rude backwoodsmen. Would they had life enough left in them to tell their story!

There is variety enough in the writhed and fantastic forms of the roots, but they are slow to don any covering of moss and lichens over their whity-gray, and so they have a bald, almost skeleton-like appearance. But when creeping plants—the woodbine, the wild grape and the clematis—grow over the stump fence, it is very beautiful. The woodbine suits it best, and in summer converts it into a wall of dark green, in autumn into one of crimson, and in winter drapes it gracefully with its slender vines.

This fence has plenty of nooks for berry bushes, milk-weeds, golden rods and asters to grow in, which they speedily do and, as a return, help to hide its nakedness. Nor does it lack tenants, for the robin builds on it, and the blue-bird makes its nest in its hollow prongs, as the wrens used to, before they so unaccountably deserted us. The chipmunk finds snug cells in the stumps, woodchucks and skunks burrow beneath it, and it harbors multitudes of field mice.

In the neighborhood of saw-mills, fencing a bit of the road and the sawyer's garden patch, but seldom elsewhere, is seen a fence made of slabs from the mill, one end of each slab resting on the ground, the other upheld by cross stakes. It is not an enduring fence, and always looks too new to be as picturesque in color as it is in form. The common name of this fence is quite suggestive of the perils that threaten whoever tries to clamber over it, and he who has tried it once will skirt it a furlong rather than try it again. The sawyer's melons and apples would be safe enough inside it if there were no boys,—but what fence is boy-proof?



NOTHORO
UGFARE



SAWYER'S FENCE.

Of all fences, none is so simple as the water fence, only a pole spanning the stream, perhaps fastened at the larger end by a stout link and staple to a great water-maple, ash or buttonwood-tree, a mooring to hold it from going adrift when the floods sweep down. If the stream is shallow, it has a central support, a big stone that happens to be in the right place, or lacking

this, a pier made like a great bench; if deep, the middle of the pole sags into the water and the upper current ripples over it. On it the turtle basks; here the wood-duck sits and sleeps or preens his handsome feathers in the sun, and the kingfisher watches

the same chance getting perhaps as many as they lose.

I have seen a very peculiar fence in the slate region of Vermont, made of slabs of slate, set in the earth like a continuous row of closely planted headstones. It might



A WATER FENCE.

for his fare of minnows, and the lithe mink and the clumsy muskrat rest upon it. Neighbors' cattle bathe in and sip the common stream, and lazily fight their common enemies, the fly and the mosquito, and for all we know compare the merits of their owners and respective pastures.

The fences of interval lands cannot be called water fences, although during spring and fall freshets they divide only wastes of water, across which they show merely as streaks of gray, or, as they are too apt to do, go drifting piecemeal down stream with the strong current. Then the owners go cruising over the flooded fields in quest of their rails and boards, finding some stranded on shores a long way from their proper place, some lodged in the lower branches and crotches of trees and in thickets of button-bushes, and some afloat,—losing many that go to the gain of some riparian freeholder further down the stream, but by

give a nervous persona

shudder, as if the stones were waiting for him to lie down in their lee for the final, inevitable sleep, with nothing left to be done but the stone-cutter to come and lie on the other side the fence.

The least of fences, excepting the toy fences that impound the make-believe herds of country children, are the little pickets of slivers that guard the melon and cucumber hills from the claws of chanticler and partlet. These are as certain signs of the sure establishment of spring as the cry of the upland plover. They maintain their post until early summer, when, if they have held their own against bugs, the vines have grown strong enough to take care of themselves, and begin to wander, and the yellow blossoms meet the bumble-bee half way.

The "line fence," of whatever material,

may generally be known by the trees left growing along it, living landmarks, safer to be trusted than stones and dead wood, and showing that, as little as our people value trees, they have more faith in them than in each other. The burning and fall of the "corner hemlock," on which was carved in 1762 the numbers of four lots, brought dismay to four land-owners. The old corner has lost its mooring, and has drifted a rod or two away.

What heart-burnings and contentions have there not been concerning line fences, feuds lasting through generations, engendered by their divergence a few feet to the right or left, or by the question as to whom belonged the keeping up of this part or that! When the heads of some rural households were at pitchforks' points, a son and daughter were like enough to fall into the old way, namely, love, and Juliet Brown steals forth in the moonlight to meet Romeo Jones, and they bill and coo across the parents' bone of contention, in the shadow of the guardian trees. If I were to write the story of their love, it should turn at length into smooth courses, and have no sorrowful ending—no departure of the lover, nor pining away of the lass, but at last their bridal bells should say:

"Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
For the trial and delay;"

and the two farms should become one, and nothing remain of the old fence but the trees where the lovers met, and under which their children and their children's children should play.

The ways through and over our fences are few and simple. The bar-way (in Yankee-land "a pair of bars") seems to belong to the stone wall, rail and stump fences; though the balanced gate, with its long top bar pivoted on a post and loaded with a big stone at one end, the other dropping into a notch in the other post for a fastening, is often used to bar the roadways through them. The more pretending board fence has its more carefully made gate, swinging on iron hinges and fastened with a hook. Sometimes its posts are connected high overhead by a cross beam,—a "gallows gate,"—past which one would think the murderer must steal with terror as he skulks along in the gloaming.

The sound of letting down the bars is a familiar one to New England ears, and after the five or six resonant wooden clangs, one

listens to hear the cow-boy lift up his voice, or the farmer call his sheep. The rail fence is a stile all along its length, and so is a stone wall, though a stone or so is apt to tumble down if you clamber over it in an unaccustomed place. The footpath runs right over the rail fence, as easy to be seen in the polishing of the top rail as in the trodden sward. On some much frequented ways "across lots" as to a spring, a slanted plank on either side the fence affords a comfortable passage, and down their pleasant incline a boy can no more walk than his marbles could. Let no one feel too proud to crawl through a stump fence, but be humbly thankful if he can find a hole that will give him passage. A bird can go over one very comfortably, and likewise over a brush fence, and this last nothing without wings can do; man and every beast larger than a squirrel must wade through it, unless they have the luck to come to a pole-barway in it.

A chapter might be written of fence breakers and leapers; of wickedly wise cows who unhook gates and toss off rails almost as handily as if they were human; of sheep who find holes that escape the eyes of their owners, and go through them with a flourish of trumpets like a victorious army that has breached the walls of a city; of horses who, in spite of pokes, take fences like trained steeple-chasers, and another chapter of fence walkers, too,—for the rail fence and stone wall are convenient highways for the squirrel whereon to pass from nut-tree and corn-field to store-house and home, and for puss to pick her dainty way, dry-footed, to and from her mousing and bird-peaching in the fields; the coon walks there, and Reynard makes them a link in the chain of his subtle devices.

One cannot help thinking of the possibility that, by and by, high farming may become universal, and soiling may become the common practice of farmers, and that then the building and keeping up of fences will end with the need of them, and the boundaries of farms be marked only by iron posts or stone pillars; then the old landmarks of gray fences, with their trees and shrubs and flowering weeds, will have passed away and no herds of kine or flocks of sheep dot the fields; and then, besides men and teams, there will be no living thing larger than a bird in the wide landscape. The prospect of such a time goes, with many other things, to reconcile one to the thought, that before that day his eyes will be closed in a sleep which such changed scenes will not trouble.

LOUISIANA.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," "Haworth's," etc.



"WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR," COMMANDED MISS FERROL.

CHAPTER I.

LOUISIANA.

OLIVIA FERROL leaned back in her chair, her hands folded upon her lap. People passed and repassed her as they promenaded the long "gallery," as it was called; they passed in couples, in trios; they talked with unnecessary loudness, they laughed at their own and each other's jokes; they flirted, they sentimentalized, they criticised each other, but none of them showed any special interest in Olivia Ferrol, nor did Miss Ferrol, on her part, show much interest in them.

She had been at Oakvale Springs for two or three weeks. She was alone, out of her element, and knew nobody. The fact that she was a New Yorker, and had never before been so far South, was rather against her. On her arrival she had been glanced over and commented upon with candor.

"She is a Yankee," said the pretty and remarkably youthful-looking mother of an apparently grown-up family from New Orleans. "You can see it."

And though the remark was not meant to be exactly severe, Olivia felt that it was very severe, indeed, under existing circumstances. She heard it as she was giving her orders for breakfast to her own particular jet-black and highly excitable waiter, and she felt guilty at once and blushed, hastily taking a sip of ice-water to conceal her confusion. When she went upstairs afterward she wrote a very interesting letter to her brother in New York, and tried to make an analysis of her sentiments for his edification.

"You advised me to come here because it would be novel as well as beneficial," she wrote. "And it certainly is novel. I think I feel like a pariah—a little. I am aware that even the best bred and most intelligent of them, hearing that I have always lived in New York, will privately regret it if

they like me and remember it if they dislike me. Good-natured and warm-hearted as they seem among themselves, I am sure it will be I who will have to make the advances—if advances are made—and I must be very amiable, indeed, if I intend they shall like me."

But she had not been well enough at first to be in the humor to make the advances, and consequently had not found her position an exciting one. She had looked on until she had been able to rouse herself to some pretty active likes and dislikes, but she knew no one.

She felt this afternoon as if this mild recreation of looking on had begun rather to pall upon her, and she drew out her watch, glancing at it with a little yawn.

"It is five o'clock," she said. "Very soon the band will make its appearance, and it will bray until the stages come in. Yes, there it is!"

The musical combination to which she referred was composed of six or seven gentlemen of color who played upon brazen instruments, each in different keys and different time. Three times a day they collected on a rustic kiosk upon the lawn and played divers popular airs with an intensity, fervor, and muscular power worthy of a better cause. They straggled up as she spoke, took their places and began, and before they had played many minutes the most exciting event of the day occurred, as it always did somewhere about this hour. In the midst of the gem of their collection, was heard the rattle of wheels and the crack of whips, and through the rapturous shouts of the juvenile guests, the two venerable, rickety stages dashed up with a lumbering flourish, and a spasmodic pretense of excitement, calculated to deceive only the feeblest mind.

At the end of the gallery they checked themselves in their mad career, the drivers making strenuous efforts to restrain the impetuosity of the four steeds whose harness rattled against their ribs with an unpleasant bony sound. Half a dozen waiters rushed forward, the doors were flung open, the steps let down with a bang, the band brayed insanely, and the passengers alighted.

"One, two, three, four," counted Olivia Ferrol, mechanically, as the first vehicle unburdened itself. And then, as the door of the second was opened: "One—only one; and a very young one, too. Dear me! Poor girl!"

This exclamation might naturally have fallen from any quick-sighted and sympa-

thetic person. The solitary passenger of the second stage stood among the crowd, hesitating, and plainly overwhelmed with timorousness. Three waiters were wrestling with an ugly shawl, a dreadful shining valise, and a painted wooden trunk, such as is seen in country stores. In their enthusiastic desire to dispose creditably of these articles they temporarily forgot the owner, who, after one desperate, timid glance at them, looked round her in vain for succor. She was very pretty and very young and very ill-dressed—her costume a bucolic travesty on prevailing modes. She did not know where to go, and no one thought of showing her; the loungers about the office stared at her; she began to turn pale with embarrassment and timidity. Olivia Ferrol left her chair and crossed the gallery. She spoke to a servant a little sharply:

"Why not show the young lady into the parlor?" she said.

The girl heard, and looked at her helplessly, but with gratitude. The waiter darted forward with hospitable rapture.

"Dis yeah's de way, miss," he said, "right inter de 'ception-room. Foller me, ma'am."

Olivia returned to her seat. People were regarding her with curiosity, but she was entirely oblivious of the fact.

"That is one of them," she was saying, mentally. "That is one of them, and a very interesting type it is, too."

To render the peculiarities of this young woman clearer, it may be well to reveal here something of her past life and surroundings. Her father had been a literary man, her mother an illustrator of books and magazine articles. From her earliest childhood she had been surrounded by men and women of artistic or literary occupations, some who were drudges, some who were geniuses, some who balanced between the two extremes, and she had unconsciously learned the tricks of the trade. She had been used to people who continually had their eyes open to anything peculiar and interesting in human nature, who were enraptured by the discovery of new types of men, women, and emotions. Since she had been left an orphan she had lived with her brother, who had been reporter, editor, contributor, critic, one after the other, until at last he had established a very enviable reputation as a brilliant, practical young fellow, who knew his business, and had a fine career open to him. So it was natural that, having become interested in the general

friendly fashion of dissecting and studying every scrap of human nature within reach, she had followed more illustrious examples, and had become very critical upon the subject of "types" herself. During her sojourn at Oakvale she had studied the North Carolinian mountaineer "type" with the enthusiasm of an amateur. She had talked to the women in sunbonnets who brought fruit to the hotel, and sat on the steps and floor of the galleries awaiting the advent of customers with a composure only to be equaled by the calmness of the noble savage; she had walked and driven over the mountain roads, stopping at way-side houses and entering into conversation with the owners until she had become comparatively well known, even in the space of a fortnight, and she had taken notes for her brother until she had roused him to sharing her own interest in her discoveries.

"I am sure you will find a great deal of material here," she wrote to him. "You see how I have fallen a victim to that dreadful habit of looking at everything in the light of material. A man is no longer a man—he is 'material'; sorrow is not sorrow, joy is not joy—it is 'material.' There is something rather ghoulish in it. I wonder if anatomists look at people's bodies as we do at their minds, and if to them every one is a 'subject.' At present I am interested in a species of girl I have discovered. Sometimes she belongs to the better class—the farmers, who have a great deal of land and who are the rich men of the community,—sometimes she lives in a log cabin with a mother who smokes and chews tobacco, but in either case she is a surprise and a mystery. She is always pretty, she is occasionally beautiful, and in spite of her house, her people, her education or want of it, she is instinctively a refined and delicately susceptible young person. She has always been to some common school, where she has written compositions on sentimental or touching subjects, and when she belongs to the better class she takes a fashion magazine and tries to make her dresses like those of the ladies in the colored plate, and, I may add, frequently fails. I could write a volume about her, but I won't. When your vacation arrives, come and see for yourself." It was of this class Miss Ferrol was thinking when she said: "That is one of them, and a very interesting type it is, too."

When she went in to the dining-room to partake of the six o'clock supper, she glanced

about her in search of the new arrival, but she had not yet appeared. A few minutes later, however, she entered. She came in slowly, looking straight before her, and trying very hard to appear at ease. She was prettier than before, and worse dressed. She wore a blue, much-ruffled muslin and a wide collar made of imitation lace. She had tucked her sleeves up to her elbow with a band and bow of black velvet, and her round, smooth young arms were adorable. She looked for a vacant place, and, seeing none, stopped short, as if she did not know what to do. Then some magnetic attraction drew her eye to Olivia Ferrol's. After a moment's pause, she moved timidly toward her.

"I—I wish a waiter would come," she faltered.

At that moment one on the wing stopped in obedience to a gesture of Miss Ferrol's—a delicate, authoritative movement of the head.

"Give this young lady that chair opposite me," she said.

The chair was drawn out with a flourish, the girl was seated, and the bill of fare was placed in her hands.

"Thank you," she said, in a low, astonished voice.

Olivia smiled.

"That waiter is my own special and peculiar property," she said, "and I rather pride myself on him."

But her guest scarcely seemed to comprehend her pleasantry. She looked somewhat awkward.

"I—don't know much about waiters," she ventured. "I'm not used to them, and I suppose they know it. I never was at a hotel before."

"You will soon get used to them," returned Miss Ferrol.

The girl fixed her eyes upon her with a questioning appeal. They were the loveliest eyes she had ever seen, Miss Ferrol thought—large-irised, and with wonderful long lashes fringing them and curling upward, giving them a tender, very wide-open look. She seemed suddenly to gain courage, and also to feel it her duty to account for herself.

"I shouldn't have come here alone if I could have got father to come with me," she revealed. "But he wouldn't come. He said it wasn't the place for him. I haven't been very well since mother died, and he thought I'd better try the Springs awhile. I don't think I shall like it."

"I don't like it," replied Miss Ferrol, candidly, "but I dare say you will when you know people."

The girl glanced rapidly and furtively over the crowded room, and then her eyes fell.

"I shall never know them," she said, in a depressed undertone.

In secret Miss Ferrol felt a conviction that she was right; she had not been presented under the right auspices.

"It is rather clever and sensitive in her to find it out so quickly," she thought. "Some girls would be more sanguine, and be led into blunders."

They progressed pretty well during the meal. When it was over, and Miss Ferrol rose, she became conscious that her companion was troubled by some new difficulty, and a second thought suggested to her what its nature was.

"Are you going to your room?" she asked.

"I don't know," said the girl, with the look of helpless appeal again. "I don't know where else to go. I don't like to go out there" (signifying the gallery) "alone."

"Why not come with me?" said Miss Ferrol. "Then we can promenade together."

"Ah!" she said, with a little gasp of relief and gratitude. "Don't you mind?"

"On the contrary, I shall be very glad of your society," Miss Ferrol answered. "I am alone, too."

So they went out together and wandered slowly from one end of the starlit gallery to the other, winding their way through the crowd that promenaded, and, upon the whole, finding it rather pleasant.

"I shall have to take care of her," Miss Ferrol was deciding; "but I do not think I shall mind the trouble."

The thing that touched her most was the girl's innocent trust in her sincerity—her taking for granted that this stranger, who had been polite to her, had been so not for worldly good breeding's sake, but from true friendliness and extreme generosity of nature. Her first shyness conquered, she related her whole history with the unreserve of a child. Her father was a farmer, and she had always lived with him on his farm. He had been too fond of her to allow her to leave home, and she had never been "away to school."

"He has made a pet of me at home," she said. "I was the only one that lived to be over eight years old. I am the elev-

enth. Ten died before I was born, and it made father and mother worry a good deal over me—and father was worse than mother. He said the time never seemed to come when he could spare me. He is very good and kind—is father," she added, in a hurried, soft-voiced way. "He's rough—but he's very good and kind."

Before they parted for the night Miss Ferrol had the whole genealogical tree by heart. They were an amazingly prolific family, it seemed. There was Uncle Josiah, who had ten children, Uncle Leander, who had fifteen, Aunt Amanda, who had twelve, and Aunt Nervy, whose belongings comprised three sets of twins and an unlimited supply of odd numbers. They went upstairs together and parted at Miss Ferrol's door, their rooms being near each other.

The girl held out her hand.

"Good-night!" she said. "I'm so thankful I've got to know you."

Her eyes looked bigger and wider-open than ever; she smiled, showing her even, sound, little white teeth. Under the bright light of the lamp the freckles the day betrayed on her smooth skin were not to be seen.

"Dear me!" thought Miss Ferrol. "How startlingly pretty, in spite of the cotton lace and the dreadful polonaise!"

She touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Why, you are as tall as I am!" she said.

"Yes," the girl replied, depressedly; "but I'm twice as broad."

"Oh no—no such thing." And then, with a delicate glance down over her, she said—"It is your dress that makes you fancy so. Perhaps your dress-maker does not understand your figure,"—as if such a failing was the most natural and simple thing in the world, and needed only the slightest rectifying.

"I have no dress-maker," the girl answered. "I make my things myself. Perhaps that is it."

"It is a little dangerous, it is true," replied Miss Ferrol. "I have been bold enough to try it myself, and I never succeeded. I could give you the address of a very thorough woman if you lived in New York."

"But I don't live there, you see. I wish I did. I never shall, though. Father could never spare me."

Another slight pause ensued, during which she looked admiringly at Miss Ferrol. Then she said "good-night" again, and turned away.

But before she had crossed the corridor she stopped.

"I never told you my name," she said.

Miss Ferrol naturally expected she would announce it at once, but she did not. An air of embarrassment fell upon her. She seemed almost averse to speaking.

"Well," said Miss Ferrol, smiling, "what is it?"

She did not raise her eyes from the carpet as she replied, unsteadily:

"It's Louisiana."

Miss Ferrol answered her very composedly:

"The name of the state?"

"Yes. Father came from there."

"But you did not tell me your surname."

"Oh! that is Rogers. You—you didn't laugh. I thought you would."

"At the first name?" replied Miss Ferrol. "Oh no. It is unusual—but names often are. And Louise is pretty."

"So it is," she said, brightening. "I never thought of that. I hate Louisa. They will call it 'Lowizy,' or 'Lousyanny.' I could sign myself Louise, couldn't I?"

"Yes," Miss Ferrol replied.

And then her *protégée* said "good-night" for the third time, and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

WORTH.

SHE presented herself at the bed-room door with a timid knock the next morning before breakfast, evidently expecting to be taken charge of. Miss Ferrol had felt sure she would appear, and had, indeed, dressed herself in momentary expectation of hearing the knock.

When she heard it she opened the door at once.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I thought you might come."

A slight expression of surprise showed itself in the girl's eyes. It had never occurred to her that she might not come.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I never could go down alone when there was any one who would go with me."

There was something on her mind, Miss Ferrol fancied, and presently it burst forth in a confidential inquiry.

"Is this dress very short-waisted?" she asked, with great earnestness.

Merciful delicacy stood in the way of Miss Ferrol's telling her how short-waisted it was, and how it maltreated her beautiful young body.

"It is rather short-waisted, it is true."

"Perhaps," the girl went on, with a touch of guileless melancholy, "I am naturally this shape."

Here, it must be confessed, Miss Ferrol forgot herself for the moment, and expressed her indignation with undue fervor.

"Perish the thought!" she exclaimed.

"Why, child! your figure is a hundred times better than mine."

Louisiana wore for a moment a look of absolute fright.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Oh, no. Your figure is magnificent."

"Magnificent!" echoed Miss Ferrol, giving way to her enthusiasm, and indulging in figures of speech. "Don't you see that I am thin—absolutely thin. Nothing would induce me to appear in full dress. I am always clothed to my ears. But my things fit me, and my dress-maker understands me. If you were dressed as I am,"—pausing to look her over from head to foot—"Ah!" she exclaimed, pathetically, "how I should like to see you in some of my clothes!"

A tender chord was touched. A gentle sadness, aroused by this instance of wasted opportunities, rested upon her. But instantaneously she brightened, seemingly without any particular cause. A brilliant idea had occurred to her. But she did not reveal it.

"I will wait," she thought, "until she is more at her ease with me."

She really was more at her ease already. Just this one little scrap of conversation had done that. She became almost affectionate in a shy way before they reached the dining-room.

"I want to ask you something," she said, as they neared the door.

"What is it?"

She held Miss Ferrol back with a light clasp on her arm. Her air was quite tragic in a small way.

"Please say 'Louise,' when you speak to me," she said. "Never say 'Miss Louisiana'—never—never!"

"No, I shall never say 'Miss Louisiana,'" her companion answered. "How would you like 'Miss Rogers'?"

"I would rather have 'Louise,'" she said, disappointedly.

"Well," returned Miss Ferrol, "'Louise' let it be."

And "Louise" it was thenceforward. If she had not been so pretty, so innocent, and so affectionate and humble a young creature, she might have been troublesome

at times (it occurred to Olivia Ferrol), she clung so pertinaciously to their chance acquaintanceship; she was so helpless and desolate if left to herself, and so inordinately glad to be taken in hand again. She made no new friends,—which was perhaps natural enough, after all. She had nothing in common with the young women who played ten-pins and croquet and rode out in parties with their cavaliers. She was not of them, and understood them as little as they understood her. She knew very well that they regarded her with scornful tolerance when they were of the ill-natured class, and with ill-subdued wonder when they were amiable. She could not play ten-pins and croquet, nor could she dance.

"What are the men kneeling down for, and why do they keep stopping to put on those queer little caps and things?" she whispered to Miss Ferrol one night.

"They are trying to dance a German," replied Miss Ferrol, "and the man who is leading them only knows one figure."

As for the riding, she had been used to riding all her life; but no one asked her to join them, and if they had done so she would have been too wise,—unsophisticated as she was,—to accept the invitation. So where Miss Ferrol was seen she was seen also, and she was never so happy as when she was invited into her protector's room and allowed to spend the morning or evening there. She would have been content to sit there forever and listen to Miss Ferrol's graphic description of life in the great world. The names of celebrated personages made small impression upon her. It was revealed gradually to Miss Ferrol that she had private doubts as to the actual existence of some of them, and the rest she had never heard of before.

"You never read 'The Scarlet Letter'?" asked her instructress upon one occasion.

She flushed guiltily.

"No," she answered. "Nor—nor any of the others."

Miss Ferrol gazed at her silently for a few moments. Then she asked her a question in a low voice, specially mellowed, so that it might not alarm her.

"Do you know who John Stuart Mill is?" she said.

"No," she replied from the dust of humiliation.

"Have you never heard—just *heard*—of Ruskin?"

"No."

"Nor of Michael Angelo?"

"N-no—ye-es, I think so—perhaps, but I don't know what he did."

"Do you," she continued, very slowly, "do—you—know—anything—about—Worth?"

"No, nothing."

Her questioner clasped her hands with repressed emotion.

"Oh," she cried, "how—how you have been neglected!"

She was really depressed, but her *protégée* was so much more deeply so that she felt it her duty to contain herself and return to cheerfulness.

"Never mind," she said. "I will tell you all I know about them, and,"—after a pause for speculative thought upon the subject,— "by-the-by, it isn't much, and I will lend you some books to read, and give you a list of some you must persuade your father to buy for you, and you will be all right. It is rather dreadful not to know the names of people and things; but, after all, I think there are very few people who—ahem!"

She was checked here by rigid conscientious scruples. If she was to train this young mind in the path of learning and literature, she must place before her a higher standard of merit than the somewhat shady and slipshod one her eagerness had almost betrayed her into upholding. She had heard people talk of "standards" and "ideals," and when she was kept to the point and in regulation working order, she could be very eloquent upon these subjects herself.

"You will have to work very seriously," she remarked, rather incongruously and with a rapid change of position. "If you wish to—to acquire anything, you must read conscientiously and—and with a purpose." She was rather proud of that last clause.

"Must I?" inquired Louise, humbly. "I should like to—if I knew where to begin. Who was Worth? Was he a poet?"

Miss Ferrol acquired a fine, high color very suddenly.

"Oh," she answered, with some uneasiness, "you—you have no need to begin with Worth. He doesn't matter so much—really."

"I thought," Miss Rogers said meekly, "that you were more troubled about my not having read what he wrote, than about my not knowing any of the others."

"Oh, no. You see—the fact is, he—he never wrote anything."

"What did he do?" she asked, anxious for information.

"He—it isn't 'did,' it is 'does.' He—makes dresses."

"Dresses!"

This single word, but no exclamation point could express its tone of wild amazement.

"Yes."

"A man?"

"Yes."

There was a dead silence. It was embarrassing at first. Then the amazement of the unsophisticated one began to calm itself; it gradually died down, and became another emotion, merging itself into interest.

"Does"—guilelessly she inquired—"he make nice ones?"

"Nice!" echoed Miss Ferrol. "They are works of art! I have got three in my trunk."

"O-o-h!" sighed Louisiana. "Oh, dear!"

Miss Ferrol rose from her chair.

"I will show them to you," she said.

"I—I should like you to try them on."

"To try them on!" ejaculated the child in an awe-stricken tone. "Me?"

"Yes," said Miss Ferrol, unlocking the trunk and throwing back the lid. "I have been wanting to see you in them since the first day you came."

She took them out and laid them upon the bed on their trays. Louise got up from the floor and approaching, reverently stood near them. There was a cream-colored evening-dress of soft, thick, close-clinging silk of some antique-modern sort; it had golden fringe, and golden flowers embroidered upon it.

"Look at that," said Miss Ferrol, softly—even religiously.

She made a mysterious, majestic gesture.

"Come here," she said. "You must put it on."

Louise shrank back a pace.

"I—oh! I daren't," she cried. "It is too beautiful!"

"Come here," repeated Miss Ferrol.

She obeyed timorously, and gave herself into the hands of her controller. She was so timid and excited that she trembled all the time her toilette was being performed for her. Miss Ferrol went through this service with the manner of a priestess officiating at an altar. She laced up the back of the dress with the slender, golden cords; she arranged the antique drapery which wound

itself around in close swathing folds. There was not the shadow of a wrinkle from shoulder to hem: the lovely young figure was revealed in all its beauty of outline. There were no sleeves at all, there was not very much bodice, but there was a great deal of effect, and this, it is to be supposed, was the object.

"Walk across the floor," commanded Miss Ferrol.

Louisiana obeyed her.

"Do it again," said Miss Ferrol.

Having been obeyed for the second time, her hands fell together. Her attitude and expression could be said to be significant only of rapture.

"I said so!" she cried. "I said so! You might have been born in New York!"

It was a grand climax. Louisiana felt it to the depths of her reverent young heart. But she could not believe it. She was sure that it was too sublime to be true. She shook her head in deprecation.

"It is no exaggeration," said Miss Ferrol, with renewed fervor. "Laurence himself, if he were not told that you had lived here, would never guess it. I should like to try you on him."

"Who—is he?" inquired Louisiana. "Is he a writer, too?"

"Well, yes,—but not exactly like the others. He is my brother."

It was two hours before this episode ended. Only at the sounding of the second bell did Louisiana escape to her room to prepare for dinner.

Miss Ferrol began to replace the dresses in her trunk. She performed her task in an abstracted mood. When she had completed it she stood upright and paused a moment, with quite a startled air.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "I—actually forgot about Ruskin!"

CHAPTER III.

"HE IS DIFFERENT."

THE same evening, as they sat on one of the seats upon the lawn, Miss Ferrol became aware several times that Louisiana was regarding her with more than ordinary interest. She sat with her hands folded upon her lap, her eyes fixed on her face, and her pretty mouth actually a little open.

"What are you thinking of?" Olivia asked, at length.

The girl started, and recovered herself with an effort.

"I—well, I was thinking about—authors," she stammered.

"Any particular author?" inquired Olivia, "or authors as a class?"

"About your brother being one. I never thought I should see any one who knew an author—and you are related to one!"

Her companion's smile was significant of immense experience. It was plain that she was so accustomed to living on terms of intimacy with any number of authors that she could afford to feel indifferent about them.

"My dear," she said, amiably, "they are not in the least different from other people."

It sounded something like blasphemy.

"Not different!" cried Louisiana. "Oh, surely, they must be! Isn't— isn't your brother different?"

Miss Ferrol stopped to think. She was very fond of her brother. Privately she considered him the literary man of his day. She was simply disgusted when she heard experienced critics only calling him "clever" and "brilliant" instead of "great" and "world-moving."

"Yes," she replied at length, "he is different."

"I thought he must be," said Louisiana, with a sigh of relief. "You are, you know."

"Am I?" returned Olivia. "Thank you. But I am not an author—at least"—she added, guiltily, "nothing I have written has ever been published."

"Oh, why not?" exclaimed Louisiana.

"Why not?" she repeated, dubiously and thoughtfully. And then, knitting her brows, she said, "I don't know why not."

"I am sure if you have ever written anything, it ought to have been published," protested her adorer.

"I thought so," said Miss Ferrol. "But—but they didn't."

"They?" echoed Louisiana. "Who are 'they'?"

"The editors," she replied, in a rather gloomy manner. "There is a great deal of wire-pulling, and favoritism, and—even envy and malice, of which those outside know nothing. You wouldn't understand it if I should tell you about it."

For a few moments she wore quite a fallen expression, and gloom reigned. She gave her head a little shake.

"They regret it afterward," she remarked,—"frequently."

From which Louisiana gathered that it was the editors who were so overwhelmed, and she could not help sympathizing with them in secret. There was something in

the picture of their unavailing remorse which touched her, despite her knowledge of the patent fact that they deserved it and could expect nothing better. She was quite glad when Olivia brightened up, as she did presently.

"Laurence is handsomer than most of them, and has a more distinguished air," she said. "He is very charming. People always say so."

"I wish I could see him," ventured Louisiana.

"You will see him if you stay here much longer," replied Miss Ferrol. "It is quite likely he will come to Oakvale."

For a moment Louisiana fluttered and turned pale with pleasure, but as suddenly she drooped.

"I forgot," she faltered. "You will have to be with him always, and I shall have no one. He won't want me."

Olivia sat and looked at her with deepening interest. She was thinking again of a certain whimsical idea which had beset her several times since she had attired her *protégée* in the cream-colored robe.

"Louise," she said, in a low, mysterious tone, "how would you like to wear dresses like mine all the rest of the time you are here?"

The child stared at her blankly.

"I haven't got any," she gasped.

"No," said Miss Ferrol, with deliberation, "but I have."

She rose from the seat, dropping her mysterious air and smiling encouragingly.

"Come with me to my room," she said.

"I want to talk to you."

If she had ordered her to follow her to the stake it is not at all unlikely that Louisiana would have obeyed. She got up meekly, smiling, too, and feeling sure something very interesting was going to happen. She did not understand in the least, but she was quite tractable. And after they had reached the room and shut themselves in, she found that it *was* something very interesting which was to happen.

"You remember what I said to you this morning?" Miss Ferrol suggested.

"You said so many things."

"Oh, but you cannot have forgotten this particular thing. I said you looked as if you had been born in New York."

Louisiana remembered with a glow of rapture.

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"And I said Laurence himself would not know, if he was not told, that you had lived all your life here."

"Yes."

"And I said I should like to try you on him."

"Yes."

Miss Ferrol kept her eyes fixed on her and watched her closely.

"I have been thinking of it all the morning," she added. "I should like to try you on him."

Louisiana was silent a moment. Then she spoke, hesitatingly:

"Do you mean that I should pretend—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Miss Ferrol. "Not pretend either one thing or the other. Only let me dress you as I choose, and then take care that you say nothing whatever about your past life. You will have to be rather quiet, perhaps, and let him talk. He will like that, of course—men always do—and then you will learn a great many things from him."

"It will be—a very strange thing to do," said Louisiana.

"It will be a very interesting thing," answered Olivia, her enthusiasm increasing. "How he will admire you!"

Louisiana indulged in one of her blushes.

"Have you a picture of him?"

"Yes. Why?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Because I should like to see his face."

"Do you think," Miss Ferrol said, in further bewilderment, "that you might not like him?"

"I think he might not like me."

"Not like you!" cried Miss Ferrol.

"You! He will think you are divine—when you are dressed as I shall dress you."

She went to her trunk and produced the picture. It was not a photograph, but a little crayon head—the head of a handsome man, whose expression was a singular combination of dreaminess and alertness. It was a fascinating face.

"One of his friends did it," said Miss Ferrol. "His friends are very fond of him and admire his good looks very much. They protest against his being photographed. They like to sketch him. They are always making 'studies' of his head. What do you think of him?"

Louisiana hesitated.

"He is different," she said at last. "I thought he would be."

She gave the picture back to Miss Ferrol, who replaced it in her trunk. She sat for a few seconds looking down at the carpet and apparently seeing very little. Then she

looked up at her companion, who was suddenly a little embarrassed at finding her receive her whimsical planning so seriously. She herself had not thought of it as being serious at all. It would be interesting and amusing, and would prove her theory.

"I will do what you want me to do," said Louisiana.

"Then," said Miss Ferrol, wondering at an unexpected sense of discomfort in herself, "I will dress you for supper now. You must begin to wear the things, so that you may get used to them."

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW TYPE.

WHEN the two entered the supper-room together a little commotion was caused by their arrival. At first the supple young figure in violet and gray was not recognized. It was not the figure people had been used to, it seemed so tall and slenderly round. The reddish-brown hair was combed high and made into soft puffs; it made the pretty head seem more delicately shaped, and showed how white and graceful the back of the slender neck was. It was several minutes before the problem was solved. Then a sharp young woman exclaimed, *sotto voce*:

"It's the little country-girl, in new clothes—in clothes that fit. Would you believe it?"

"Don't look at your plate so steadily," whispered Miss Ferrol. "Lean back and fan yourself as if you did not hear. You must never show that you hear things."

"I shall be obliged to give her a few hints now and then," she had said to herself beforehand. "But I feel sure when she once catches the cue she will take it."

It really seemed as if she did, too. She had looked at herself long and steadily after she had been dressed, and when she turned away from the glass she held her head a trifle more erect, and her cheeks had reddened. Perhaps what she had recognized in the reflection she had seen had taught her a lesson. But she said nothing. In a few days Olivia herself was surprised at the progress she had made. Sanguine as she was, she had not been quite prepared for the change which had taken place in her. She had felt sure it would be necessary to teach her to control her emotions, but suddenly she seemed to have learned to control them without being told to do so; she was no longer demon-

strative of her affection, she no longer asked innocent questions, nor did she ever speak of her family. Her reserve was puzzling to Olivia.

"You are very clever," she said to her one day, the words breaking from her in spite of herself, after she had sat regarding her in silence for a few minutes. "You are even cleverer than I thought you were, Louise."

"Was that very clever?" the girl asked.

"Yes, it was," Olivia answered, "but not so clever as you are proving yourself."

But Louisiana did not smile or blush, as she had expected she would. She sat very quietly, showing neither pleasure nor shyness, and seeming for a moment or so to be absorbed in thought.

In the evening when the stages came in they were sitting on the front gallery together. As the old rattletaps bumped and swung themselves up the gravel drive, Olivia bent forward to obtain a better view of the passengers.

"He ought to be among them," she said.

Louisiana laid her hand on her arm.

"Who is that sitting with the driver?" she asked, as the second vehicle passed them. "Isn't that——"

"To be sure it is!" exclaimed Miss Ferrol.

She would have left her seat, but she found herself detained. Her companion had grasped her wrist.

"Wait a minute!" she said. "Don't leave me! Oh—I wish I had not done it!"

Miss Ferrol turned and stared at her in amazement.

She spoke in her old, uncontrolled, childish fashion. She was pale, and her eyes were dilated.

"What is the matter?" said Miss Ferrol, hurriedly, when she found her voice. "Is it that you really don't like the idea? If you don't, there is no need of our carrying it out. It was only nonsense—I beg your pardon for not seeing that it disturbed you. Perhaps, after all, it was very bad taste in me——"

But she was not allowed to finish her sentence. As suddenly as it had altered before, Louisiana's expression altered again. She rose to her feet with a strange little smile. She looked into Miss Ferrol's astonished face steadily and calmly.

"Your brother has seen you and is coming toward us," she said. "I will leave you. We shall see each other again at supper."

And with a little bow she moved away with an air of composure which left her instructress stunned. She could scarcely recover her equilibrium sufficiently to greet her brother decently when he reached her side. She had never been so thoroughly at sea in her life.

After she had gone to her room that night, her brother came and knocked at the door.

When she opened it and let him in he walked to a chair and threw himself into it, wearing a rather excited look.

"Olivia," he began at once, "what a bewildering girl!"

Olivia sat down opposite to him, with a composed smile.

"Miss Rogers, of course?" she said.

"Of course," he echoed. And then, after a pause of two or three seconds, he added, in the tone he had used before: "What a delightfully mysterious girl!"

"Mysterious!" repeated Olivia.

"There is no other word for it!" "She has such an adorable face, she looks so young, and she says so little." And then, with serious delight, he added: "It is a new type!"

Olivia began to laugh.

"Why are you laughing?" he demanded.

"Because I was so sure you would say that," she answered. "I was waiting for it."

"But it is true," he replied, quite vehemently. "I never saw anything like her before. I look at her great soft eyes and I catch glimpses of expression which don't seem to belong to the rest of her. When I see her eyes I could fancy for a moment that she had been brought up in a convent or had lived a very simple, isolated life, but when she speaks and moves I am bewildered. I want to hear her talk, but she says so little. She does not even dance. I suppose her relatives are serious people. I dare say you have not heard much of them from her. Her reserve is so extraordinary in a girl. I wonder how old she is?"

"Nineteen, I think."

"I thought so. I never saw anything prettier than her quiet way when I asked her to dance with me. She said, simply, 'I do not dance. I have never learned.' It was as if she had never thought of it as being an unusual thing."

He talked of her all the time he remained in the room. Olivia had never seen him so interested before.

"The fascination is that she seems to be two creatures at once," he said. "And one of them is stronger than the other and will break out and reveal itself one day. I begin by feeling I do not understand her, and that is the most interesting of all beginnings. I long to discover which of the two creatures is the real one."

When he was going away he stopped suddenly to say:

"How was it you never mentioned her in your letters? I can't understand that."

"I wanted you to see her for yourself," Olivia answered. "I thought I would wait."

"Well," he said, after thinking a moment, "I am glad, after all, that you did."

CHAPTER V.

"I HAVE HURT YOU."

FROM the day of his arrival a new life began for Louisiana. She was no longer an obscure and unconsidered young person. Suddenly, and for the first time in her life, she found herself vested with a marvelous power. It was a power girls of a different class from her own are vested with from the beginning of their lives. They are used to it and regard it as their birthright. Louisiana was not used to it. There had been nothing like it attending her position as "that purty gal o' Rogerses." She was accustomed to the admiration of men she was indifferent to—men who wore short-waisted blue-jean coats, and turned upon their elbows to stare at her as she sat in the little white frame church. After making an effort to cultivate her acquaintance, they generally went away disconcerted. "She's mighty still," they said. "She haint got nothin' to say. Seems like thar aint much to her—but she's powerful purty though."

This was nothing like her present experience. She began slowly to realize that she was a little like a young queen now. Here was a man such as she had never spoken to before, who was always ready to endeavor to his utmost to please her: who, without any tendency toward sentimental nonsense, was plainly the happier for her presence and favor. What could be more assiduous and gallant than the every-day behavior of the well-bred, thoroughly experienced young man of the period toward the young beauty who for the moment reigns over his fancy! It need only be over his fancy; there is no necessity that the impression should be any deeper. His suavity,

his chivalric air, his ready wit in her service, are all that could be desired.

When Louisiana awakened to the fact that all this homage was rendered to her as being only the natural result of her girlish beauty—as if it was the simplest thing in the world, and a state of affairs which must have existed from the first—she experienced a sense of terror. Just at the very first she would have been glad to escape from it and sink into her old obscurity.

"It does not belong to me," she said to herself. "It belongs to some one else—to the girl he thinks I am. I am not that girl, though; I will remember that."

But in a few days she calmed down. She told herself that she always did remember, but she ceased to feel frightened and was more at ease. She never talked very much, but she became more familiar with the subjects she heard discussed. One morning she went to Olivia's room and asked her for the address of a bookseller.

"I want to send for some books and—and magazines," she said, confusedly. "I wish you—if you would tell me what to send for. Father will give me the money if I ask him for it."

Olivia sat down and made a list. It was a long list, comprising the best periodicals of the day and several standard books.

When she handed it to her she regarded her with curiosity.

"You mean to read them all?" she asked.

"Isn't it time that I should?" replied her pupil.

"Well—it is a good plan," returned Olivia, rather absently.

Truth to tell, she was more puzzled every day. She had begun to be quite sure that something singular had happened. It seemed as if a slight coldness existed between herself and her whilom adorer. The simplicity of her enthusiasm was gone. Her affection had changed as her outward bearing had. It was a better regulated and less noticeable emotion. Once or twice Olivia had fancied she had seen the girl looking at her even sadly, as if she felt, for the moment, a sense of some loss.

"Perhaps it was very clumsy in me," she used to say to herself. "Perhaps I don't understand her, after all."

But she could not help looking on with interest. She had never before seen Laurence enjoy himself so thoroughly. He had been working very hard during the past year, and was ready for his holiday.

He found the utter idleness, which was the chief feature of the place, a good thing. There was no town or village within twenty miles, newspapers were a day or two old when they arrived, there were very few books to be found, and there was absolutely no excitement. At night the band brayed in the empty-looking ball-room, and a few very young couples danced, in a desultory fashion and without any ceremony. The primitive, domesticated slowness of the place was charming. Most of the guests had come from the far South at the beginning of the season and would remain until the close of it; so they had had time to become familiar with each other and to throw aside restraint.

"There is nothing to distract one," Ferrol said, "nothing to rouse one, nothing to inspire one—nothing! It is delicious! Why didn't I know of it before?"

He had plenty of time to study his sister's friend. She rode and walked with himself and Olivia when they made their excursions, she listened while he read aloud to them as he lay on the grass in a quiet corner of the grounds. He thought her natural reserve held her from expressing her opinion on what he read very freely; it certainly did not occur to him that she was beginning her literary education under his guidance. He could see that the things which pleased him most were not lost upon her. Her face told him that. One moonlight night, as they sat on an upper gallery, he began to speak of the novelty of the aspect of the country as it presented itself to an outsider who saw it for the first time.

"It is a new life, and a new people," he said. "And, by the way, Olivia, where is the new species of young woman I was to see—the daughter of the people who does not belong to her sphere?"

He turned to Louisiana.

"Have you ever seen her?" he asked. "I must confess to a dubiousness on the subject."

Before he could add another word Louisiana turned upon him. He could see her face clearly in the moonlight. It was white, and her eyes were dilated and full of fire.

"Why do you speak in that way?" she cried. "As if—as if such people were so far beneath you. What right have you——"

She stopped suddenly. Laurence Ferrol was gazing at her in amazement. She rose from her seat, trembling.

"I will go away a little," she said. "I beg your pardon—and Miss Ferrol's."

She turned her back upon them and went away. Ferrol sat holding her little round, white-feather fan helplessly, and staring after her until she disappeared.

It was several seconds before the silence was broken. It was he who broke it.

"I don't know what it means," he said, in a low voice. "I don't know what I have done!"

In a little while he got up and began to roam aimlessly about the gallery. He strolled from one end to the other with his hands thrust in his coat pockets. Olivia, who had remained seated, knew that he was waiting in hopes that Louisiana would return. He had been walking to and fro, looking as miserable as possible, for about half an hour, when at last she saw him pause and turn half round before the open door of an upper corridor leading out upon the verandah. A black figure stood revealed against the inside light. It was Louisiana, and, after hesitating a moment, she moved slowly forward.

She had not recovered her color, but her manner was perfectly quiet.

"I am glad you did not go away," she said.

Ferrol had only stood still at first, waiting her pleasure, but the instant she spoke he made a quick step toward her.

"I should have felt it a very hard thing not to have seen you again before I slept," he said.

She made no reply, and they walked together in silence until they reached the opposite end of the gallery.

"Miss Ferrol has gone in," she said then.

He turned to look and saw that such was the case. Suddenly, for some reason best known to herself, Olivia had disappeared from the scene.

Louisiana leaned against one of the slender, supporting pillars of the gallery. She did not look at Ferrol, but at the blackness of the mountains rising before them. Ferrol could not look away from her.

"If you had not come out again," he said, after a pause, "I think I should have remained here, baying at the moon, all night."

Then, as she made no reply, again he began to pour himself forth quite recklessly.

"I cannot quite understand how I hurt you," he said. "It seemed to me that I must have hurt you, but even while I don't understand, there are no words abject enough to express what I feel now and

have felt during the last half hour. If I only dared ask you to tell me——"

She stopped him.

"I can't tell you," she said. "But it is not your fault—it is nothing you could have understood—it is my fault—all my fault, and—I deserve it."

He was terribly discouraged.

"I am bewildered," he said. "I am very unhappy."

She turned her pretty, pale face round to him swiftly.

"It is not you who need be unhappy," she exclaimed. "It is I!"

The next instant she had checked herself again, just as she had done before.

"Let us talk of something else," she said, coldly.

"It will not be easy for me to do so," he answered, "but I will try."

Before Olivia went to bed she had a visit from her.

She received her with some embarrassment, it must be confessed. Day by day she felt less at ease with her and more deeply self-convicted of some blundering,—which, to a young woman of her temperament, was a sharp penalty.

Louisiana would not sit down. She revealed her purpose in coming at once.

"I want to ask you to make me a promise," she said, "and I want to ask your pardon."

"Don't do that," said Olivia.

"I want you to promise that you will not tell your brother the truth until you have left here and are at home. I shall go away very soon. I am tired of what I have been doing. It is different from what you meant it to be. But you must promise that if you stay after I have gone—as of course you will—you will not tell him. My home is only a few miles away. You might be tempted, after thinking it over, to come and see me—and I should not like it. I want it all to stop here—I mean my part of it. I don't want to know the rest."

Olivia had never felt so helpless in her life. She had neither self-poise, nor tact, nor any other daring quality left.

"I wish," she faltered, gazing at the girl quite pathetically, "I wish we had never begun it."

"So do I," said Louisiana. "Do you promise?"

"Y-yes. I would promise anything. I—I have hurt your feelings," she confessed, in an outbreak.

She was destined to receive a fresh shock. All at once the girl was metamorphosed again. It was her old ignorant, sweet, simple self who stood there, with trembling lips and dilated eyes.

"Yes, you have!" she cried. "Yes, you have!"

And she burst into tears and turned about and ran out of the room.

(To be continued.)

PRESENT PHASES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

It is intended to celebrate in the year 1880, now just dawning on us, the hundredth anniversary of the foundation by Robert Raikes, of that germinal Sunday-school in Gloucester, England, which became the starting-point of Sunday-school instruction over the greater part of Christendom. A very well-fed and commonplace face comes down to us in engraved portraits of this second and greater "Robert of Gloucester," but then one cannot tell whether the common-placeness of a portrait is due to the subject or only to the artist. He was not a genius, but a simple, quiet, and somewhat matter-of-fact man, who had, however, the rare trait of acting according to his convictions. He was molded by his time, for he lived just at the

moment when the great tide of religious excitement, set agoing by a few Oxford men in the previous generation, had spent its force, and naturally was being succeeded by that tide of philanthropy the impulse of which is yet with us. John Wesley was then an old man; John Howard was in the height of his activity; and William Wilberforce had just entered parliament. It was the favorable moment for the beginning of such a movement, after the religious excitement, as an excitement, had passed away, just when its first result in philanthropy was beginning to be felt, and long before the deadening reaction to ecclesiasticism and sectarianism had begun. And besides all this, the writings of the incomprehensible Jean Jacques Rousseau had produced by direct

and indirect influence, a tremendous enthusiasm for general education.

Raikes was a man of some culture and of independent means, and was the publisher and proprietor of the "Gloucester Journal." The example of John Howard had no doubt been the moving cause of his previous exertions among the inmates of the county jail and workhouse, which were in a very distressing state. He was impressed with the evil results of the neglect of children by what he saw in the prison; and, walking in the streets thronged by the children of operatives in the pin factory, he came to the determination to found a Sunday-school. He evidently had a genuine sympathy for childhood and the tact to win the love of "the little ragamuffins," as he affectionately styles them. He proposed to teach them to read and to learn the church catechism. But it was not the reading, nor yet the catechism, that worked so great a reformation among the children of the pin-makers of Gloucester. It is my belief that the teaching of the multiplication table would have been beneficial if it had been seasoned with the kind words and Christian solicitude of the genial patron and his shilling-a-day Sunday-school-mistresses. Unto this day many of the followers of Raikes have failed to learn that men are regenerated, not so much by truth in the abstract, as by the divine inspiration that comes through human goodness and sympathy. The great Bible of childhood, especially, is the living Bible of good and loving men and women.

Raikes may have heard of previous attempts of the kind, but it hardly seems probable. If there were any Sunday-schools in England or Scotland at that day, they were obscure and unrecognized beyond their immediate sphere of influence. There is nothing new under the sun. Something like Raikes's school often had been attempted before, and the pedantic people who can always tell you the history of a thing before its beginning, and who love to dim the glory of an original by pointing to an earlier origin, have cackled not a little over Martin Luther's school in 1527, Cardinal Borromeo's schools in 1584, Joseph Alleine's in the seventeenth century, and Oberlin's Sunday teaching in the Ban de la Roche in 1767. The Methodists and the English Church people both claim and divide the credit of Miss Hannah Ball's Sunday-school in High Wycombe, in 1769, while the Scotch Presbyterians prove that

Sunday-schools, in common with most other good things, came from John Knox, who employed readers to teach on Sundays; and indeed it seems pretty certain that some such schools existed in Scotland before Raikes's. So, also, there were isolated Sunday-schools in this country a hundred years before Raikes, and I doubt not something of the sort has existed in every age in which there was religious activity. Indeed, there are not wanting ingenious people who trace the institution to the Church Fathers and the Jewish Synagogue. The ancients had the start of us in chronology. But it matters not, even though one could prove that there were isolated efforts to found something like Sunday-schools among the people who were contemporaneous with the hairy elephant and the cave bear,—it is the one attempt that grows and bears fruit which signifies. Of a million seeds with gossamer wings that drift away from a cottonwood-tree, sailing on the wind, or floating on the water, only one lodges by chance in some favorable nook, and grows a tree after its kind. And of all the Sunday-schools founded in modern or remote times, the one set agoing by the Gloucester newspaper man was the only one that, lighting on a favorable time, multiplied and grew into a great institution. The others saw no centennial and had no posterity.

I ought, perhaps, to except from this remark St. Charles Borromeo's Sunday-schools in Milan. In 1877 I saw the poor boys gathered in the magnificent cathedral of Milan, with copy-books and slates before them, learning in the Sunday-schools that are yet kept alive by the precious memory of San Carlo. When the lessons had been laid aside energetic priests addressed the children with dramatic earnestness; and in another quarter, and by other priests, workingmen were being instructed. There are more than four thousand statues on the pinnacles and in the niches of this great *duomo*, if you may believe the guide-books, and the sacred bones of St. Charles, the great archbishop, are shown with much ostentation; but the best memorial of his great influence is that, three hundred years after his time the poor of Milan are taught the three R's, with the fourth one of religion added, in the sacred temple and on Sunday. It is in the very spirit of Charles Borromeo himself, and of one who was Borromeo's master and model, that his successors recognize the fact that cathedrals and Sabbaths are for the use of the souls of men, which are more sacred

than holy places, holy days, holy vestments, or holy bones.

Indeed it is the veneration for holy bones and holy days that is always resisting a good movement. The innovating and reforming cardinal archbishop of Milan was so thoroughly hated by some of the members of religious orders that they tried to shoot him. No doubt he was held to be a desecrator of the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and the priesthood. Certain it is that Raikes was met by a pious wail about the sin of teaching children to read on the Lord's Day. Better that the pin-makers' children remain in vice and ignorance, than that the Lord's day be used in doing the Lord's divine work! And to-day, if any man tries to do Sunday-school work in that broad and large way which embraces the whole life of the child, and which is the only practical and successful way of doing the work as Christ did it, he is met with denunciations. Let him, for instance, try to stem the tide of evil literature by giving good, healthy, secular books from his library, or let him try to conquer vagrancy by having an employment committee in his school, and immediately the protectors of the Sabbath and the defenders of Scripture study are aroused. For the Pharisees have never yet wanted a man to stand before the Lord in any generation. Brethren of the Holy Bones, will your obstructive race never be extinct?

It seems, in the light of better methods, but a poor attempt, that of hiring women at a shilling a Sunday to teach these poor children, of the hemp and flax factory and the pin factory, reading and the catechism. It was but little reading, perhaps, that one could get in a lesson a week, and catechisms are quite dry and indigestible food, fit only for theological students. But Raikes's school had that which is the most valuable element of all the best schools of the present day—genuine love for childhood on the part of the teachers. The catechism might be incomprehensible, but the love of the good Mr. Raikes and the personal influence of the patron and his teachers were a blessing of infinite value to the degraded children. Raikes loved the children and took an intense interest in them. He called his work "botanizing human nature." Once he endeavored to persuade a refractory girl to beg her mother's pardon, which she steadily refused to do. "Then," said Raikes, "I will make a beginning for you," and down upon his knees he went and began to crave the mother's pardon, whereupon the heart of the girl

gave way. Do you think it mattered much whether such a man taught the catechism or the International Lessons? Doubtless, in this year of celebration, many a prig who prides himself on chalk and blackboard and object-lessons and lesson-helps, but, who knows nothing of heart-winning, will talk very patronizingly of Raikes and very boastfully of our "progress." Without doubt we are far ahead of the Gloucester printer in methods of organization and the matter and manner of teaching; but much that goes for progress is the merest pinchbeck imitation, and many who run after method forget the real end of their work.

I dwell thus on Raikes, because he had so clear an idea of some vital things which are forgotten by many who nowadays prophesy in his name. He welcomed the poor, while many of our upish schools practically exclude them. He only required clean hands and face. He knew that he who would improve a child's spiritual condition must look to his circumstances, and so he sought employment for his Sunday-school children and looked after their home life. And yet, we are gravely told by the doctrinaires who write his biography, that in the beginning of all this good work he was yet unconverted! Many a worthless religious loungee has had an "experience"; but we are told that this man, who was too much of a Christian to worry about his own soul, was without divine grace. How do biographers try to make us believe that religion is of no account! For the Pharisee, whose ancestor stoned the prophet for working on Sunday, comes round after a while and garnishes his tomb and writes his "memoir," and tries his best endeavor to make the life, which grew large and free after God's own law, fit his circumscribed theory. But the full-grown forest tree will not bear transplanting into a door-yard.

Many a superintendent or teacher, with great religious confidence in himself, and with all the implements which the progress of later times has given him, might well sit at the feet of this unregenerate Robert Raikes, who lived in those old-fogy times of a hundred years ago. Hear what he says: "I have often, too, the satisfaction of receiving thanks from parents for the reformation they perceive in their children." Through what? Not through an elaborate seven years' lesson system sampling the whole Bible, for that they had not. Not through the spelling, the reading, or the catechism, I suppose. One might as well try to

warm his hands by an iceberg as to expect any reformation of heart or life through the dry formulas of a catechism. Raikes's "little heathen" were reformed by the "method" that never grows old, and on which the most inventive Sunday-school worker has never yet made any improvement. "Often," he says, "I have given them kind admonitions, which I always do in the mildest and gentlest manner. The going among them, doing them little kindnesses, distributing trifling rewards, and ingratiating myself with them, I hear, have given me an ascendancy greater than I ever could have imagined; for I am told by their mistresses that they are very much afraid of my displeasure." Here is the admirable method of working by a loving sympathy in the hearts of men; Raikes had not heard any of our lectures to teachers, or read any of the books we have written. His plan, however, is as old as Christianity, at least.

"Ere Locke or Newton came, the sun
Saw things by heart and genius done,
Which those great men have proved in viewing,
The possibility of doing."

Let me not be misunderstood as decrying the advancement made in Sunday-school work. The improvement of introducing voluntary teachers, and the other one of replacing the catechism with the Bible, saved the system from becoming utterly dry, perfunctory, and worthless. One of the greatest benefits conferred by the Sunday-school consists in its having furnished the readiest means for unselfish exertion to millions of people. It would be difficult to estimate its influence on religion in this country. It seems to me that it is the one thing that has kept church-life from congealing into a hopeless social and dogmatic exclusiveness, or sinking into indifferentism; there has always been an outlet for Christian sympathy and an opportunity for religious zeal in the instruction of the young.

Make what reduction you will, and the result of Raikes's attempt is an incalculable blessing. Estimate the Bible at the lowest, and its study by so many millions of children must have done much to ensure, to America, for instance, that moral superiority which makes life here so much sweeter than on the European continent. Is it nothing that for some generations the Sunday-school has made the beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, the immortal parables, and the death of Christ, the most familiar of household words? One would think that even so fiery a des-

tructive as Mr. Ingersoll could not estimate lightly the influence of such a service. Grant all the imperfections of method and all the mistakes as regards matter, and yet the influence of such schools must have been prodigious in checking such a vice as intemperance, for instance. And even if we put the subject of teaching out of account, the very institution, on a religious ground, of such a friendly relation as that of teacher and scholar, cannot but have been of inestimable benefit to individuals and to society. Raikes himself—to return once more to the founder—looked at his work from a two-fold stand-point, that of religion and that of philanthropy. He calls the Sunday-school "an effort at civilization," and says, in the phrase of the time, that "if the glory of God be promoted in any, even the smallest, degree, society must reap some benefit."

It is too much to ask that the teaching in Sunday-school be conducted according to scientific method. The teachers are busy people, mere amateurs in the art of conveying instruction, and, on some accounts, all the better for it. Some will insist that these teachers shall give instruction according to the science of pedagogy, as now understood. It was gravely proposed, ten years ago, by men of considerable standing in the Sunday-school work, to organize a normal Sunday-school college in New York City, to which teachers should be brought and instructed in a six months' course. The transportation to New York of half a million busy men and women, and their sojourn here for six months, was found to be a very serious enterprise. The excellent plan hit upon by Doctor Vincent of transforming the obsolescent camp-meeting into a summer Sunday-school assembly, which should combine pleasure and instruction in about equal parts, has proved to be far more feasible, and, indeed, seems to be the most practical method of giving a Sunday-school teacher some knowledge of method. The dangers of this plan are manifest. What with Palestine parks and Jerusalem models, and lath and plaster pyramids, and oriental costumes—all good things to draw crowds—the teacher is apt to forget how slight, after all, are the relations of geography and antiquities to the substantial work in hand. He may add not a little to the vividness of his teaching by means of the outer settings of Scripture narrative, but to make the giving of this sort of knowledge an object is hopelessly to lose his way. The geography of Palestine has no direct

relation to the betterment of character, and the costume of an oriental, or even of a high priest, is in itself no more religious than the costume of a Scotch highlander.

This failure to appreciate the true object of Sunday-school work lies at the bottom of most of the vices of our Sunday-school system. With that nominalism which is the easy snare of most men, Sunday-school people are generally confounded by the unfortunate word *school* in the title of the institution. Hence the visionary, and happily futile, attempts at a grading analogous to that of the common school; hence the system of review examinations; and hence the deeper and more vital error, which makes the chief measure of success to be the quantity of information retained by the pupil. This is a common and capital mistake in secular education, and it is even more fatal when introduced into the spiritual training of children. For the religious teacher there is no result worth the having but a result in character. All instruction, Scriptural or other, that tends to produce moral or spiritual improvement, is in his province, and none that does not. I should be the last to insist that the teacher might not roam widely over any part of the field of knowledge for the purpose of interesting and gaining the sympathy of his pupils, provided he kept his main end in view. But he should not feel obliged to teach anything merely because it is in the Bible or has relations to Scripture history. The tendency is to insist on a practical bibliolatry, on the teaching of the Bible as an end, on the theory that man was made to study the Bible, and not the Bible for the benefit of man.

I remember a Sunday school teacher of my own boyhood, a man who combined the offices of village butcher and lay preacher, and who had a stern way of teaching us Scripture; he made us take the Bible as the Jews ate the passover, with bitter herbs. It was the custom in that day to read an entire chapter for a lesson. One Sunday we found ourselves confronting the genealogies in Luke's gospel. Somewhere in the hard names between "Mattathias which was the son of Amos," and "Ragau which was the son of Phalec," one of us ventured to ask the hard-headed teacher if we might not skip that chapter. "What did the Holy Ghost put it there for if it is not to be read?" he growled. The logic was unanswerable, and so was the tone; we floundered on through the "bead-roll of unbaptized names" until we joyfully reached "Adam, which

was the Son of God," with a sense of having come out in paradise at last. Some such unanswerable theory as that of my old teacher seems to have been at the basis of the present International Lesson scheme. On no more rational supposition can one account for the compulsion put upon little children a few years ago to wander through the five books of Moses under the lead of the lesson committee, studying the tower of Babel, the plagues of Egypt, the institution of the passover, and the founding of the Levitical priesthood. These subjects, and such recent assignments as the second temple and its dedication, carried through two lessons, Ezekiel's prophecy against Tyre, and Esther's marriage to the polygamous Xerxes, are not given to adult classes alone, but, by the impractical idealism prevalent in Sunday-school work, are set down to be taught even to infant classes. It is all Bible, but there is one other thing as divine in its origin as the Bible, and that is common sense. And surely the present system of rigid adherence to one lesson for all the school, combined with the selection now and then of subjects fit only for a theological seminary, is not in accordance with practical wisdom.

One hears much of the Christian unity produced by the simultaneous study of the same lesson by people of different religious denominations, but as each denomination publishes its own lesson and has the privilege of putting its own construction on the text, the practical result in favor of Christian toleration and unity does not seem to be large enough to overbalance the disadvantages. One of these is, that in Scripture selections it is Hobson's choice or nothing. The mission-school in the Fourth Ward, among children who do not know the rudiments of religious teaching, if it will avail itself of current printed helps, must study the Book of Revelation at the same time with the church-school in Madison avenue. The floundering teachers in the mission-school are supposed to be happy, however, in the consciousness that they are serving the cause of Christian union, for are not the children in Toronto, and perhaps in Hong Kong, reciting the same lesson? I do not think I am too severe when I call this impractical idealism, though I know, to my cost, the awful result of assailing the great goddess Diana whom Ephesus and all the world worshipeth. Whatever toleration an international system of lessons produces, it does not bring forth among its advocates

any particular forbearance toward the man who opposes the scheme.

But the system has produced one good result, which I have never heard urged in its behalf, but which is the most evident benefit of the present plan. There were always a large number of schools out of sympathy with any progressive movement, stranded on the sand-bars of their own fogysm. The almost universal introduction of periodical lessons, which followed the adoption of an international course, and its sanction by ecclesiastical bodies and denominational publishing houses, has tended to introduce some Sunday-school periodical or other into each of these schools, and to awaken the teachers to the fact that there are far better ways of doing than those of the fathers. The past twenty-five years has been a period of great improvement in methods of conducting schools and classes, and the periodical lesson has been a conductor and distributor of the new and better ways. It has given the leaders of Sunday-school thought a compact power over all the schools, and this is, in the main, an advantage. But it has almost stamped out the individuality of the foremost schools, and given undue prominence to certain popular ideas and watchwords. The time draws near already when this wide-spread monotony of text and plan must give way; when the thoughtful and vigorous superintendent will devise ways suited to his own genius and his own school and when the adult class under a learned teacher, the infant class under a skillful teacher, and the mission class peculiarly situated, will each feel free to follow its own best road.

A good officer is ordered to take a battery—he is not told precisely how to take it. Some such liberty should be given to the teacher or superintendent who is peculiarly situated, or who has a peculiar genius. For the great mass of teachers uniformity in the school may be necessary, but a rigid and invariable uniformity in each school, and still more in thousands of schools, is a great evil. More and more, as we grow practical and yield to the divine common sense, will we understand that the substantial upbuilding of noble character is the result to be achieved, by such hook and crook as lies within our reach. One of the best teachers of mission children I have ever known, took a class of almost incorrigible bummers, who frequented the school only about festival time, and devoted himself for Sunday after Sunday, to telling them the story of Robin-

son Crusoe's adventures. By the time he had finished his serial story, he had acquired, by one means and another, a singular ascendancy over his boys, some of whom were street-venders and wanderers. If he had not let go of the uniform lessons he would have lost his pupils in three weeks. Such achievements as his, in bettering the lives of the neglected, are "Bible stories" in themselves.

In our Sunday-school institutes and conventions, and in our normal classes and teacher's periodicals, we debate all manner of questions of organizing and teaching. But the philanthropic use of the institution, ever present to the mind of Raikes, is almost forgotten. How to use a blackboard, and how to question a class, and how to teach doctrines, and what is the "relation" of the Sunday-school to the church, are often discussed. But where has the question, of the mode of decreasing pauperism through Sunday-school work, ever attracted any attention? What have Sunday-school people done to promote the acquisition of skill in handicraft by Sunday-school children? On the other hand, many a boy, by the atmosphere of false gentility diffused by some Sunday-schools, has been led to seek a well-dressed employment, for which he was unfit, to the lifelong undoing of himself and those dependent on him. The veneering a boy with a thin respectability of hat, coat, and cane, is often the only apparent result of his attendance on Sunday-school, and it is an evil result. Let once the questions of "sacred" geography and antiquities give way to questions of practical life in Sunday-school work, and there will be less vagrancy in America. For the Sunday-school is one of the powerful formative forces in our life, and that force is sometimes perverted, and sometimes, even, tends to a genteel vagrancy.

There are some schools that watch over the lives of their scholars, see to their attendance on day-schools and night-schools, seek out situations for them, and strive to instill into them a hatred of dependence and a respect for work and thrift. But there are many schools where the teachers and scholars vie with each other in dress, vanity, and flirtation. We debate whether a teacher shall be "converted" or not, and we miss the real point. A professor of religion may be a coxcomb or a coquette. Nor will discrimination against young teachers do any good. There are old fools, also. To get earnest teachers is the chief thing, and to

have none other, if possible, is the fundamental maxim.

It is this frivolous spirit that makes vain much of the effort put forth in the right direction. In our time it is vitally necessary to promote a sturdy sentiment in favor of abstinence from intoxicants. The vice of intemperance is not one that you can trifle with. But of what avail is the easy signing of a temperance pledge by a school full of impressible children. Temperance, like any other virtue, must be taught with painstaking, and the lesson must be impressed by patient instruction. It is not a virtue, either, that will stand by itself; the whole moral nature must be fortified. The true antidote to intemperance is a Christian manhood. But a thin gentility, that abhors manual labor and affects stylish dress, is something not friendly to the growth of manhood, and that is, moreover, often disastrously fatal to womanhood.

It is generally admitted now that our cheap literature is, much of it, bad. But what have we done through Sunday-schools to stem the tide of evil? We have sought anxiously to teach the story of the plagues of Egypt, but we have forgotten the frogs and lice and locusts of the news-stand. We have been so careful to keep the Sabbath holy that we have excluded all but semi-religious stories from our libraries. These stories are, of necessity, for the most part of a very watery intellectual consistency, and it has been easy to pass from them to the equally weak, but far more exciting, story-paper. The general uselessness of most Sunday-school libraries has brought about a movement, not to improve them, but to abolish them. No better illustration of the absolute failure of a part of the Sunday-school public to understand the philanthropic possibilities of its work can be found than the stampede against libraries and in favor of that weakest of literature, the Sunday-school juvenile paper.

To put the library out is to abandon the field. By means of the Sunday-school the religious community controls, at the least, fifty thousand circulating libraries in America, and these libraries are read chiefly by children and young people. Through them the Christian church ought to be able to make the literary tastes of the next generation morally healthful and intellectually better. But, in the first place, the church impairs the tone of public taste through a foolish scruple, and then is offered by some good people only the alternative of abandoning the powerful

engine of the Sunday-school library altogether. Some of the best of our metropolitan schools, notably the mission-schools of Mr. Beecher's and Dr. Storrs's churches, have looked the matter square in the face, and have put the healthiest and most attractive reading of other than a religious nature on their shelves. The stories and pictures of the children's magazines, and the best books for boys and girls, now go out into the poorest home. If this reform should become general, we may hope for a substantial improvement in the reading of young people.

But I dare not say too much on this matter of giving healthy books on Sunday. The frown already darkens the brows of the Brethren of the Holy Bones. Let me swiftly take shelter behind the dignified form of Robert Raikes, of Gloucester. "Our Savior," says Raikes, taking refuge himself behind a higher example, "takes particular pains to manifest, that whatever tended to promote the health and happiness of our fellow-creatures were sacrifices peculiarly acceptable on that day."

I am sure no one will suspect me of unfriendliness to the Sunday-school in making these criticisms upon bad methods. There will be enough of praise lavished on the institution in this centennial year. But indiscriminate praise of the Sunday-school by Sunday-school teachers is only a sort of self-glorification, and progress is always hindered by a Fourth-of-July boastfulness. We have made great advancement, and the current seems to set in the right direction. Our joyous festivals, our Christmas-trees, our entertainments, are all signs of a genuine sympathy for the joys of childhood. Campbell's line,

"The playmate ere the tutor of her mind,"

suggests one of the highest principles of child-training.

No one knows better than I, from long and large acquaintance with Sunday-school people in this country, the faithfulness and self-denial of thousands of them. The faults of the work belong primarily to certain forms of religious life, now passing away, let us hope. There has been too much other-worldliness in our thinking for us to work with practical wisdom. We have cared too much for soul-saving in a narrow sense, and not enough for character-building in a wide sense. It has been well said that the world loses as much by misdirected effort as by idleness. And, rejoicing as we do in the results achieved, let us not blink

the fact that probably one-half the effort put forth in Sunday-school work is wasted, and some of it worse than wasted.

Too much attention to questions of dogmatic belief, and too little to questions of conduct; too much bondage to the teaching of the Bible and related subjects as an end, and too little devotion to the production of Christian character; too much superficial and revivalistic work, and too little broad philanthropic endeavor; too much frivolity and perfunctory lesson-hearing, and too little of the affectionate, life-long attachment of god-parent and god-child between teacher and pupil; too much system and

too little freedom and common-sense; too much memory and too little sympathy—these criticisms can justly be made against much of our Sunday-school work in the hundredth year after Robert Raikes of Gloucester.

The time will come and the leader will come. He will teach us as Jesus taught, that the Book, and the day of rest, and the creed symbol, are all subordinate to the welfare of the human spirit, and that practical endeavor, if it will achieve its best result, must disentangle itself from theoretic idealism, and from bondage to dogmatism, tradition, and convention.

EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BY FRANCIS R. UPTON (MR. EDISON'S MATHEMATICIAN).

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Dear Sir: I have read the paper by Mr. Francis Upton, and it is the first correct and authoritative account of my invention of the Electric Light.

Menlo Park, N. J.

Yours Truly, THOMAS A. EDISON.

THE crowning discovery of Mr. Edison—the electric light for domestic use—is at last a scientific and practical success. A mistaken idea has been afloat that this new light was intended to be a rival of the sun, rather than what it really is,—a rival of gas. The contrivances of the new lamp are so absurdly simple as to seem almost an anticlimax to the laborious process of investigation by which they were reached. A small glass globe from which the air has been exhausted, two platinum wires, a bit of charred paper—and we have the lamp. The generator of the electricity is simpler than a gas-generator, and the wires for its distribution are more manageable than are gas mains and pipes. The light is equal to gas in brightness and whiter in color; it is inclosed and, consequently, perfectly steady; it gives off no appreciable heat; it consumes no oxygen; it yields up no noxious gases, and, finally, it costs less than gas. The difficulty of subdivision Mr. Edison has also overcome: in his method of illumination a number of separate lights can now be supplied from the same wire, and each one, being independent, can be lighted or extinguished without affecting those near it.

In order to a clear comprehension of the electric light, a few words upon the general subject are necessary. All illuminants are produced by the incandescence or white heat of matter. This matter may either be in a

finely-divided state—the particles widely separated—as in the flame of candles, lamps and gas-jets, or an aggregation of particles, as in the calcium light. Both of these methods have been used in the various systems of electric lighting. Electricity flowing through a conductor generates a quantity of heat proportioned 1, to the amount passing through, and 2, to the friction, or resistance, of the medium. Ordinarily, the amount is hardly appreciable in a good conductor. When, however, a poor conductor forms part of the electric circuit, a heat is generated that, under certain conditions, rises steadily to whiteness, causing the substance forming the imperfect conductor to become luminous. If the wire of an electric circuit be cut and the two ends, after being touched, are drawn slightly apart, the current leaps the chasm and a spark appears which vaporizes a small portion of the metal, and this forms a sufficient conductor to enable a constant electrical current to flow from end to end of the wire. When the two ends of the severed wire are properly tipped, a continuous and brilliant light may be produced. Carbon is found to be the best material for these tips, and so long as the current flows and the distance between the points is properly regulated, a storm of white-hot carbon particles is carried across the space, giving a brilliant illumination. This is the voltaic arc, a light produced by the incandescence of finely-

divided matter. The broken circuit may be completed by the interposition of some solid matter capable of sustaining a white heat without melting. Platinum and carbon were long thought to be the forms of matter which would best answer the purpose.

These methods of utilizing electricity presented so many difficulties that it was thought impossible to use either for domestic purposes. The objections to the voltaic arc were that the carbon did not offer sufficient resistance to the passage of the current, and that it wasted, the light therefore requiring either continual attention, or else some complicated mechanism, both troublesome and expensive, to keep the distance between the carbon points constant. (See Fig. 3.) The objections to platinum lay in its great cost and rarity, and the fact that its point of fusion is too low to ensure its successful use as the source of light. And finally the objection to all known methods was that the conductors necessary to the supply of any lamp then known would have been of such enormous cost and size as to be impracticable for general use.

In order to understand the difficulties of the problem presented to Mr. Edison, and the simple perfection of his lamp, a short summary of the history of the electric light will be necessary. The first method of illuminating by electricity was by the voltaic arc. About twenty years after the discovery of galvanism, or the modes of generating electricity by chemical decomposition, the voltaic arc was discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy. The battery of a single cell was succeeded by those of multiplied power. In 1812, by the use of a battery of 2,000 cells, Davy succeeded in producing an intensely brilliant arc measuring five inches. The experiment was, however, a very costly one, and had apparently no practical outcome; yet the effects produced by it were so brilliant that Professor Dumas, who repeated it in Paris, in 1834, predicted its final success as an illuminant, in spite of the enormous cost—six dollars a minute. For a number of years no improvement was made, the batteries then in existence being incapable of supplying a constant and steady flow of electricity. Daniell's invention in 1836 of a constant battery, used still in telegraphy, and Grove's improvement in 1839, of electrical generators, gave a new impulse to inventors. A constant and powerful current being supplied by these two inventions, the practical use of it was shortly afterward made in Morse's tele-

graph. In 1845, about the same time, we find that the first mechanisms for regulating the distance between the carbon points were independently invented by Staite and Foucault, who thus in another direction utilized the electrical power supplied by the batteries. Staite's patents show great inventive genius; in one of them there is a well-defined suggestion of the widely known Jablochkoff candles. In this field of research, as in so many others, the earlier investigators possessed a clearness of vision which enabled them to see further and more accurately than those who came after. Staite, before 1850, produced an electric light, which was exhibited in England, and was so favorably received that a company was organized and gas stock suffered a panic. Many other inventions were made, with a vast expenditure of time, ingenuity and patience, which, like those of Staite and Foucault, failed because of their great cost. It is not enough to invent a good light, nor even to perfect its mechanism: the cost of production must be small enough to enable it to compete with all existing methods of illuminating.

Electric lighting had now passed through three stages. It had been a brilliant laboratory experiment, it had been the subject of practical investigation, and it had been advanced to the precarious dignity of occasional use in the theaters and on great festival occasions. At the coronation of Alexander of Russia, the city of Moscow was lighted by numbers of electric lamps suspended in the old bell-tower of the Kremlin, a thousand gilded domes glittering in the unearthly radiance, in happy contrast with the quaint arches of the old cathedral close at hand, while the river Moskva was transmuted into a stream of liquid silver.

The year 1860 saw improvements in generators. The force of steam was found to be convertible into electricity. In 1862 Faraday introduced the electric lamp into a British light-house. France and Brazil tried the same experiment, but even this failed to arouse public interest. The invention of the Gramme generator (though an instrument fully anticipating it had been lying for years in the cabinet of an Italian university) at last gave the impetus needed to set the inventors at work. This was soon followed by the Jablochkoff candles, the contrivance by which some streets in Paris are illuminated. So much for the history of illumination by the voltaic arc.

In 1845, to go back to the second method,—that of illuminating by an incandescent solid,—an American named Starr, backed by

George Peabody, went to England, and took out a patent for the use of platinum, which had been already employed in laboratory experiments, although it had never been used for practical purposes. In the same year Grove speaks of reading by an incandescent platinum spiral.

In 1847, Dr. Draper, of New York, made a number of experiments to test the qualities of highly heated platinum. He used a lever suspended by a straight wire, very much resembling a door-latch held by a string. So marked was the illumination from, and the expansion of, the heated wire at the temperature required for the experiment that he wrote: "An ingenious artist would have very little difficulty, by taking advantage of the movement of the lever, in making a self-acting apparatus in which the platinum wire should be maintained at uniform temperature, notwithstanding any change taking place in the voltaic current." This suggestion, though so clear and practical, lay for twenty years unheeded, and would probably have done so much longer, but that Mr. Edison, with no knowledge of it, entirely independently made use of a similar device and proved himself to be the "ingenious artist," in his first electric light invention.

Fig. 1 shows the plan of the apparatus.*

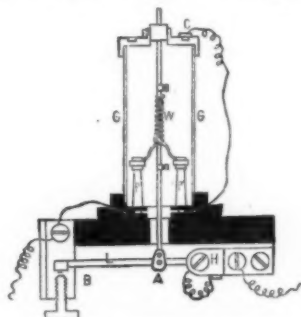


FIG. 1. SECTION OF EDISON'S EXPANSION REGULATOR.

The current enters through the curled wire at the left, and flows from one post, P, to the other, P', through a spiral and out at the right. It is carried to the top of the glass case, G, then through the straight wire, W, to the lever at A, then to the hinge, H, so that it escapes at the right. In passing through the straight piece of platinum wire, W, enclosed in the spiral the heat generated by the current causes the wire to expand. This expansion allows the lever, L, to fall until it

touches the point, B. When this is done the electricity takes the short route through the lever and does not pass through the lamp. The wire, W, contracts and the process is repeated.

Another method of accomplishing the same purpose is shown in Fig. 2. The current passes, in this case, through the wire, W. In so doing it heats the air in G. The air

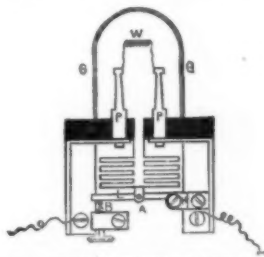


FIG. 2. EDISON'S PNEUMATIC REGULATOR.

in expanding forces downward the small metal bellows which is connected with the chamber, until the lever attached below closes the break, B, and short circuits the lamp, allowing the air to cool. These two inventions really belong to the infancy of electric lighting, though invented by Mr. Edison only a short time ago.

In 1849 Despretz describes a series of experiments on sticks of incandescent carbon which were sealed in a glass globe, the air being exhausted, or nitrogen substituted for it. He used several ingenious methods for holding the carbon—patented within the last few years.

So completely had the mode of lighting by an incandescent solid been forgotten, that in 1873 a medal was bestowed by the St. Petersburg Academy on Lodyguine for its supposed discovery, and letters-patent were granted to Sawyer and Mann for a stick of carbon rendered incandescent in nitrogen. No successful light by incandescence had, however, been produced when Mr. Edison began his experiments.

In 1878 the lighting of Paris by the Jablochhoff candles was creating a great stir. It had been proved that electricity was really a rival of gas, and that, especially where great concentration was needed, it could take its place. The question now was whether light could be produced in such small amounts as to make it of general domestic use. The money value of an invention which could compete with gas may be judged from the following items: The United States has \$400,000,000 in-

* The portions marked black in the cuts are insulated.

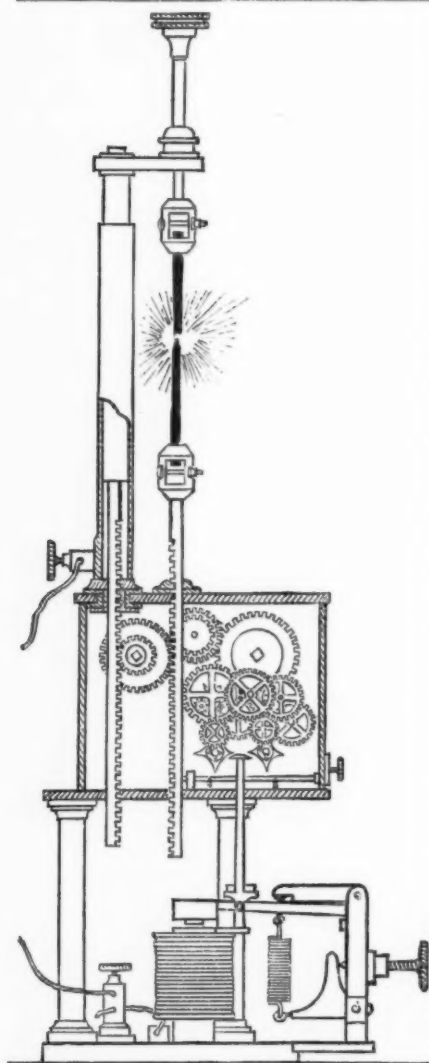


FIG. 3. FOUCAULT'S REGULATOR.

vested in gas, New York and the vicinity owning about \$35,000,000 of this; England has \$500,000,000, \$60,000,000 of which is in London. Paris has \$40,000,000; Germany \$50,000,000, etc. Capitalists, with these figures before them, and the further fact that notwithstanding the great depreciation in plant, the larger portion of this enormous capital was drawing ten per cent., were quick to see an opening for their money and enterprise. Several New York gentlemen, Mr. Grosvenor P. Lowrey and members of the

eminent banking-house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. being the most prominent, placed \$100,000 in cash at Mr. Edison's disposal, as the requisite means to make the research.

Mr. Edison came to the investigation unhampered by the blunders of his predecessors. He had never seen an electric light. He took hold of the subject in his usual clear-headed, practical way. Next to solving a problem, its intelligent statement is to an investigator the most important thing. Mr. Edison saw that permanence in the lamp and a subdivision of the light were the main things to be sought after. Of the two methods already described, he soon discarded the carbon arc. He perceived that from its nature this arc was inconstant, as its very existence depended upon the destruction of the carbon, and also that it presented greater difficulties in the way of subdivision. Even if he succeeded in conquering the latter difficulty, and was enabled to produce small lights, the carbon rods waste so rapidly that a system of such lamps would require an expert for every four or five houses to keep it in working order. The most effective apparatus then devised was Foucault's regulator, Fig. 3, which it will be seen is a very complicated piece of mechanism. The Jablochhoff candles, simple as they appear to be, require mechanical contrivances to light them and keep them burning, each candle lasting only a few hours, which makes the constant expense for new burners more than that of the electricity which they can utilize. Mr. Edison, therefore, concentrated his attention wholly upon the light from an incandescent solid.

The advantages of subdivision are twofold and may be explained in a few words. To show that a good gas jet or German student's lamp gives, near the source of light, all the illumination necessary for ordinary domestic purposes, a simple experiment may be tried. A printed page directly under the light, will be seen to be brightly illuminated. After carefully noting this, let another equally strong light be kindled. The room will be brighter, but the page will appear to be scarcely brighter. This is because beyond a certain limit the eye becomes insensible to light. One therefore gains nothing for ordinary use from a single intensely brilliant light. The object of such an illumination being of course to bring, by means of several moderate lights, all parts of the room up to that point where the eye, before it begins to be numb, can utilize the light. This explains the first advantage of subdivision;

the second is of another kind. Every one familiar with the electric light, as it has been exhibited, knows that the intense brilliancy of the light and the sharp definition of the shadows, as well as their depth, makes it most trying to the eyes. The same amount of light distributed among a number of burners would not give more illumi-



FIG. 4. EFFECT OF CARBON ARC ILLUMINATION.

nation, but it would be of more practical value, the light would be more diffused, the contrast between light and shadow less sharp and startling. Fig. 4 shows the effect of a shadow from a single brilliant carbon light, and Fig. 5 the effect from several shaded lights; the advantage of the latter for practical and domestic use will be readily seen. This is equally true with other illuminators; though gas may be made to give out a brighter



FIG. 5. EFFECT OF GENERAL ILLUMINATION.

illumination per cubic foot when burned in a concentrated form, it is yet more grateful to the eye and less trying when burned as a number of small lights, so that sharp contrast shall be avoided. It is also found that the shape and size of flame, apart from the quantity of light emitted, makes a great difference in this respect—a large light soften-

ing the edges of the shadows. The shading of a light, although it obstructs illumination, is useful in diffusing it.

As has been said, Mr. Edison came to the subject unhampered. He saw that subdivision was his goal, and toward that he steadily worked. With a steadfast faith in the fullness of Nature, a profound conviction that, if a new substance were demanded for the carrying out of some beneficial project, that substance need only be sought for, he set to work. Two examples of the reward of his faith may be mentioned. One of the great difficulties in the way of illuminating by an incandescent solid—a difficulty constantly urged as insuperable—was that platinum, though the most infusible material which could be drawn out into a wire, still melted at a temperature too low to insure its successful use. Mr. Edison, by experimenting, found that by slowly raising a piece of platinum to a white heat in a vacuum, he could make a practically new metal, the fusing-point was so greatly raised. Again, Mr. Preece, chief government electrician in England, declared, and was sustained by many others, that subdivision of the electric light was impossible, because of the enormous size of the conductors and the number of Faradic generators necessary. Edison simply introduced into his lamp an increase of friction or resistance to the electric flow, and the problem was solved.

Mr. Edison's idea in regard to the electric light was that, in all respects, it should take the place of gas. Following the analogy of water, the inventor conceived of a system which should resemble the Holly water works. As the water is pumped directly into pipes which convey it under pressure to the point where it is to be used, so the electricity is to be forced into the wires and delivered under pressure at its destination. In the case of water, after being used, it flows away by means of a sewer-pipe, and is lost. But it is easy to imagine that the water used in working machinery, for instance, instead of being lost, might be returned to the pumps and used over and over again. With such a system as this, we should have a perfect analogy to the Edison electric lighting system. The electricity, after being distributed under pressure and used, is returned to the central station. As the light results from no consumption of a material, but is mere transmutation of the energy exerted in the pumping process, it is therefore seen that all which is essential to an electric lighting system is the generator (or

pump), the two lines of wire, one distributing the electricity, the other bringing it back, and a lamp which transmutes into light the energy carried by the electricity when it passes from one wire to the other, and in which the energy of the pressure expresses itself as the light. In Edison's invention the amount of electricity delivered in the lamp is determined by the size and resistance in the carbon, just as in water the amount of flow is determined by the size of the openings. As a great many small jets of water can be supplied from one pipe, so a great many lamps or small escapes for electricity can be furnished from one wire.

As in the case of water, the amount of work done by electricity—either as illuminant or motor—is dependent quite as much upon the pressure from which it escapes as upon the quantity passing through the wires. We might have a system of lamps which would give a certain amount of light from large quantities of electricity escaping under low pressure, or another system which could give an equal amount of light from a small quantity of electricity escaping under high pressure. As in either case the amount of electricity flowing through a wire is in proportion to the size of the wire, it will be readily seen that the application of pressure made by Mr. Edison obviates the main difficulty in the way of subdivision (*i. e.*, in the way of the domestic use of the electric light), namely, the enormous size and cost of conductors. The well-known principle of the effect of pressure upon the dynamic power of electricity had never been utilized because the proper lamp was still unknown. This lamp is Mr. Edison's main discovery. In order to utilize this, one of the plans devised by him was to make the flow of electricity intermittent. Enough was allowed to escape in a short time, say one-third, to keep the lamp all the time supplied. It of course would require a large wire to furnish the quantity of electricity needed, yet two-thirds of the time the wire would be inactive, during which period it could be used to supply two other lamps constructed on the same principle. According to the doctrine of probabilities, one-third of a large number of lamps would be in use all the time. Such being the case, the cost of a conductor would be divided among three lamps. The lamps were so constructed as to burn steadily all the while, although the electricity was passing through them only one-third of the time.

One form of apparatus for accomplishing this distribution among several lamps on the same electrical circuit is shown in Fig. 6. The current conducted by a single wire enters the wire, O, from the lower left hand corner and flows through the spring, S, by way of B and B; upward through O', around the magnets, M, M, and out through the lamp. B, B, are two points where the circuit can be broken if the spring, S, is depressed. Two points are made in order that the spark caused by the breaking of the circuit may be made less by division. The spring S is de-

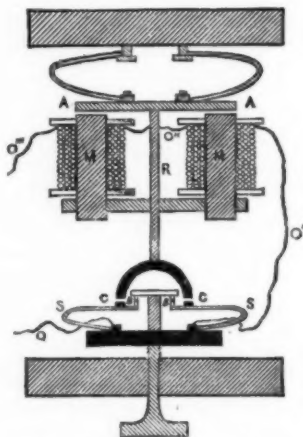


FIG. 6. EDISON'S VIBRATING REGULATOR.

pressed by the arms, C, C, which are attached to the armature, A, by the rod, R. The action is as follows: The current renders the magnet active, it attracts the armature, A, and presses the spring, S, under, stopping the flow of electricity by breaking the circuit at B B. The magnet thus losing its power, the armature is drawn back by the spring to which it is attached and the apparatus is ready to work again. The period of this vibration may be regulated by means of a screw underneath, which can make the excursion of the armature more or less before it breaks the circuit, or can even act to break the circuit itself.

In making an electric lamp which would be efficient without a regulator (as is Mr. Edison's later invention), two things are essential, great resistance in the wire, and a small radiating surface. Mr. Edison sought to combine these two essential conditions by using a considerable quantity of insulated platinum wire wound like thread on a spool. This arrangement is

shown in Fig. 7. The spool was made of zircon, pressed extremely hard, and was to be suspended in an exhausted glass bulb by

two leading-wires. The platinum, as has been incidentally mentioned, was hardened by alternate heating and cooling in *vacuo*, which is done by passing electricity through it till white heat is reached and then cutting it suddenly off. A theory is that the sudden cooling contracts the metal and squeezes out the air contained in it.

One of Mr. Edison's greatest difficulties was to get a substance with which to insulate his wires that would not melt and also become a conductor in the intense heat generated by the current,—in which case

the electrical flow instead of traversing the whole length of the wire would flow across from layer to layer, or sideways from wire to wire. This difficulty diverted his attention from platinum to carbon, which is infusible. He did not suspect, at first, that it could be made to offer sufficient resistance to the passage of the electric current, and that through it he was to reach a happy solution of the entire problem. A long time was spent, with a fair degree of success, in seeking to make a spiral of lamp-black tar in the form of a wire. To hold this together he used a bit of ordinary sewing cotton which was covered with lamp-black, and succeeded in producing from an inch and a half of this simple thread, bent into an arch, a light equal to an ordinary gas-jet. The lamp-black, however, contained air, which greatly interfered with the success of the method. He then used a simple thread, which he found to answer the purpose, though it presented the objection of being fragile, uneven in texture, and unmanageable. This difficulty suggested the use of charred paper, cut into a thread-like form. The difficulties appar-

ently so insuperable melted away. The electric lamp was completed. A piece of charred paper cut into horse-shoe shape, so delicate that it looked like a fine wire, firmly

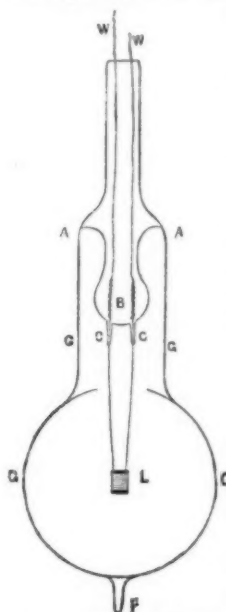


FIG. 7. EDISON'S PLATINUM LAMP. HALF SIZE.

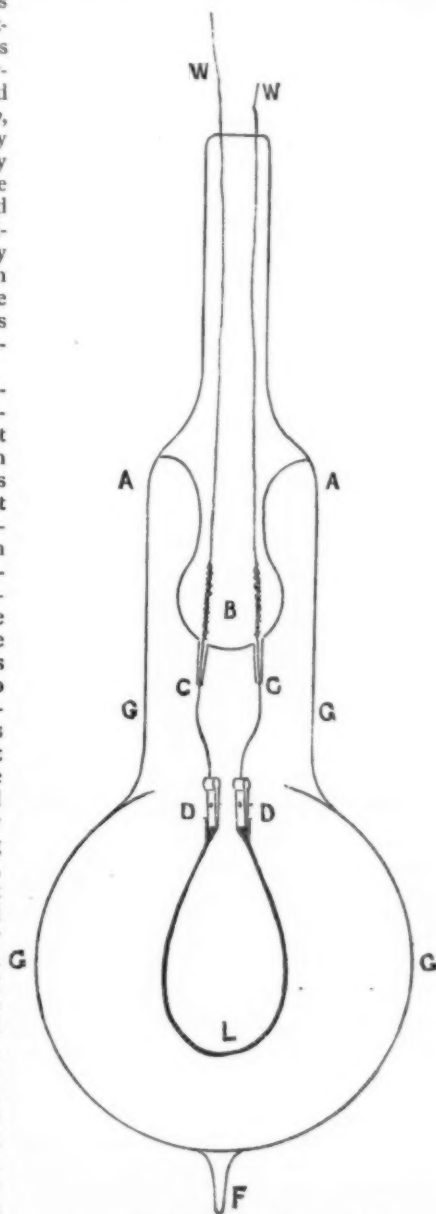


FIG. 8. EDISON'S ELECTRIC LAMP. EXACT SIZE.

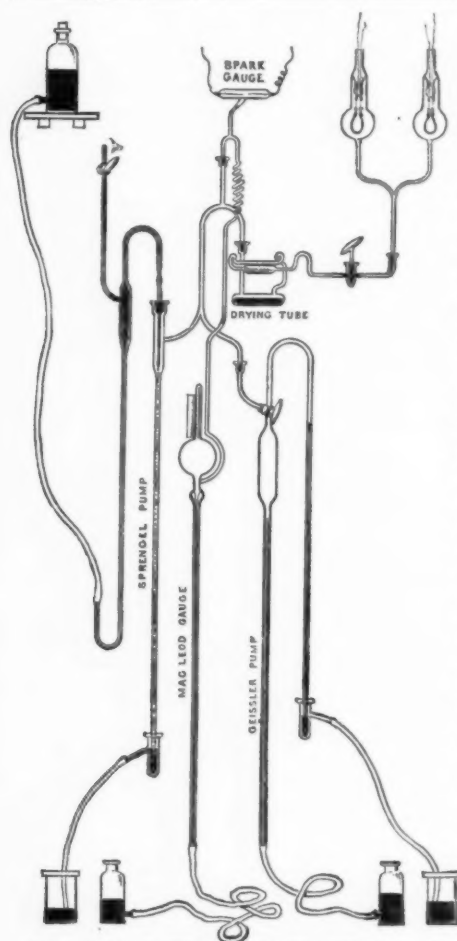


FIG. 9. MERCURY PUMPS FOR PRODUCING VACUUMS.

clamped to the two ends of the conducting and discharging wires so as to form part of the electric circuit, proved to be the long-sought combination. From this a light, equal in power to twelve gas-jets, may be obtained. Fig. 8.

The process by which the paper is rendered serviceable is also extremely simple and inexpensive. The horse-shoe loops are cut from card-board and placed in layers, within an iron box, with tissue-paper between; the box is hermetically sealed, and then raised to a red heat. Nothing remains but the carbon loops and the carbonized tissue-paper. All other forms of carbon previously used had presented the difficulty of containing air or gas. The car-

bonized paper, however, is found to be perfectly homogeneous in structure, elastic, tough, and of an almost vitreous cleavage. It is strong enough to stand far more strain than will be put upon it in any ordinary use. If this paper were burned in air, or in a vacuum prepared by a common air-pump, it would of course be almost instantly destroyed. In a high vacuum it burns, but is never consumed. The small glass globe which holds the simple apparatus is exhausted of air by means of nearly the same combination of the Sprengel and Geissler mercury pumps used by Crookes in making his radiometer, or "light mill," and in his wonderful discovery of the phenomena of radiant matter in high vacuums, recently brought before the Royal Society of England. Much attention has been bestowed of late on the question of securing good vacuums. An absolutely perfect one is unattainable. It is, however, found that, by the use of the mercury pumps and chemical appliances, where a nearly perfect vacuum is formed, the minute portion of air remaining shows some remarkable properties. When electricity under strong pressure passes through an Edison lamp, the whole bulb shines with a delicate blue light. So remarkable is the behavior of various substances in a vacuum prepared by means of mercury pumps, that physicists consider that a gas thus rarefied constitutes another state of matter, differing as much from that of an ordinary gas (either under atmospheric pressure or with the pressure removed by means of a common air pump) as a gas differs from a liquid, or a liquid from a solid. Mr. Edison's use of carbon in such a vacuum is entirely new.

The pumps are shown in Fig. 9; the Geissler pump is to the right and below. By raising a bottle which is connected with it, the air is forced out of a large glass bulb, and allowed to escape through the tube A. On lowering the bottle, the mercury flows back into it, leaving a vacuum in the bulb. The opening of a stop-cock allows some of the air which is left in the pump to flow into this bulb, when the air is again forced out as described; this is continued until the air is exhausted. The working principle of the Sprengel pump is the continuous dropping of mercury through a tube, each drop acting as a piston, carrying before it a small quantity of air. As there is no return stroke, even by the aid of a small tube, the work of exhaustion goes on

quite rapidly. The MacLeod gauge in the center is so constructed that it will measure with exactness when less than one-millionth of the original air is left in the pump.

Another purpose besides that of preventing the destruction of the carbon is served by burning it in a vacuum. Almost all the electricity is converted into light, very little being dissipated by convection or conduction as heat. The little glass globe only an inch from this brilliant light remains cool enough to be handled, and does not scorch tissue-paper wrapped closely around it.

Fig. 8 shows the lamp of its actual size. The current enters it by one of the wires, W. At B this copper wire is twisted and soldered to a platinum wire, which passes through the glass at C, and by means of a small platinum clamp into the horse-shoe, L, from which, by as simple a route as it entered, it returns. L, the source of light, was made in the form of a horse-shoe, in order to approximate to the shape of a gas-jet, and is large enough to cause the edges of the shadows to be softened down, and so obviates the common objection to familiar forms of electric lighting. The carbon is sealed in a glass bulb, G G G G, the knob of glass, F, is the melted extremity of the tube by means of which the bulb was connected with the pumps. At the points, C, C, where the platinum wires are sealed into the bulb, some trouble was occasioned by the cracking of the glass, which allowed air to leak into the bulb. It will be noticed that the glass is now drawn up around the wire in a thin tube. This is found to heat and cool so rapidly that it is practically homogeneous with the wire, and even if the wire be heated red-hot it will not break. Mr. Edison has tried putting a lamp alternately on and off the circuit for several hours by means of a telegraph key, without loosening the wire. This experiment was equivalent to using the lamp several thousand times.

Mr. Edison has thus succeeded in making a lamp of the simplest imaginable construc-

tion, and of materials whose expense is extremely small. The paper costs next to nothing, the glass globes very little, and the platinum tips of the wires are so small that, though the metal used is expensive, their cost is trifling. The test of the value of every invention is its simplicity, and this is the crowning characteristic of Mr. Edison's lamp, for it is really nothing more than a piece of wire looped into a glass globe.

The lamp being complete, let us consider the generator [Fig. 10], for which Mr. Edison has proposed the name Faradic, in honor of the great physicist.

The cylinder which is placed below, between the blocks of iron, F, on which the

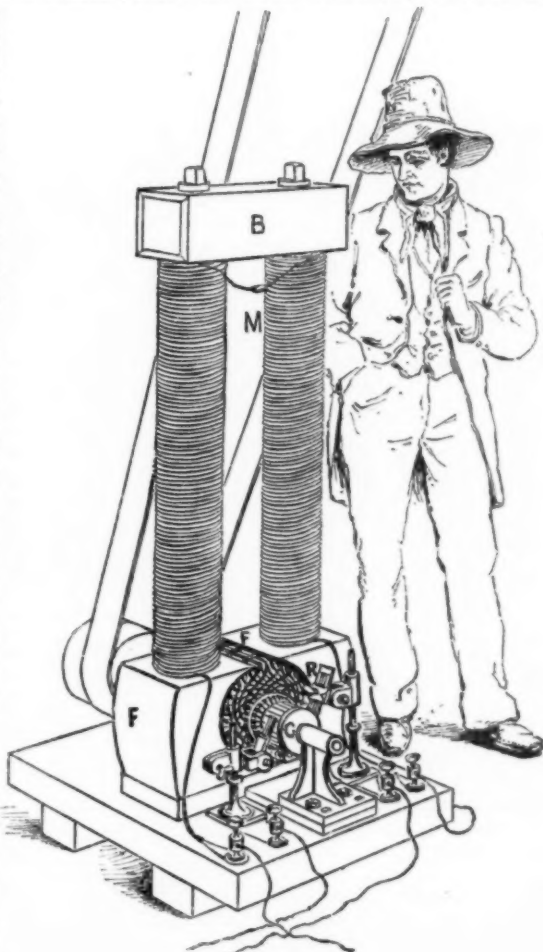


FIG. 10. FARADIC GENERATOR.

magnets, M, rest, is called the armature, and is so arranged that it can be made to revolve rapidly by means of a belt. This armature consists of a small cylinder of wood, which is wound around with iron wire as thread is wound on a spool, the ends being made as in a spool, to hold the wire in place. Around the whole spool are a number of loops of copper wire, covered with cotton thread, running lengthwise of the armature. The ends of these loops may be seen as they are taken from the armature to the cylinder, C, which is an extension of the armature, by which the currents generated in the copper wire may

which is pumped through the machine, may meet with as little friction as possible in passing through the wire of the armature, since by means of the great strength of the magnets, very little wire can be made extremely powerful in forcing the electricity to a higher level or in putting it under pressure. It is exactly as in pumping water, if we have a poor pump (analogous to a machine with a poor magnet) the water may meet with an enormous friction in the pump itself, or require two or more, perhaps, to give it the required pressure, while in a good pump all the parts are so made that while great pressure is

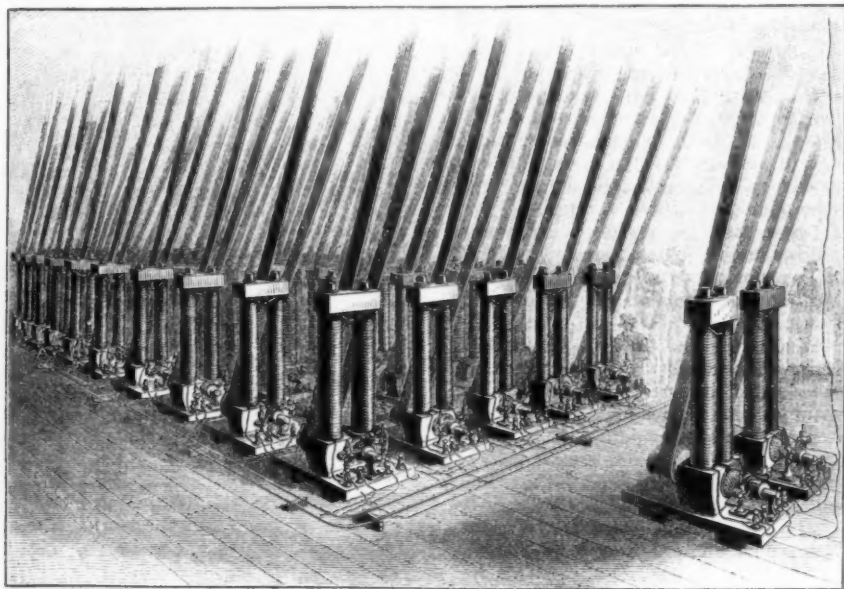


FIG. 11. PROPOSED CENTRAL STATION.

be taken away from the machine. This cylinder, called the commutator, consists of blocks of copper that really represent the ends of the wire, which are placed side by side around the axis of the cylinder in such a manner that no current can pass from one to the other. Touching these as they revolve are brushes, R, made of copper wire, by means of which the electricity flows from the machine.

That the wire about the armature may be able to pump electricity into the line, it is needful that it be revolved immediately in front of magnets. The magnets are made of such large dimensions that the electricity,

given to the water, it passes through it with the utmost freedom. The machine has such strength that it is intended to use only a small fraction of the power, which it could convert into electricity, and deliver outside.

It is proposed to mass a large number of such machines, as in Fig. 11, and have them all pump electricity up from one wire into a second. The two large wires, held on supports above the floor, are intended, the one to carry the electricity away, and the other to bring it back after it has been used. Two machines are placed at one side; these are for the purpose of rendering active the magnets of all the others.

It is proposed to establish such stations in the course of a few months in the heart of several of our large cities. These will supply houses for quite a distance around them. 1,000 horse-power is thought to be a sufficient amount for a unit, and the stations

Before passing into the house, the electricity is carried through a sort of meter containing a safety-valve, by means of which it can be measured. The contrivances for doing this are shown in diagram, in Fig. 12, and in perspective in Fig. 13. The lettering is the same in both for identical parts. The current enters at E, passes through the two platinum points, D, then through the armature, A, to the dividing points, P P. The larger portion of the current then flows around the magnet, M. The armature above the magnet is held from it by means of the spring, X. The object of the device is to furnish a means of cutting out a house if too large a flow of electricity by any accident should occur. The magnet would

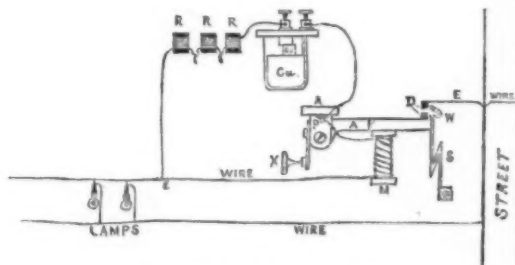


FIG. 12. DIAGRAM OF METER AND SYSTEM.

will be at such distances from one another that each district will require about this amount. The engines will be divided into four groups of 250 horse-power each, with a spare one in each station of the same power.

The wires will be laid in fascines or bundles under the edge of the sidewalk in a tight box. The object of this is to make them easy of access and easy to place in position. Nor is there need of putting them out of the reach of the frost, for they are continuous and not liable to leak from change in position. Even more important is the fact that the colder the wires the less is the waste of electricity, thus giving a decided advantage over gas in winter, when most light is needed.

The main wires may be either of iron or copper according to the market price of these metals; as quotations are to-day the preference is slightly in favor of copper wire. These lines of wire will start from the central station and send out branches in the same manner that gas or water pipes diverge, growing smaller the farther they are removed from the central station. Fig. 12 also shows the branch wires as they enter the house. It is proposed to color the distributing wires red and the waste wires green. These two distinct wires will be carried all through the house, and every lamp will be so placed that the electricity will flow through it from one wire to the other.

then be capable of drawing down the armature which would separate the platinum points, D, and break the circuit.

The small wire, W, serves a double purpose and is a remarkably clever solution of a double problem. First: If the circuit were partly opened it would weaken the magnet, and the armature would recede, closing the circuit. It would thus form a vibrator

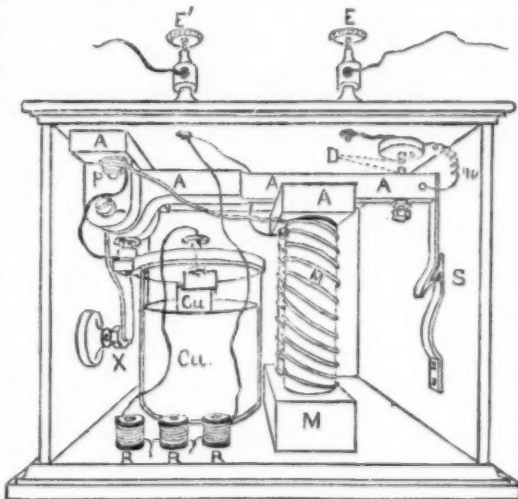


FIG. 13. EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT METER.

resembling Fig. 6. The wire, W, allows enough electricity to pass to close the snap, S, so that the armature is firmly held in place, after which the wire, W, will melt off and completely break the flow of electricity. Secondly, the wire serves another purpose:

if the points were drawn apart an arc would spring between them. The wire, W, conducts the electricity by a shorter route than that offered by an arc and so keeps the space between the two points free from the intensely heated vapors of the metal.

A small fraction of the current passes by another route to the lamps, from the point P. It first traverses a length of wire wound on small spools marked R. The amount placed here will regulate the flow through this line. The current next passes through from one copper plate marked Cu to another, through a solution of copper salt. In thus flowing, for every unit of current a certain amount of copper is deposited on a thin sheet, the amount for a lamp being once determined by burning one for a number of hours. It must be remembered that only a small amount passes through the meter, but that which passes is proportionate to the whole. It is proposed to make a standard lamp, which shall give a light equal to that from a gas flame consuming five cubic feet each hour. From this it will be calculated how much copper will be deposited, and the amount will be said to represent five cubic feet. The bills for electricity will be made out in 1,000 feet, as in the case of gas. The inspector will take the strip on which the copper is deposited to the central station, in order to determine the amount of electricity used.

Besides giving light, the electricity supplies a convenient form of motor for domestic purposes. A small electrical engine placed beside a sewing-machine, for exam-

power, by this same means. Fig. 14 shows the form adopted by Mr. Edison. It is substantially a small model of the large Faradic machine, the only change being in the fact that the armature, C, is placed lengthwise of the magnets, MM, instead of across them. At S is a switch by means of which the motor can be started or stopped. It is expected that the amount of power used in the day time will largely pay for the expenses of generating—an additional advantage over gas.

In order to use the lamp, it is brought into the circuit by turning a handle in a certain direction, or thrown out by reversing the motion, or by means of plugs, which are inserted in a socket. This may be done either in the chandelier or in any other convenient place in the house. Very simple arrangements may be made so that by touching a knob by the bedside the whole house may be brilliantly lighted for the reception or discovery of a suspected burglar. Of course, no matches have to be used; the light kindles itself by the turning of a handle, and so one fruitful source of destructive fires is avoided.

In order that the philosophical relations of the processes may be understood it is needful to trace the history of the energy as it is taken from the coal and conveyed over the wire to the lamp. A large portion of the heat produced by the combustion of the coal under the boiler is found in the steam as it flows to the engine. By means of the latter a small fraction, about ten per cent.

of the original energy, is transformed into the motion of the wheels attached to the engine. It may be traced as it flows through the belt to the shaft, and again as it is carried from the shaft to any machine which it may drive. A belt exactly resembles, in carrying power, a man pulling a shaft around by means

of a rope. The amount he is pulling can be measured by the strain on the belt, and the work he is doing by determining the speed with which he carries the end of the rope. Mr. Edison has made a device, represented by Fig. 15, to measure this strain.

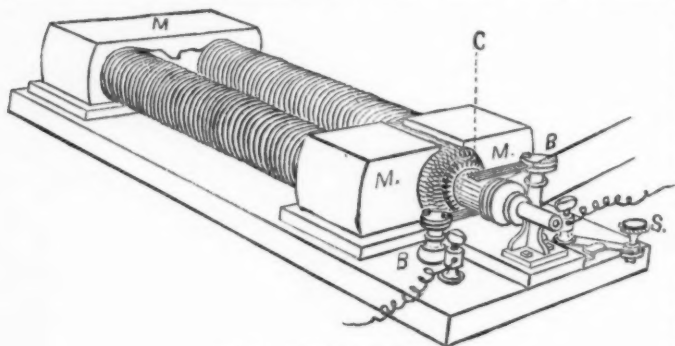


FIG. 14. EDISON'S ELECTRIC MOTOR.

ple, and connected with the distributing wire, may save all the fatigue of treading the machine, at an expense exactly equal to that of one jet burning for the same time. Elevators may be lifted, lathes turned, and instruments operated up to several horse-

The belt starting from the pulley over the main shaft, C, is carried under a pulley, A, which is attached to a large box containing heavy weights. This box is placed upon a platform scale.

The belt then runs over pulley, D, which it has to drive, and under a wheel, B, which rests heavily upon what would otherwise be the slack part of the belt, for the purpose of tightening it. The pulley, A, attached to the weight, will have a tendency to be drawn upward by any strain that may be put on the belt, just as the block of a tackle is drawn up when the rope is tightened which runs through it. The weight lifted may be measured by the diminution of weight on the scale, one half of which gives the strain on the belt.

Fig. 15 also shows the arrangement of machines as they were placed

in order to be tested. The cones D and E were for the purpose of changing the speeds at which the machines were run. The machine, H, at the right, renders active the field of the other machine, F; the current may be regulated by passing through more or less of the resistance boxes, R. By means of this apparatus the exact amount of power carried by the belt can be reckoned when its speed is known. This latter measurement is made from the main shaft.

The energy which the belt carries is seemingly lost, as material motion, when it has turned the armature of the Faradic

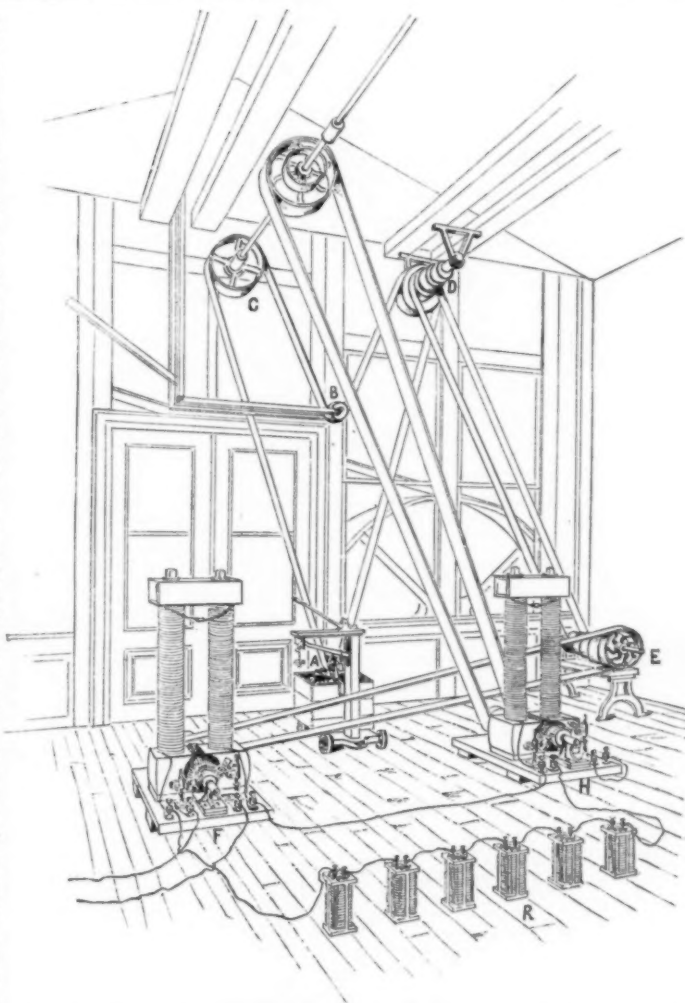


FIG. 15. EDISON'S DYNAMOMETER, FOR MEASURING THE FORCE OF AN ELECTRIC CURRENT.

machine. Since this seems to be a point where the majority lose the track of the energy, in order to explain clearly allusion must be made to some fundamental experiments. Arago many years ago tried this experiment: a sheet of copper, which is not attracted by the magnet under ordinary conditions, was passed between the two poles of a powerful magnet, and it was found to be retarded in its motion. If the magnets are extremely strong, though the copper sheet to the eye passes through nothing but air, yet to the hand it seems as if it were cutting cheese, so strong is the

drag put upon the copper. This phenomenon Tyndall calls the apparent viscosity of the magnetic field. Faraday, a few years after this discovery, clearly explained the reason for seeming friction between the plate of copper and the invisible lines of magnetic force which he imagined to reach out from every magnet. He used wires and passed them in front of the magnet, and found that whenever they were made to cut these lines electricity was thrown into the wire. This grand discovery is at the basis of all that is now done in making strong currents, for it furnishes the method by which motion of mass may be transformed into the molecular motion called electricity.

As the energy appears in the wire, it is measured again by an electrical dynamometer, the main idea of which was that of Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard University.

By means of the two instruments, one is enabled to trace out the amount of energy absorbed and given back by the machine, and in many cases ninety per cent. of the original power applied is found converted into electricity. A system of electric lighting is nothing more than a gas system, where energy takes the place of vapors.

It is one of the laws of progress, that no sooner is a method for producing a certain result perfected than a practical use of it follows. This is attested by the history of many great inventions. Following out the laws of discovery, it has been for some time

a speculation of the writer that the wonderful perfection to which vacuums had been brought, pointed historically toward some direct connection between them and the electric lamp. For the past few years no more striking result of scientific work has been effected than the startling phenomena shown in high vacuums; parallel with this, a growing want has been felt for a cheaper and more efficient mode of illuminating. Is this a mere coincidence? or may we believe that the demand and means of supply have been developing independently, but side by side; and that now in the electric light we find a practical application of what had been reached by purely theoretical research?

Besides the enormous practical value of the electric light, as domestic illuminant and motor, it furnishes a most striking and beautiful illustration of the convertibility of force. Mr. Edison's system of lighting gives a completed cycle of change. The sunlight poured upon the rank vegetation of the carboniferous forests, was gathered and stored up, and has been waiting through the ages to be converted again into light. The latent force accumulated during the primeval days, and garnered up in the coal beds, is converted, after passing in the steam-engine through the phases of chemical, molecular and mechanical force, into electricity, which only waits the touch of the inventor's genius to flash out into a million domestic suns to illuminate a myriad homes.

"THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S."

LIKE those grand heights of far-off northern lands

(With desolation at their skirts), which bare

Their brows to radiance of transcendent air,
Majestic in her loneliness she stands—

Yet tender to a touch: with craving hands

That draw a slighted baby's mouth to share

The sweetness of her lips, in kisses rare

Of love her own defrauded life demands.

What matchless courage sets her steadfast feet

Along their path of thorns! She, hopeless, takes

Her pain, her love, all hopes most sweet and near,

And goes—unwittingly—crowning joy to meet!

The Joan of our love! whose story makes

Our true and tender womanhood more dear.

PETER THE GREAT.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.



TSAR ALEXIS, FATHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

PREFATORY NOTE.

WHAT I shall say in these papers is founded on the diligent—and I hope the impartial—study of original documents in the archives of various countries, of the Russian collections of laws and state papers, of the memoirs and accounts of Peter's contemporaries, of the works of Russian historians, and of most of the important books written on the subject by foreigners.

My views of portions of the history of the times under consideration differ in some respects from those commonly entertained. I have not thought it necessary to emphasize them by attempting to refute the views of others, or by disproving anecdotes and stories in such common circulation as to have be-

come almost legendary. I shall tell the story of Peter's life and reign as I understand it, and I hope that my readers will believe that I have good evidence for every statement that I make. In a publication of this kind it would be undesirable to encumber the pages with foot-notes giving my authorities; I reserve those for another time, but meanwhile hold myself ready to answer any questions addressed to me personally.

For the convenience of the reader, I have avoided as far as possible the use of purely Russian words and titles, and where I have not used the English forms of proper names I have placed an accentual mark to facilitate pronunciation.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

ROME, October, 1879.

CHAPTER I.

SECOND MARRIAGE OF THE TSAR ALEXIS.—
BIRTH OF PETER.—HIS INFANCY.

WHEN the Tsar Alexis was still in the bloom of manhood—and it should be remembered that he was just two months older than Charles the Second of England—



TSARITSA NATALIA, MOTHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

he lost his wife, the Princess Marie Ilínitch-na Miloslávsky, who, during a married life of barely twenty-one years, had given birth to thirteen children. Several of these had died in their infancy; and the Tsaritsa herself expired in giving birth to her last child on the 12th of March, 1669. Three months later Simeon, the fourth son, died; and half a year afterward Alexis, the eldest son and heir to the throne, expired—at the age of sixteen. Of the two sons still living, Theodore was very infirm and sickly; and Joánn, or Iván, was almost blind, had a defect of speech, and lacked little of being an idiot. Under the circumstances it became evident to every one that the Tsar would, in all probability, marry again, and the parents of all marriageable girls were busy preparing them for the customary and traditional inspection of candidates for the hand of the Tsar. All, however, were doomed to disappointment.

Alexis frequently visited his chief minister and tried friend, Artémon Serghéievitch Matvéief. This minister, from his leaning toward all that came from Western Europe, although he kept the same open house, had adopted different manners from most of the Muscovite aristocracy and officials. The females of the family, dressed in what were called German clothes, did not scruple to appear at table or in the presence of visitors. To please the Tsar, Matvéief frequently

had concerts and other amusements, and tragedies, histories, and even comedies, were performed in his private theater. Matvéief had no daughters, but he had living with him a ward, the daughter of an old comrade, Cyril Narýshkin, a chamberlain and a landed proprietor of the remote district of Tarus, one of a noble but little known family, several members of which had died in arms for their country. Under the charge of Matvéief's wife, Natalia Narýshkin was receiving her education at Moscow—a tall, shapely, black-eyed, black-haired girl. One evening, when the Tsar was at Matvéief's house, the wife and the pretty ward of the Prime Minister came into the room, bringing, as usual, the cups of *vodka*, the caviare, the smoked fish, and the other whets to the appetite which are taken before the Russian dinner or supper. The widowed Tsar, in the depth of his grief and gloom, was struck by the pretty face, and still more by the modest smile—neither forward nor too much abashed—and by the sensible answers he received to his questions. He ate with more than usual heartiness, and seemed to enjoy the evening, and on going away said to Matvéief that he would find a bridegroom for his pretty ward. Notice had already been served for the inspection and review, on the 11th of February, of the young girls, either in Moscow or the distant provinces, whose position and beauty rendered them suitable to be the Tsar's bride, and word was now sent to Natalia Narýshkin to appear among the others. According to custom, all the maidens then present assembled again for inspection on the 28th of April. Report soon bruited it about that Natalia Narýshkin was the chosen one. This caused an unpleasant sensation in the Krémelin. The daughters of the Tsar—several of them older than Natalia Narýshkin—objected to so young a stepmother. They objected, too, for a more serious reason, as her relations, according to accepted usage, would immediately come into court favor, while their own relatives, the Miloslávskys, would lose their positions, and would perhaps be sent into exile. There was jealousy on the part of many families of much higher position in the social and political world than the Narýshkins, each one desiring to obtain for his own friends and adherents the places which would evidently be vacated by the Miloslávskys. The Miloslávskys themselves would have preferred a bride belonging to some family which they could easily influ-

ence, and thus, perhaps, keep themselves in power. The opposition to the choice of the Tsar was carried to such a length that there were fears of a repetition of the scenes which caused the ruin of the first bride of the Tsar Michael, and of the one first chosen for Alexis himself. In 1616, the Sáltykofs, at that time the ruling family at court, had so much disliked Marie Khlópof, whom the young Tsar Michael

Michael, had been suddenly taken ill and had died on the day appointed for the marriage. In 1647, two years after he had ascended the throne, Alexis had resolved to marry, and out of two hundred young girls chose Euphemia Vsévolozhsky. When she was attired for the first time in the royal robes, the ladies-in-waiting twisted her hair so tightly that she swooned in the Tsar's presence. The court physicians were induced



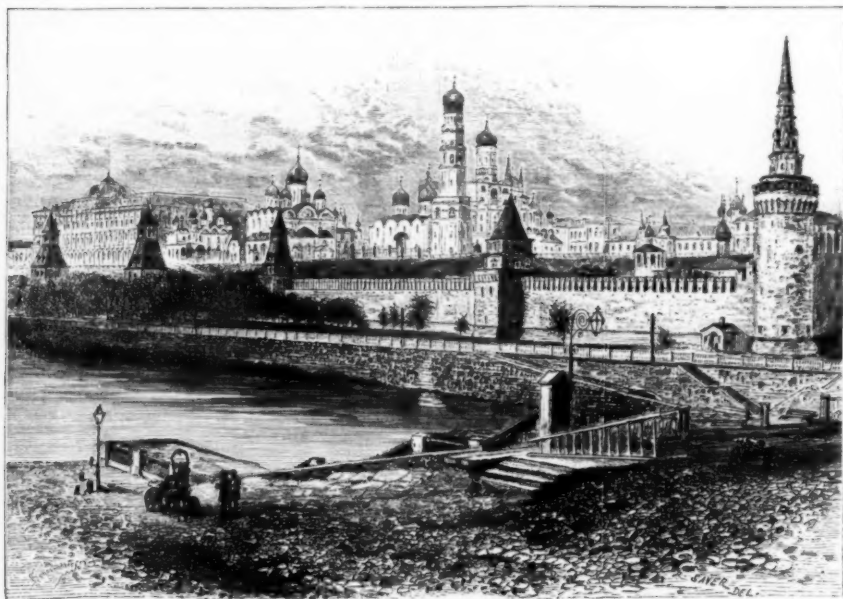
RUSSIAN HOSPITALITY DURING THE TIME OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE. (FROM A PAINTING BY SCHWARTZ.)

was about to marry, that they had drugged her till she was ill, represented her as incurably diseased, and caused her to be exiled with all her family to Siberia, where she remained for seven years, till the fall of the Sáltykofs, when she was allowed to reside at Nízhni-Nóvgorod. The Princess Marie Dolgorúky, the second bride of

to declare that she was afflicted with epilepsy, and Euphemia and all her relatives were exiled to Tiúmén in Siberia.

So there was evidently danger for Natalia Narýshkin.

Only four days after the second inspection two anonymous letters were found on the porches of the palace, in which accusa-



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

tions were made against Matvéief of sorcery and witchcraft, and of using magic herbs to attract the mind of the Tsar toward his ward. There was a strict investigation, accompanied, as was then customary, with torture, and the contemplated marriage was put off for nine months; but it was finally celebrated on the 1st of February, 1671, with all the customary pomp, dinners, feasts, and public rejoicing, of which the Tsar Alexis was so fond.

In spite of the intrigues and dissatisfaction of the elder daughters of the Tsar and of their relatives, the Miloslávskys, everything was pleasant on the surface; and all the young people of the court amused themselves as usual during the summer in the villas and palaces in the neighborhood of Moscow. The Tsar was devoted to his wife, was never for a moment without her, and even took her to his park of Sokólniki, where he often indulged in his favorite pastime of hawking. To the delight of the people, and of all who feared what might happen from the feeble health of the two remaining sons of the Tsar, a report was spread, during the winter, that the Tsaritsa was in a delicate state of health—a report which was shortly after officially confirmed; and at about one o'clock on the morning

of Thursday, the 9th of June, 1672*—the festival of St. Isaac of Dalmatia—a son was born, who was later christened Peter, and who subsequently became known as Peter the Great.

Messengers were immediately sent to the Metropolitan—for the patriarch was dead, and his successor had not yet been elected—to the other clergy, and to the chief monasteries, both at Moscow and Sérghia-Tróitsa, to all the officials, and to all the higher nobility in Moscow. At five o'clock in the morning the great bell of the Tower of Iván Velíki announced the birth of a prince and gave the summons to prayer. The Tsar Alexis was exceedingly fond of ceremonial display and spent much of his time in arranging the details of the great court ceremonies, the receptions of ambassadors, and the solemn religious state processions. In consequence of the great delight the Tsar felt at the birth of his son, additions were made to the customary ceremonial. A procession headed by the Metropolitan and clergy in robes of cloth-of-gold, with banners and crosses and swinging censers, left the palace of the Krémelin and went

* The 30th of May, according to the Russian calendar.

slowly round the great square to the cathedral of the Assumption. After the clergy marched in due order the higher officials of the government, the nobility according to their several ranks, and the colonels of the army; then all the members of the royal family—the princesses, beneath their closed canopies, being accompanied by the wives and the daughters of the great nobles; and then citizens of Moscow acting as deputations from the merchants and from the various classes and guilds. After prayers and a solemn thanksgiving service the Metropolitan and clergy felicitated the Tsar upon the birth of his son; and then Prince Nicholas, of Georgia, advancing with the Princes of Siberia and Kasimof, who were living at Moscow under the protection of the Tsar, presented the congratulations of the nobles and the citizens, and pronounced an address prepared for the occasion. From the cathedral of the Assumption the procession passed to the cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel, then to the Miracle monastery

and to the monastery of the Ascension, and finally to the cathedral of the Annunciation, the nearest to the palace, where mass was celebrated. On returning to the palace the Tsar held a reception in the banquetting hall, and raised the father of the Tsaritsa, Cyril Naryshkin, and the prime minister, Matvéief, from privy-councillors to the dignity of *okólnitchi*, the highest official rank but one, and only inferior to that of a *boyár*.* An uncle of the Tsaritsa, Theodore Naryshkin, was promoted, with others,

* The title of *Boyárin* and *Okólnitchi* given to the two highest classes of the old Muscovite officials are even more untranslatable than Pasha and Bey. They were purely personal and not hereditary titles; they conferred a rank in the state but brought no special duties with them. They were abolished by Peter the Great. Other official titles, such as *Dúmnói Diak*, *Súdni*, etc., which have likewise been abrogated, I have made a shift to translate so as to give an idea of their functions. Just as lately in Roumania, so in olden Russia, the word *boyárs* was used by the common people as comprehending all the nobility and officials.



A GROUP OF BOYARS. KREMLIN IN BACKGROUND.

to the rank of privy-councillor. Then, in the ante-room, the usual refreshments on the birth of the child were given to the guests, the Tsar with his own hands passing about *vodka* and foreign wines to the nobles and officials, while boyárs, specially assigned to this duty, distributed fruit and wines to the army officers who stood without the palace. The only deviation from the customary feast was that the distribution of confectionery, usual on these occasions, was postponed to another time.

It was customary to give a large state banquet soon after the birth of a prince, but the fast of St. Peter beginning on Monday, and Saturday night being also the fast before the festival of All Saints, which the Russians celebrate on the day we call Trinity Sunday, it was not only impossible to prepare a banquet of the usual kind in two days, but it was also difficult for the guests to come provided with the customary birth presents. A small private supper was nevertheless given in the Golden Hall on the Sunday to the boyárs alone, it being understood that there were to be no personal invitations and no precedence at table.

The Tsar having decided to give the name of Peter to the new-born child, the christening was fixed, after the fasting period was over, for the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, the 20th of June (old style), that is, according to our calendar, the 9th of July. The christening took place before mass, in the Miracle monastery, in the refectory of St. Alexis, the miracle-worker. The ceremony was performed by the Tsar's confessor, Andréi Savínovitch, priest of the cathedral of the Annunciation, and the child was held at the font by Theodore Narýshkin, the elder brother of the Tsaritsa, who handed it to the Princess Irene, one of the daughters of the Tsar Michael and the sister of Alexis. The child was borne to the church in a cradle placed on wheels, while the priest most venerated for his sanctity—Nikíta—sprinkled the path with holy water. On the next day, the 10th of July, which was Sunday, the clergy, with their holy pictures, their crosses, and their gifts, the boyárs and nobles, the delegates from the merchants, and other citizens, both from Moscow and from the neighboring towns and villages, all with the customary birth gifts, met in the palace for morning service, after which the table was spread in the banqueting-hall. Banquets on occasions of birth differed from those given on other great occasions in the pal-



ST. PETER (AFTER A MODERN PAINTING IN A MOSCOW CHURCH).

ace, especially in the variety of the confectionery and wines. The expense and account-books which have come down to us show that on this occasion the tables fairly groaned under the weight of large pieces of sugar-work, which included immense

representations of the Muscovite arms; eagles, swans, and other birds, even larger than life; a model of the Krémelin, with people going in and out, and also a large fortress, with cannon. At the same time the Tsaritsa gave a banquet to the wives and daughters of the boyárs in her private apartments. Each of the guests at these two banquets, on departing, received to take home a large plate filled with sweets of various kinds, the quantity, however, proportioned accurately to the rank of the guest. Smaller plates of sweets were sent to those notable persons who were not able to be present at the christening feast. Other banquets followed for four days.

One of the first ceremonies after the birth of a Russian prince was what was called "taking his measure,"—that is, painting the image of his patron saint on a board of either cypress or linden wood, of the length and breadth of the child. The measure of Peter was taken on the third day after his birth, and the most skillful artist of the time—Simeon Ushakóf—was ordered to paint a picture representing the Holy Trinity, together with the Apostle Peter, on a board of cypress wood nineteen and a quarter inches long and five and a quarter inches broad. This artist, however, was taken ill and died before he had finished the picture, which was completed by another, Theodore Kozlóf. This "birth-measure" of Peter, as it is called, was carefully preserved, and now hangs over his tomb in the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, in the Fortress at St. Petersburg.

A governess was found for Peter, first in the person of the Princess Juliana Galitsyn, and subsequently in the boyár's wife, Matréna Leóntief; and a nurse, who was obliged to be "a good and clean woman, with sweet and healthy milk," in Neoníla Lvof.

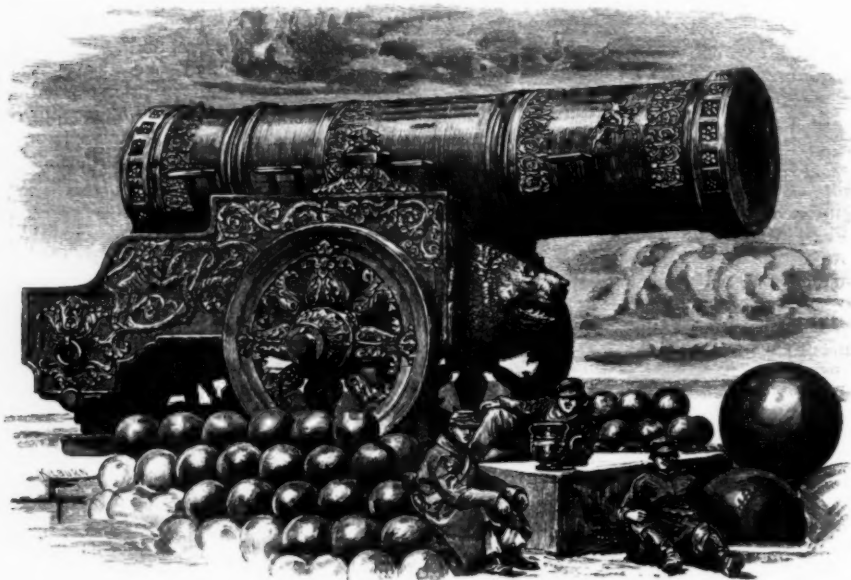
Besides the nurse and his governess, a prince in those days had a special staff of dwarfs, to be companions and at the same time servants. He had also his own apartments. Peter and his nurse were at first placed in some small rooms in the upper and wooden part of the palace, the walls of which were hung with common cloth. But only a year from his birth—in August, 1673—we find orders for one of the rooms to be hung with leather stamped with silver, and a year later new apartments were prepared, the walls of which were hung with fine red cloth, and the furniture covered with red and crimson, embroidered with yellow and blue. In 1676 the walls and part of the ceiling were dec-

orated with paintings. In his earliest years Peter enjoyed all the luxury which at that time surrounded a prince, and from which, later on, he so readily broke away. The curious books of accounts mention numerous articles ordered for him in the first four or five years of his life: cradles, covered with gold-embroidered Turkish velvet, sheets and pillows of white silk, coverlets of gold and silver stuffs; caftans, coats, caps, stockings and shoes of velvet, silk and satin, embroidered with gold and pearls; buttons and tassels of pearls and emeralds; a chest for his clothes, covered with dark-blue velvet and ornamented with mother-of-pearl, and a miniature carriage, drawn by ponies, in which he was taken out to drive. Nor were playthings of all kinds wanting: toy-horses, miniature clavichords, and musical instruments of various kinds, dolls, wooden figures, hobby-horses, toy carriages and carts, and a swing. The most common toys, however, were miniature bows and arrows, pikes, spears, wooden guns, banners, and all sorts of military equipments. But as military things were destined to play such an important part in Peter's early education, I shall leave this subject for a moment.

Physically, Peter developed rapidly. He was able to walk when six months old, and being active, bright and intelligent, he took an interest in all that was going on around him. Being the pet of his parents, he constantly accompanied them in their excursions and visits in the neighborhood of Moscow. In May, 1675, Matvéief presented him with a small carriage of foreign workmanship, drawn by four small ponies, in which he was driven and guided by the court dwarfs, and began to take a part in the court and public processions. An eye-witness, Adolph Lyseck, an Austrian Secretary of Embassy, in describing the court procession to the Trinity monastery in September, 1675, says:

"Immediately after the carriage of the Tsar there appeared from another gate of the palace the carriage of the Tsaritsa. In front went the chamberlains with two hundred runners, after which twelve large, snow-white horses, covered with silk housings, drew the carriage of the Tsaritsa. Then followed the small carriage of the youngest prince, all glittering with gold, drawn by four dwarf ponies. At the side of it rode four dwarfs on ponies, and another one behind."

Lyseck in another place speaks of his official presentation to the Tsar Alexis at the palace of Kolómensky:



THE TSAR PUSHKA, OR EMPEROR CANNON. (DRAWN BY FRANCIS LATHROP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

"The door on one side suddenly opened, and Peter, three years old, a curly-headed boy, was seen for a moment holding his mother's hand and looking at the reception. This was to the great astonishment of the court."

The favorite resort of the court at that time was the palace of Preobrazhensky. Here Matvéief had caused a small theater to be built in one of the large halls, and a company of German actors gave comedies, assisted by various boys and young people from the court and the children from the Mestchansky—a quarter of Moscow inhabited principally by Poles from the western provinces. The first play performed was "Judith"; another time the story of Esther was represented, in which the spectators thought they saw references to contemporary events: Ahasuerus and Esther portraying the Tsar and the Tsaritsa, Mordecai being Matvéief, and the wicked Haman one of the Miloslávskys. I find mention also of the histories of "Joseph," and "Tobit," and finally even plays on historical subjects not Scriptural, such as the invasion of Tamerlane. Usually, after the comedy, German musicians gave a concert, or jugglers performed feats of legerdemain. The comedies sometimes lasted five or six hours consecutively, and the feasting went on until morning.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT COURT.

WHEN the Tsar was in Moscow, life at court must have been very uniform and sometimes monotonous. Alexis usually rose at four o'clock, and after making his toilet with the assistance of his chamberlains and gentlemen of the bed-chamber, went immediately into his oratory, where the priest and the deacon of the palace chapel awaited him. Here he remained in prayer for fifteen or twenty minutes. After this the deacon read extracts from devotional books suited to the day, the lesson being most frequently a portion of the sermons of St. John Chrysostom. When the Tsar kissed the holy picture he was sprinkled by the priests with holy water which had been brought from some church or monastery and had been consecrated on the festival of the saint to which that church was dedicated. After these early devotions the Tsar sent one of his chamberlains to the Tsaritsa to wish her good-morning and inquire after her health, and soon after went in person to visit her. The Tsar and the Tsaritsa then went together to one of the palace chapels and heard matins and a short early mass.

Meanwhile the nobles and courtiers had been collecting in the palace since an

early hour, and were awaiting in an ante-room the entry of the Tsar from his private apartments. As soon as Alexis appeared they all bowed many times and presented petitions and reports. Some of the officials bowed to the ground as many as thirty times in gratitude for favors received. After some conversation about officers of state, the Tsar, accompanied by all the nobles, went at about nine o'clock to his chapel to hear mass, which at ordinary times lasted about two hours. At convenient intervals during the service the Tsar received reports from the various departments and officials, gave answers, and consulted the boyárs about public matters, very much as though he were in the council-chamber. On great festival days, instead of hearing mass in the palace chapel, the Tsar and his court went to one of the large cathedrals, or to some

of discussing state business during divine service, there was scarcely any one in the country so pious as he. Doctor Collins, an Englishman, who was the Tsar's physician for nine years, says, that during Lent he would stand in the church for five and six hours at a time and make as many as a thousand prostrations—on great holidays even fifteen hundred.

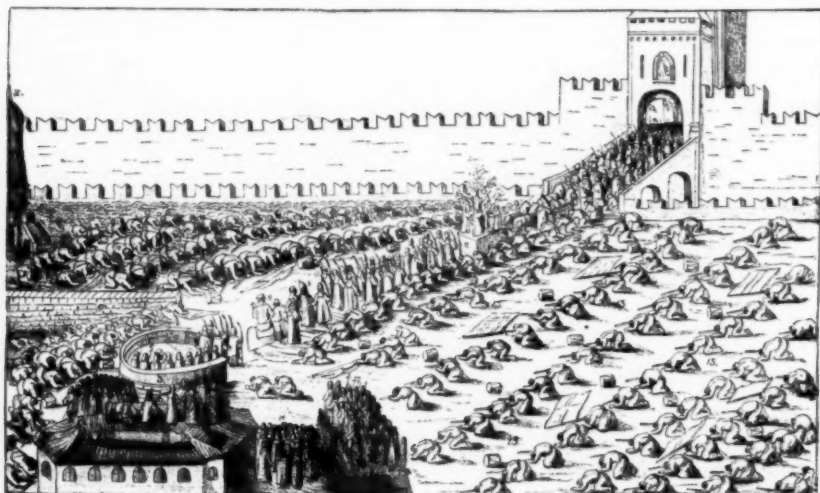
After mass the Tsar and his nobles returned to the reception-room, where he continued to receive reports which were read by one of the secretaries, who also made suggestions to him relating to the proper answers. During the time that business was being conducted none of the nobles in the reception-room dared sit down. Everyone, except the Tsar, remained standing, although the boyárs frequently went out into the halls, or even outside into the court-



THE GREAT BELL OF THE TOWER OF IVAN VELIKI, RUNG AT THE BIRTH OF PETER THE GREAT.

church or monastery in which the festival was particularly celebrated. In this case there was a solemn procession, in which Alexis displayed all his accustomed magnificence. Although the Tsar had the habit

yard, in order to sit down and rest themselves. At the regular official meetings of the council, however, the boyárs and all the officials sat down in their proper places, one after the other, according to their rank,



A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN MOSCOW IN THE 17TH CENTURY. (FROM A LITHOGRAPH FOR THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.)

those high in position being nearest the Tsar.

The business of state was usually finished by twelve o'clock, when the nobles retired, and the Tsar went to his dinner, to which he occasionally invited some of the more distinguished boyárs, though generally he ate alone. He was served by nobles of high position, who had the title of carvers, butlers, cup-bearers, and table companions. Every dish which was brought to him was carefully guarded by special officials from the time it left the cook's hands until it was placed on the table. In the same way, the wines and beer were tasted several times before they reached the Tsar; and the cup-bearer, who held the pitcher of wine constantly in his hands, tasted it afresh every time he poured out for the Tsar. The private table of Alexis was usually very plain. He ate the simplest dishes; the bread was the common Russian rice bread; he drank only a little wine or light beer, or sometimes a little cinnamon water, or had a few drops of oil of cinnamon in his beer, for cinnamon, Doctor Collins tells us, was the *aroma Impériale*. This, however, was nothing in comparison with his simplicity during the fasts. Doctor Collins says:

"In the great fasts he eats but three meals a week, viz., on Thursday, Saturday, Sunday; for the rest, he takes a piece of brown bread and salt, a pickled mushroom or cucumber, and drinks a cup of small beer. He eats fish but twice in the great Lent, and observes it seven weeks altogether, be-

sides Maslinets week, wherein they eat milk and eggs. Out of the fast he observes Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and will not then eat anything that comes of flesh. In fine, no monk is more observant of canonical hours than he is of fasts. We may reckon the fasts almost eight months in twelve, with the six weeks fast before Christmas, and two other small fasts."

On festivals, however, as many as seventy dishes were served at the Tsar's table, and nearly all these were given away, according to custom, as presents to the boyárs. Sometimes, as a mark of special honor, the Tsar would select his favorite dish for some particular friend.

After dinner the Tsar took a nap, which lasted about three hours, until vespers. The nobles again assembled in the palace for vespers, and during the intervals of the service the affairs of the state were again the subject of conversation and consultation, which sometimes continued, in the form of an irregular counsel, after service, although as a general rule the time until supper was spent by the Tsar with his family, or with those who were most intimate with him.

All the latter part of the day was given up to amusement. Much of the amusement of that time consisted in hearing books read aloud. Most of these books were of an ecclesiastical character, and related either to sacred or church history, to religious dogmas, or to the lives of the saints. The Tsars were frequently among the most learned men of their age in theology and

church history, and the most notable example in this respect was Iván the Terrible. Alexis was very fond, too, of having some one to read to him passages from the old chronicles of the Empire and extracts from the reports of his ambassadors abroad, and had translated for him the *courants*, or newspapers, then published in Western Europe. Besides these he loved stories of travel and of life in foreign parts and in remote regions of Russia, and kept in the palace, under the name of pilgrims and beadsmen, a number of old men who had

the funeral. Alexis was also fond of various games, draughts, backgammon, and especially chess,—and frequently had spectacles of various kinds, such as wrestling matches and other contests, in the hall specially devoted to that purpose. During the winter he occasionally visited a bear fight. He was fond, too, of inspecting the work of jewelers, armorers, and other handicraftsmen, which were brought to the palace. Of out-door sports he especially affected hawking, and when he went to Sokólniki, one of his favorite resorts for this kind of



RUSSIAN ARMS BEFORE THE TIME OF PETER.

wandered far and had seen much, and who had the gift of telling in lively style what they had seen and passed through. The dryness of official history was in this way relieved by anecdotes and sketches taken from life. The Tsar had great respect for these beadsmen, and when one of them died he was buried with a considerable amount of pomp and ceremony in the church of the Trinity hostelry, the Tsar himself attending

amusement, the whole order of things was changed. In general, during his visits to the country he paid less attention to the affairs of the state, was less strict in his religious exercises, and devoted far more of his time to amusement.

The Muscovite ideal of woman, founded on the teachings and traditions of Byzantine theology, was purely a monastic one. The virtues of the cloister, faith, prayer,

charity, obedience, and industry, were the highest virtues of a woman. The life of the cloister was best suited to preserve her purity. Socially, woman was not an independent being; she was an inferior creation, dependent on her husband, for except as a wife her existence was scarcely recognized. Of this theoretical position of woman, abundant proof is given in all the early didactic literature of Russia, and especially in the *Domostroi*, that curious manual of household economy written in the time of Iván the Terrible. The wife should be blindly obedient in all things, and for her faults should be severely whipped, though not in anger. Her duty is to keep the house, to look after the food and clothing, and to see to the comfort of her husband; to bear children, but not to educate them. Severity was inculcated, and to play with one's children was esteemed a sin,—a snare of the devil. The wife was bound to stay chiefly at home, and to be acquainted with nothing but her household work. To all questions on outside matters she was to answer that she did not know. It was believed that an element of evil lurked in the female sex, and even the most innocent sport between little boys and girls, or social intercourse between young men and women, was severely reprehended. The *Domostroi*, and even Pososhkóf, as late as the 18th century, recommended a father to take his cudgel and break the ribs of his son, whom he found jesting with a girl. Traces of this feeling with regard to women are still found in current proverbs. "A woman's hair is long, her understanding is short," runs one proverb; "The wits of woman are like the wildness of beasts," says another; while a third says: "As a horse by the bit, so must a woman be governed by threats." The collections of popular stories and anecdotes are full of instances of the innate wickedness and devilishness of the female sex, with references to all the weak or wicked women of sacred and profane history. In the "Great Mirror," compiled in the 17th century, we even find the obstinacy of women exemplified by the well-known anecdote of the drowning woman, still making with her fingers the sign of "scissors."

Although this was the theoretical position of woman in Russian society, practically in small households, where women were important factors, there were great divergencies from the strict rules of the *Domostroi*. In the higher ranks of life the women were more carefully guarded and restrained, and

in the family of the Tsar the seclusion in the *Terém*, or women's apartments, was almost complete. This was in part due to a superstitious belief in witchcraft, the evil eye, and charms that might affect the life, health, or fertility of the royal race. Neither the Tsaritsa nor the Princesses ever appeared openly in public; they never went out except in a closed litter or carriage; in church they stood behind a veil,—made, it is true, sometimes of gauze,—and they usually timed their visits to the churches and monasteries for the evening or the early morning, and on these occasions no one was admitted except the immediate attendants of the court. Von Meyerberg, Austrian Ambassador at Moscow in 1663, writes, that out of a thousand courtiers, there will hardly be found one who can boast that he has seen the Tsaritsa, or any of the sisters or daughters of the Tsar. Even their physicians are not allowed to see them. When it is necessary to call a doctor for the Tsaritsa, the windows are all darkened, and he is obliged to feel her pulse through a piece of gauze, so as not to touch her bare hand! Even chance encounters were severely punished. In 1674, two chamberlains, Dashkóf and Buturlín, on suddenly turning a corner in one of the interior courts of the palace, met the carriage of the Tsaritsa Natalia, who was going to prayers at a convent. Their colleagues succeeded in getting out of the way. Dashkóf and Buturlín were arrested, examined, and deprived of their offices, but as an encounter was proved to be purely fortuitous and unavoidable, they were in a few days restored to their rank. And yet, this was during the reign of Alexis, who was far less strict than his predecessors.

The Tsar Basil had married a Polish princess, Helena Glínsky, and during her lifetime—especially during the minority of her son, Iván the Terrible—Polish and western usages crept into the court. The so-called False Dimitri was eminently liberal-minded, and disposed to accept foreign habits, and had he reigned longer, a much freer life would doubtless have prevailed at the court of Moscow; but he was murdered very soon after his marriage with the Polish Marie Mníshek. Then, with the re-establishment of a national dynasty,—in the Románofs,—came a reaction in an ultra-national sense. It could hardly be otherwise; the father of the Tsar Michael was the Patriarch, and his mother, who had great influence over the young Tsar and long kept him in leading-strings, was a nun, both having been forced

into monastic life during the Troublous Times. The ascetic type of woman prevailed. Of this type the wife of the boyár, Morózof, the great minister of the early part of the reign of Alexis, was a model and pattern. In the latter part of this reign foreign customs began again to edge in, owing in part to the annexation of Kief and Little Russia, and to the influx of teachers educated after Polish and western standards, to the greater intercourse with the west of Europe, and in part to the increasing influence of the "German Suburb," or foreign

brother of King Christian IV., but the bridegroom died of a fever soon after his arrival in Russia, in 1602. The marriage of Irene, the daughter of the Tsar Michael, with the Danish Prince Woldemar, a natural son of Christian IV., was never consummated on account of the refusal of Woldemar to change his religion, although it had been expressly stipulated in the marriage contract that he should not be obliged to do so. The prince was kept a prisoner in Moscow until the death of the Tsar, when he was allowed to return to Denmark. It is an



TEREM, OR WOMEN'S APARTMENT.

colony at Moscow. Of this last I shall have occasion to speak again.

At this time there were a dozen princesses living in the palace,—the sisters and the aunts and the six daughters of the Tsar Alexis. All were unmarried. It was beneath the dignity of the Tsar to bestow his daughter's hand on a subject, and differences of religion and ignorance of the languages and manners of other countries prevented marriages with foreign princes. Since the Tartar invasion only two attempts had been made to marry a Russian princess to a foreigner. Boris Godunóv wished to marry his daughter Xénia to the Danish Prince John,

indirect evidence of the manners of the princesses, that the Russian envoy at Copenhagen, in recounting the good qualities of Irene, praised her particularly for never getting drunk.

All these princesses of the family of Alexis had been brought up in the old style and with the old prejudices. None, except Sophia,—who had shared the lessons of her brother Theodore under the learned Polish monk, Simeon Polótsky,—had more than the rudiments of an education, or knew any language but their own. When the Tsaritsa Natalia Narýshkin, who had been brought up by the wife of Matvéief, a Scotchwoman,

and had seen something of society, entered the palace, it gave a shock, and her words and acts were criticised and disapproved. She was received much as a young Catholic stepmother would be by a large household composed of spinsters brought up with the strictest Presbyterian notions. One of her very first acts—to raise the corner of her carriage curtain so as to see the crowd—provoked such a storm in the household that she was obliged for a long time to be very rigid in her conformity to the palace etiquette. But as time went on the observance of old forms became more lax. The Tsaritsa shared the amusements of the Tsar. In going to and from the country, and even once in a state procession, she rode in an uncovered carriage with the Tsar and one or two of the children. She saw the plays in the palace theater from a latticed box. She witnessed ceremonies and festivities from the corner of some convenient gallery. Lyseck says that the reception of his ambassador took place at Kolómensky solely that Tsaritsa Natalia might see it more easily, and that the procession was made to go slowly past the window where she sat, that she might have more time to observe it. She went openly to church, together with the Tsar, on occasion of the visit of the Patriarchs Paisius and Macarius, and in 1675, at the procession of Holy Thursday, when the Patriarch rode through the Kremlín on an ass, which the Tsar led by the bridle, he turned and blessed the Tsaritsa and the princesses, who were posted at the windows of the banqueting hall.

The household of the Tsar was organized like that of any great noble, though on a larger scale. Of the women's part the Tsaritsa was nominally the head. She had to attend to her own wardrobe, which took no little time, and oversee that of her husband and her children, and had under her direction a large establishment of sewing women. She must receive petitions and attend to cases of charity. She must provide husbands and dowries for the many young girls about her court, and then keep a constant lookout for their interests and those of their families. She had, too, her private estates, the accounts of which she audited, and the revenues of which she collected and expended. What little time was left from household cares and religious duties could be spent in talk, in listening to stories and songs, in laughing at the jests of the court fools, in looking at the amusements of the girls in the play hall, or in

embroidering towels and napkins, robes for the Tsar and princes, and altar-cloths and vestments for the church.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH OF ALEXIS.—GREAT CHANGES.

THE eldest Tsarévitch, Theodore, had in the earlier part of 1674 been declared to be of full age, and had therefore been recognized as heir to the throne, and the Tsar had presented him as such both to his subjects and to the foreigners at Moscow. His health, however, was so delicate that no one expected that he would ultimately reach the throne. The only other living son by the first marriage, Joánn, seemed from his infirmities incapable of reigning, and every one believed that the future successor of Alexis would be Peter. Matvéief in all probability was perfectly convinced of this; and as the Tsar Alexis at this time was only forty-seven, and was in robust health, he allowed events to take their natural course, making no effort to grasp at the succession for his *protégé*. Suddenly, in February, 1676, the Tsar died. On Epiphany, the 16th of January, according to custom, with all the usual ceremony he had taken part in the procession for the blessing of the river Moskvá. On the 22d, the name's-day of his sister Tatiana, he had gone to mass and presented the boyárs with the usual name's-day pasties, filled, as now, with fish. On the 27th there had been at the palace a representation of a comedy, followed by a concert, but the Tsar, feeling unwell, retired during the performance and went to bed. His illness did not seem in the least dangerous, but still increased, and ten days after—the 8th of February—he died, after having given his formal benedictions as his successor to Theodore, who was at that time fourteen years old. In all probability it needed no particular efforts on the part of the daughters of Alexis to bring their father to consecrate the birthright of his eldest son by his blessing. The right of succession to the throne was not strictly fixed by law, but in all Russian families the eldest son succeeded to the father as head of the household, and Theodore, moreover, had the advantage of possession, having been previously formally and publicly proclaimed the heir. The hopes of Matvéief and the Narýshkins rested not on the fitness of Peter, for his brilliant qualities were not yet developed, and he had little more than

good health to recommend him, as on the debility of Theodore and Joánn, who, they thought, would both die long before the Tsar, their father. The story that Matvéief endeavored by a *coup d'état* to set aside Theodore in favor of Peter, is a rumor reported by a badly-informed Polish diplomat, devoid of foundation and disproved by events.

After the burial of Alexis and the coronation of Theodore, everything about the court was changed. The Naryshkins went into retirement and the Miloslávskys came again into power. At first this had but slight effect on public affairs, but a few months later the minister Matvéief, who was the most dangerous rival and antagonist of the Miloslávskys, was suddenly banished, and appointed governor of Verkhoturié in the northernmost part of Siberia. Matvéief, however, had not succeeded in sailing up the Volga to Léshef, the place where the great Siberian road leaves the river, when he was overtaken with the news that he was accused of an intention to overthrow the Tsar, of dealing with evil spirits, and of the study of magic and witchcraft, by means of a certain black book filled with ciphers (which in the end turned out to be an algebra for the use of his son). He was judged almost as soon as accused, was deprived of all his property and honors, and was exiled as a state criminal, to live in the distant and wild place of Pustozérsk in the province of Archangel. At the same time two of the Tsaritsa's brothers, Iván and Athanasius Narýshkin, were sent into exile; others of her friends were removed from Moscow, and she and her children—for a daughter, Natalia, named after her mother, had been born in 1673, while a second daughter, Theodora, had died in infancy—were placed in a most disagreeable and uncomfortable position. They were sent away from the palace of the Krémelin to live at Preobrazhénsky, a favorite villa of the Tsar Alexis, amid fields and groves, on the river Yaúza, about three miles from the center of Moscow. What, however, at first seemed a misfortune, turned out to be an advantage. The freer life of the country, even though accompanied with a narrow income and many unpleasant circumstances, was better for the development of Peter than would have been the formal life at Moscow. Natalia felt at first that there was danger of Peter becoming a second Dimitri of Úglitch—that unfortunate son of Iván the Terrible, who was murdered in the reign of his

brother, Theodore, by order of Borís Godunóf; but this Theodore was of a mild disposition, and at this time the life of a prince was still held sacred.

CHAPTER IV.

PETER'S FIRST TEACHER.

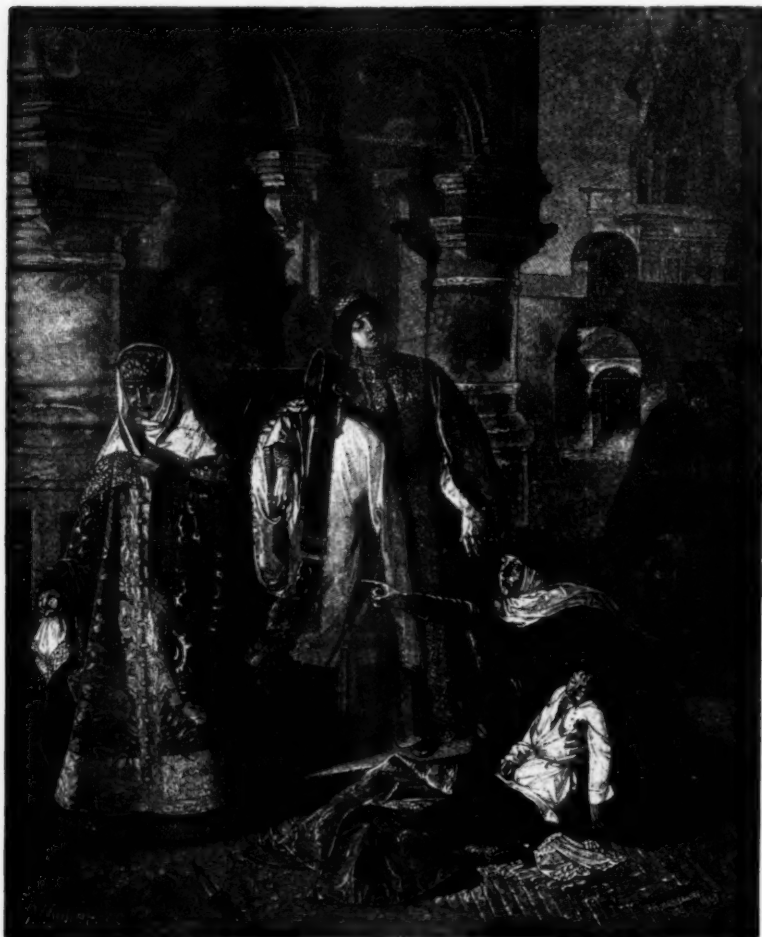
THE education given to the Russian upper classes at this period seldom consisted of anything more than learning to read, to write, and to sing by note, with some ideas of history, geography, and of the productions of the earth, which were conveyed by means of picture-books: but instruction in grammar, in mathematics, even in arithmetic or in the higher branches of learning, was exceedingly rare, except among the clergy. A high school at which Greek and Latin were taught was in existence at Kíef, but Kíef had only just been re-conquered from the Poles, and was not then definitely part of Russia. Although the influence which this school exercised was gradually felt at Moscow, the Moscow school, on a similar plan, was not started until the reign of Theodore. Even the princes of the royal house received scarcely anything more than this elementary education. Theodore had been exceptionally brought up by the learned monk, Simeon Polótsky, and could speak Polish and Latin. So also could his sister Sophia. The example of the court and the adoption of Polish manners and usages began to affect the aristocracy, and several families at that time had Polish teachers for their children. But so little spread was this influence that, at a time when every Polish and Hungarian gentleman conversed familiarly in Latin, Prince Basil Galítsyn was, according to De Neuville, an exception among Russian statesmen. The son of Matvéief, who had been accompanied in his exile by his teacher, was almost an exception among the children of the age of Peter.

It is probable that such an elementary education was all which Peter would have received had circumstances not interrupted his earlier studies and changed the bent of his mind. A picture-book was ordered to be prepared by one of the Moscow artists for Peter when he was only a year old; an alphabet or primer was given him on the 6th of December, 1675, while his father was still alive, and the next day prayers were said for his success in his studies in the church of St. Nicholas Gostún, as was al-

ways customary in Russia at the time when a child first began to be taught. Peter had preceded by a few days the period fixed by usage for beginning a boy's education—the feast of the prophet Nahum, the 11th of December.

Soon after Theodore ascended the throne,

from which, like other boys of his age, Peter was taught. Besides learning to read, he acquired much by heart, and was able, even at a late period of his life, to recite many passages from the Scriptures. Apparently he learned to write late, for the first copy-books of which we find mention were not given



MURDER OF DIMITRI, SON OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

he appointed as teacher for Peter, on the recommendation of the privy-councillor, Theodore Sokóvin, a scribe from the Bureau of Petitions, Nikita Moísěf Zótof, a man who enjoyed a high reputation for his learning and morality. The Psalter, the Gospels, the Book of Hours were the books

out until 1680, when he was already seven years old, and his handwriting was always extremely bad. At the same time he learned singing by note—an acquirement which in later years frequently afforded him amusement, for in country churches he would enter the chancel and join the choir.



TSAR THEODORE (HALF-BROTHER OF PETER).

Zótof, like a skillful teacher, interspersed his instructions with amusement, and, by a plentiful supply of picture-books, most of which were specially written and illuminated for Peter, and with what were then called "frank leaves,"—that is, German and Italian engravings and wood-cuts,—succeeded gradually in giving his pupil a general knowledge of Russian history, of the deeds of the heroes of early times, of the reigns and wars of the previous Tsars, and some notions of the history of ancient times as well as of Europe, besides a rude idea of natural history.

In this way, between study and play, Peter's life passed on quietly and uneventfully for the six years of the reign of Theodore, the greater part of which was spent at Preobrazhensky. Although away from the immediate intrigues of the court, yet rumors and agitations reached her country abode, and the Tsaritsa Natalia could never be sure what was in store for her and her children.

Peter doubtless often heard from his mother much sad talk of what she thought their wrongs and their uncomfortable position; much criticism of people in power; many regrets for her protector, Matvéief, with longings for what seemed to her impossible, his return. Boys of Peter's age are quick and intelligent. They keep their ears and eyes open, and they are ever ready with questions. No doubt Peter asked many, and they were answered. The

impressions which were then made on him were deep, and would have been sufficient greatly to have influenced his subsequent life, even without the events that followed.

CHAPTER V.

COURT INTRIGUES IN THEODORE'S REIGN.

AFTER Theodore ascended the throne, the chief personage in the state who had almost supreme power, and who took upon himself the supervision of all the departments of government, was Iván Michailovitch Miloslávsky, a cousin of Theodore's mother. He was supported by the whole of the family influence, and had been recalled from Astrakhán, where, nominally governor, he had been practically an exile. His manners and his assumption made him many enemies, even outside the Naryshkin party, which was naturally disposed against him. The Miloslávskys were not among the number of the old and distinguished families. Dr. Collins says: "Elijah, the present emperor's father-in-law, was of so mean account, that within this twenty years he drew wine to some English men, and his daughter gather'd mushrooms and sold them in the market." The Registers of Services show no entry that the family had ever benefited the state or taken part in public affairs until the marriage of Alexis. During their twenty years' lease of power the Miloslávskys had been arrogant and self-willed. They had not conciliated the old nobility, and now the descendants of Rúrik were



TSAREVITCH JOANN, OR IVAN (HALF-BROTHER OF PETER).

almost in open opposition. Among the discontented were the boyár, Bogdán Hítrovo, Master of the Ordnance, who had been much in the confidence of the Tsar Alexis, and his friend, Prince Yúry Dolgorúky, a powerful nobleman and chief of the *Štreltsi*, or National Guard, neither of whom had been taken into the councils of the new sovereign.

One way which this party took of weakening the power of the Miloslávskys was by getting young men devoted to their interests into place at court, and especially into positions of confidence near the Tsar, thinking that they could thus gradually obtain an influence over him which could be used for their benefit. They particularly put forward in this way Iván Yazýkof and the two brothers Likhatchéf. Whatever the original feelings of these young men may have been toward their supporters, they soon acquired such power over the good-natured but weak-minded Tsar, that they resolved rather to employ it for their own benefit, than for that of those who had raised them to place. In order to increase their influence they determined to marry the Tsar into some family connected with or devoted to their interests, and chose Agatha Grushétsky, a niece of the privy-councillor, Simeon Zborófsky, a nobleman of Polish origin, and managed to give the Tsar a sight of her during a church procession. Theodore, who was then only eighteen, was pleased with the appearance of the young lady and resolved to marry her. At this there was a great outcry on the part of his sisters, who were jealous of new members coming into the family, and also of Miloslávsky, who felt his influence on the wane.

A report was therefore presented to Theodore containing grave accusations against her and her mother. The falsity of these was immediately shown by Yazýkof and the Likhatchéfs; and Miloslávsky was prohibited from appearing at court; although after the marriage, which took place on the 28th of July, 1680, this prohibition was removed at the request of the Tsaritsa. Yet he lost all power and influence. Yazýkof was promoted to the grade of *okólnitchi*, and received the position of Master of the Ordnance in place of his old patron Hítrovo, while the Likhatchéfs became chamberlains. The power thus obtained lasted but a short time, for the Tsaritsa died in child-birth on the 24th of July, 1681, and was followed in a few days by her new-born son.

This event was a terrible blow to the fav-

orites, for the health of Theodore was so delicate, that in case of his death they would find themselves face to face with the Miloslávsky party and the princesses, sisters of Theodore, and would run great danger of exile if not of death. They had alienated their own supporters, Hítrovo and Dolgorúky and their friends, and therefore had no resource except to try to make up to the Narýshkin party and the adherents of Peter. With this view, and in spite of opinions of the physicians as to his health, they proceeded to counsel Theodore to marry again. This time they proposed to him Martha Apráxin, the god-daughter of the ex-minister Matvéief, a girl of 14 years. The first meeting that favored this idea took place in December of that year; and the chosen bride (as no doubt she had been instructed) immediately asked the Tsar to alleviate the fate of her god-father Matvéief, who, up to this time, had vainly written petitions showing his innocence. The sentence was quashed; the property and the estates of Matvéief were returned to him, and in addition, he was given the village of Landékh, and was commanded to wait for further orders at the town of Lukh, near Kosáomh, on the Volga.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THEODORE. —ELECTION OF PETER AS TSAR.

BUT these orders were not to come from Theodore, who had become feebler from day to day, and who died two months and a half after his second marriage, on the 7th of May, 1682. The death of Theodore left two possible candidates for the throne: Iván or Joánn, the elder brother, the son of the Tsar Alexis by his first wife, Marie Miloslávsky, who was blind, lame, and half idiotic; and the son of Natalia Narýshkin, the strong, healthy, and clever Peter. Although there was no law regulating the succession to the throne, except that it should be hereditary in the Románof family, yet primogeniture was consecrated by usage. Theodore had appointed no other successor, and Iván had therefore the greater right to the throne. But the accession of Iván would render necessary a continued regency, and that regency would naturally be influenced by his uncle and cousins, the Miloslávskys. The Miloslávsky family was not popular among the aristocracy, and this very fact disposed many of the nobles to take the side of Peter. To be sure, even under Peter the

public affairs for a long time would be in the hands of Matvéief; but Matvéief was a man who had never offended the great nobles, either by his manners toward them or by the introduction of any reforms trenching upon their privileges. He employed them, as far as he could; at all events, he respected their rank, and so few of them at that time were fit to take part in public affairs that this was all they cared for. Only two great magnates took the side of Iván—Prince Basil Vasiliévitch Galítsyn and Prince Iván Andréievitch Havánsky. Galítsyn had been brought into great antagonism to the aristocracy by the part he had played in the reform movement under Theodore, of which I shall speak presently; but there is also some reason to believe that he was already in such intimate personal relations with the Princess Sophia, of whom he was afterward the acknowledged lover, that he saw through her means, in case of the election of Iván, the possibility of his rising to the highest power and influence in the state. Prince Havánsky, an empty and addle-pated man, of no special ability, greatly prided himself on his descent from King Gédimin of Lithuania, and had a great opinion of his own personal importance. Without any claim to important public positions, his life had been passed in continual surprises that the high places of state were, one after the other, filled by some one other than Prince Havánsky. He had been deprived of command at Pskof—the only important position he had ever held—for cruelty, immorality, and notorious incompetency, and the Tsar Alexis had said to him, "Though I picked you out and put you into service, everybody calls you a fool." Without ideas, he talked incessantly, bustled noisily about with no definite object, and was such a braggart and boaster that he acquired the popular nickname of *Tararái*, expressive at once of the inconsistency of the weather-cock and the exultation of the barn-yard fowl. These characteristics were perhaps inherited; at all events they have been transmitted to some of his descendants. As he had nothing to hope from Matvéief and the Narýshkins for himself, and consequently for Russia, he opposed Peter and took the side of Iván. The sisters of Theodore and the Miloslávsky party had, therefore, little support to expect for their candidate in the council which would decide the election of the Tsar, for, under the circumstances, it was felt that nothing less than a ratification by the representatives of all Russia, as in the case of the

election of Michael, would fix the crown on Peter's head without the liability to further disputes. But as the Miloslávskys had not been sparing of the step-mother and her children in the moment of their triumph, during the early part of the reign of Theodore, they had to fear the worst, and therefore had to do something in self-defense. By a plentiful use of money and promises, they won over a number of "young men,"—that is, persons without high position, but who, nevertheless, could exercise considerable influence,—some courtiers, others delegates of the Streltsi, or National Guard, among which there was a great deal of discontent. Their plans, however, were not yet matured when Theodore died. Many of the aristocratic party, which used the name of Peter for their watchword, ascertaining the movements of the Miloslávskys, feared that the election would result in bloodshed, and came to the palace with coats of mail under their gowns. This time, however, there was no trouble.

When all, according to custom, had given a farewell kiss to the hand of the dead Theodore, and had paid their salutations to Princes Iván and Peter, the Patriarch, the archbishops, and the abbots of the chief monasteries came into the ante-room. The Patriarch, who was himself a boyár, belonging to the Sabélief family, put to the assembled nobles the question: "Which of the two Princes shall be Tsar?" The nobles at once replied that this should be decided by the people of all the ranks of the Muscovite state. Now delegates from the whole country, two from each district, were in Moscow, having come on the summons of Theodore, in order at a session of the States-General to decide on a fundamental reform of the tax system. No pains, however, were taken to collect these delegates, and the nobles meant by their words merely their adherents, who had collected in the Great Square of the Krémelin, adjoining the palace. The Tsar Shúisky had been overturned because he was elected by Moscow alone, and, therefore, the States-General were convened when Michael Románof was chosen. The "Muscovite State" therefore meant, practically, a Moscow crowd.

The Patriarch and the archbishops then proceeded to the balcony overlooking the Grand Square of the Krémelin, in front of the church of the Saviour, and the question was again put: "To which of the two Princes do you give the rule?" There were loud cries everywhere of "Peter

Alexéivitch," there were some cries of "Iván Alexéivitch," but these were soon drowned. The matter was thus decided by the crowd of people of all ranks; and the Patriarch returned into the palace, and gave his blessing to Peter as Tsar. The name of only one person who shouted for Iván is known, —Maxini Sumbúlof,—and an anecdote is told of his subsequent meeting with Peter. Once when at mass at the Miracle monastery, Peter noticed that one monk did not go up to receive the *antidoron*, or morsels of holy bread distributed at the end of the mass. Peter asked who he was, and was told it was Sumbúlof. He then called the monk, and asked him why he did not receive the *antidoron*. The monk answered: "I did not dare to go by you, Lord, and raise my eyes to you." The Tsar bade him go for the *antidoron*, and subsequently calling him again asked: "Why did I not suit you in the election for Tsar?" The monk replied: "Judas sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver, although he was his disciple; and I, Lord, was never your disciple. Is it strange, then, that I—a petty nobleman—should sell you to become a boyár?"

All this was in the spring of 1682, when the Whigs were conspiring against Charles the Second, three years before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and a year after Strasburg and Alsace had been annexed by Louis XIV., the same year that William Penn was colonizing Pennsylvania and La Salle exploring Louisiana.

The election was decided; Peter was Tsar, and by custom, the step-mother, as head of the family, was the regent. What could the princesses and the Miloslávsky party do? Pretense was useless; open opposition was the expression almost of despair. On the

day of the funeral of Theodore, the Princess Sophia insisted, contrary to all etiquette, on accompanying the body to the church. Remonstrances were vain. She not only went, disregarding the Byzantine prescriptions which kept the princesses unseen behind a canopy, showing herself openly to the people, but she was also loud in the expression of her grief, which was certainly sincere and not feigned. At last, long before the ceremonies had terminated, the widowed step-mother, Natalia, left the church, leading her son Peter. This excited remark, not only among the populace, but still more on the part of the Princess Tatiana, the eldest member of the family, the sister of the Tsar Alexis and the aunt of Theodore, highly respected for her charity and goodness, who sent at noon a message to Natalia, saying: "You're a fine relation,—could not wait till the end of the funeral." Natalia excused herself on the ground that Peter was so young that it would have been injurious to his health to have remained in church so long without eating. Her cousin, Iván Narýshkin, who had just returned from exile, and was constantly causing trouble by his thoughtless remarks, said "Let him that is dead lie there. His Majesty the Tsar is not dead, but still lives." On returning from the funeral Sophia wept bitterly, and turning to the people cried out: "You see how our brother the Tsar Theodore has suddenly gone from this world. His ill-wishers and enemies have poisoned him. Have pity on us orphans. We have no father nor mother nor brother. Our eldest brother Iván has not been elected Tsar, and if we are to blame before you and the boyárs, let us go live in other lands which are ruled over by Christian Kings." These words naturally produced a deep impression.

(To be continued.)

SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS. IV.

A SOUTHERN STRAWBERRY FARM.

HAVING treated of the planting of strawberries, their cultivation, and kindred topics, in that great northern belt, of which a line drawn through New York city may be regarded as the center, I shall now suggest characteristics in the culture of this fruit in southern latitudes. We need not refer to the oldest inhabitant, since the middle-aged

remember when even the large cities of the North were supplied from the fields in the suburbs, and the strawberry season in town was identical with that of the surrounding country. But a marvelous change has taken place, and berries from southern climes appear in our markets soon after midwinter. This early supply is becoming

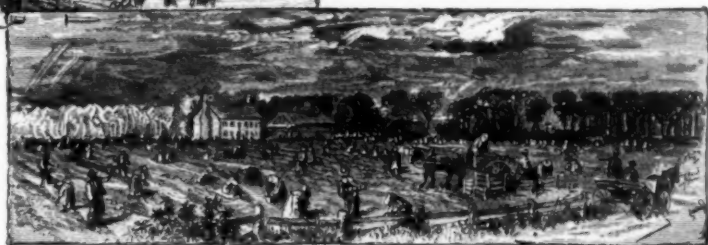


THE HOME FIELD AND MR. YOUNG'S COTTAGE.

one of the chief industries of the South Atlantic coast, and every year increases its magnitude. At one time, southern New Jersey furnished the first berries, but Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia soon began to compete. Norfolk early took the lead in this trade, and even before the war was building up a fine business. That event cut off our Southern supply, and for a few years June and strawberries again came together. But after the welcome peace, many south-

in our midwinter, and with its quick, sandy soil and sunny skies, threatens to render the growing of this fruit under glass unprofitable.

I think I can better present the characteristics of strawberry culture in the South by aiming to give a graphic picture of the scenes and life on a single farm than by general statements of what I have witnessed here and there. I have therefore selected for description a plantation at Norfolk, since this city is the center of the largest trade and is nearly midway in the Atlantic strawberry belt. I am also led to make this choice because here is to be found, I believe, the largest strawberry farm in the



THE FIRST GLIMPSE.

ern fields grew red once more, but not with blood, and thronged, but chiefly by women and children. Soil, climate, and superb water communications speedily restored to Norfolk the vantage which she will probably maintain; but fleet steamers are giving more southern ports a chance. Charleston, South Carolina, is only second in importance. In the spring of '79 every week four steamers were loaded for New York, and strawberries formed no insignificant proportion of the freight.

And now Florida, which has already produced unrivaled oranges, is beginning to furnish tons of strawberries, that begin ripening

world, and its varied labors illustrate most of the southern aspects of the question.

We had not proceeded very far from Norfolk before we saw in the distance a pretty cottage sheltered by a group of tall, primeval



AN OVERSEER—A "LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY."

piners, and on the right of it a large barn-like building, with dwelling, office, smithy, sheds, etc., grouped about it. A previous visit enabled me to point out the cottage as the home of the proprietor, and to explain that the seeming barn was a strawberry crate manufactory. As was the case on large plantations in the olden time, almost everything required in the business is made on the place, and nearly every mechanical trade has a representative in Mr. Young's employ.

As we drove up under the pines, the proprietor of the farm welcomed us with cordial hospitality. There was the farm we had come to see, stretching away before us in hundreds of green, level acres. As we drove to distant field in which the pickers were then engaged, we could see the ripening berries with one side blushing toward the sun. Passing a screen of pines, we came out into a field containing thirteen acres of Duncan strawberries, and then we began to realize more fully the magnitude of the business. Scattered over the wide area, in what seemed inextricable confusion to our uninitiated eyes, were hundreds of men, women, and children of all ages and shades of color, and from the field at large came a softened din of voices, above the monotony of which arose here and there snatches of song, laughter mellowed by distance, and occasionally the loud, sharp orders of the overseers, who stalked hither and thither, wherever their

little brief authority was most in requisition.

We soon noted that the confusion was more apparent than real, and that each picker was given a row over which he—or, more often, she—bent with busy fingers until it was finished. At central points crates were piled up, and men known as "buyers" received the round quart baskets from the trays of the pickers. While wide platform carts, drawn by mules, were bringing empty crates and carrying away those that had been filled.

Along the road that skirted the field and against a pretty background of half-grown pines, motley forms and groups were moving to and fro, some seeking the "buyers" with full trays, others returning to their stations in the field with a new supply of empty baskets. Some of the pickers were drifting away to other fields, a few seeking work late in the day, more bargaining with the itinerant venders of pies (made to last all summer if not sold), gingerbread, "pones," and other nondescript edibles at which an ostrich would hesitate in well-grounded fear of indigestion, but for which sable and semi-sable pickers exchange their berry tickets and pennies as eagerly as we buy Vienna rolls. Flitting to and fro were numberless colored children, bare-headed, bare-legged, and often with not a little of their sleek bodies gleaming through the innumerable rents of their garments, their eyes glit-

tering like black beads, and their white teeth showing on the slightest provocation to mirth. Indeed, the majority of the young men and women were chattering and laughing much of the time, and only those well in the shadow of age worked on in a stolid, plodding manner. Over all the stooping, moving, oddly appareled forms, a June-like sun was shining with summer warmth. Beyond the field a branch of Tanner's Creek shim-

Our artist was quick to see a good subject, and almost in a flash he had the man posed and motionless in his attitude of authority, and under his rapid strokes Jackson won fame and eminence, going to his task a little later the hero of the field.

While the sun had been shining so brightly there had been an occasional heavy jar and rumble of thunder, and now the western



SELLING CAKES AND ICE WATER.

mered in the light; tall pines sighed in the breeze on the right, and from the copse-wood at their feet quails were calling, their mellow whistle blending with the notes of a wild Methodist air. In the distance rose the spires of Norfolk, completing a picture whose interest and charm I have but faintly suggested.

Several of the overseers are negroes, and we were hardly on the ground before one of these men in the performance of his duty, shouted in a stentorian voice.

"Heah, you! Git up, dar, yo' long man, off'n yo' knees. What yo' mashin' down a half acre o' berries fer?"

sky was black. Gradually the pickers had disappeared from the Duncan field and we at last followed them, warned by an occasional drop of rain to seek the vicinity of the house. Having gained the grassy slope beneath the pines in the rear of the dwelling, we turned to note the pretty scene. A branch of Tanner's Creek came up almost to our feet, and on either side of it stretched away long rows of strawberries as far as the eye could reach. Toward these, the throng of pickers now drifted, "seeking fresh fields and pastures new." The motley crowd was streaming down on either side of the creek, while across a little causeway came a coun-



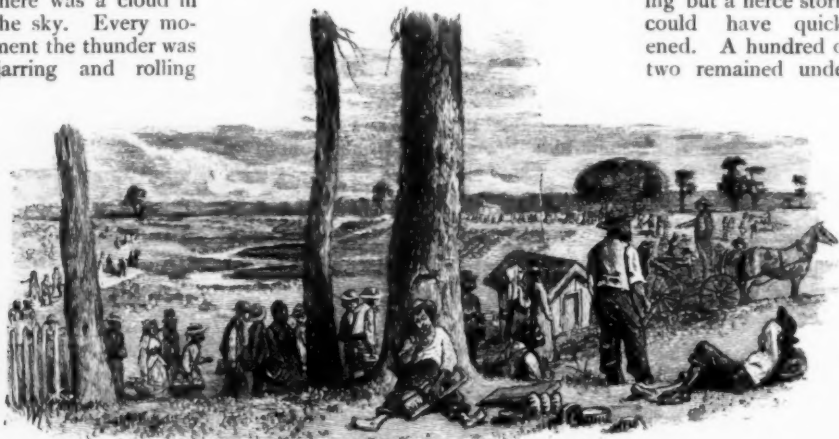
"GIT UP, DAR, VO' LONG MAN,
OFF'N VO' KNEES."

ter current, the majority of them having trays full of berries. The buyers, like the traders with the nomad Indians, open traffic anywhere and at the shortest notice. A mulecart was stopped, a few empty crates taken off and placed under the pines at our feet, and soon the grass was covered with full quart baskets, for which the pickers received tickets and then passed on, or, as was often the case, threw themselves down into the shade. The itinerant venders came flocking in like so many buzzards. There was at once chaffering and chaffing, eating and drinking. All were merry. Looking on the groups before us one would not have dreamed that there was a cloud in the sky. Every moment the thunder was jarring and rolling

nearer, and yet this jolly people, who "take no thought," heeded not the warning. Even the buyers and packers seemed infected with like spirit, and were leisurely packing in crates the baskets of berries

scattered on the grass, when suddenly Mr. Young, with his fleet, black horse, came flying down upon us. Standing up in his buggy he gave a dozen rapid orders like an officer on the field in a critical moment. The women who had been lounging with their hands on their hips, shuffle off with their trays; half burned pipes are hastily emptied; gingerbread, and like delicacies, are stuffed into capacious mouths, since hands must be employed at once. Packers, mules, everybody, everything, are put upon the double-quick to prepare for the shower.

The cloud did not prove a passing one, and the rain fell so long and copiously that further picking for the day was abandoned. Some jogged off to the city, at a pace that nothing but a fierce storm could have quickened. A hundred or two remained under



IN FROM THE FIELD.

the sheds, singing and laughing. Men and women, and many bright young negro girls, too, lit their pipes, waiting till they could gather at the "paying booth," near the entrance of the farm, when the rain was over. This booth is a small shop, extemporized of rough boards by an enterprising grocer of the city. One side is open, like the counter of a restaurant, and within upon the grass, as yet untrodden, are barrels and boxes con-

people say. Here was a large and well-developed business, which proved the presence of no small degree of brain power and energy.

Mr. J. R. Young, Jr., is a veteran in strawberry culture, although but twenty-nine years of age. He has under his control a farm of 440 acres, 150 of which are to-day covered with bearing strawberry plants. In addition, he has set out this spring over two million



EXCHANGING AND COUNTING TICKETS.

taining the edible enormities which seem indigenous to the semi-grocery and eating-house. In most respects the place resembled the sutler's stand of our army days. There was a small window on one end of the booth, and at this sat the grocer, metamorphosed into a paymaster, with a huge bag of coin, which he rapidly exchanged for the strawberry tickets. Our last glimpse of the pickers, who had streamed out of the city in the gray dawn, left them in a long line, close as herrings in a box, pressing toward the window, from which came faintly the chink of silver.

As night at last closed about us, we realized the difference between a strawberry farm and a strawberry bed, or "patch," as country

people say. Here was a large and well-developed business, which proved the presence of no small degree of brain power and energy.

more plants, which will occupy another hundred acres, so that in 1880 he will have 250 acres that must be picked over almost daily. In operations upon a large scale Mr. Young prefers spring planting. Such a choice is very natural in this latitude, for he can begin setting the first of February and continue until the middle of April. Nine-tenths of the plants grown in this region are set out in spring. But at Charleston and farther south they reverse this practice and, with few exceptions, plant in the summer and fall, beginning as early as July on some places, and continuing until November.

I must also state that the finest new plantation that I saw on Mr. Young's place

was a field of Seth Boydens set out in September. This fact proves that he could follow the system of autumn planting successfully, and I am inclined to think that he will regard this method with constantly increasing favor. I know of a gentleman who planted 96,000 in Richmond in October, 1877, and in the following spring there was scarcely a break in the long rows and nearly fruit enough, I think, to pay the

by hand. On the rim of these wheels are two knobs shaped like an acorn. Each wheel marks a continuous line on the soft earth, and with each revolution the knobs make two slight but distinct depressions twelve inches apart; or, if the variety to be planted is a vigorous grower, another set of wheels is used that indent the ground every fifteen inches. A plant is dropped at each indentation, and a gang of colored



PAYING OFF HANDS.

cost of the plants. From his Seth Boydens, set out last September, Mr. Young will certainly pick enough berries to pay expenses thus far, and at the same time the plants are already four times the size of any set out this spring. As the country about Norfolk is level, with spots where the water would stand in very wet weather, Mr. Young has it thrown up into slightly raised beds two and a half feet wide. This is done by plows after the ground has been thoroughly prepared and leveled by a heavy fine-toothed harrow. These ridges are but four or five inches high and are smoothed off by an implement made for the purpose. Upon these beds quite near the edges the plants are set in rows twenty inches apart, while the depressed space between the beds is twenty-seven inches wide. This space is also designed for the paths. The rows and the proper distances for the plants are designated by a "marker," an implement consisting of several wheels fastened to a frame and drawn

women follow with trowels, and by two or three quick, dexterous movements imbed the roots firmly in the soil. Some become so quick and skillful as to be able to set out six or seven thousand a day, while four or five thousand is the average. With his trained band of twenty women Mr. Young calls the setting of a hundred thousand a good day's work.

The labor of weeding is reduced to a minimum by mule cultivation, and Mr. Young has on his farm a style of cultivator that is peculiarly adapted to the work. As this is his own invention, I will not describe it, but merely state that it enables him to work very close to the rows and to stir the soil deeply without moving it or covering the plants. These cultivators are followed by women with light, sharp hoes, who cut away the few weeds left between the plants. They handle these tools so deftly that scarcely any weeding is left to be done by hand, for by a rapid encircling stroke they cut within a half inch of the plant. For several years

past, I have urged upon Mr. Young the advantage of the narrow row or hill system, and his own experience has led him to adopt it. He is now able to keep his immense farm free of weeds chiefly by mule labor, whereas, in his old system of matted row culture it was impossible to keep down the grass, or prevent the ground from becoming hard and dry. He now keeps all his plants in hills or "stools," from twelve to fifteen inches apart. The runners are cut from time to time with shoe-knives, the left hand gathering them up by a single rapid movement and the right hand severing them by a stroke. To keep his farm in order, Mr. Young must employ seventy-five hands through the summer. The average wages for women is fifty cents, and for men seventy-five to ninety cents. With the advent of autumn, the onslaught of weeds gradually ceases, and there is some respite in the labors of a Virginia strawberry farm.

At Charleston and farther south this respite is brief, for the winters there are so mild that certain kinds of weeds will grow all the time, and early in February they must begin to cultivate the ground and mulch the plants for bearing.

Bordering on Mr. Young's farm and farther up the creek there are hundreds of acres of salt meadows. From these he has cut in the autumn and early winter two hundred tons of hay, and with his lighter floats it down to his wharf. In December, acre after acre is covered until all the plants are quite hidden from view. In the spring this winter mulch is left upon the ground as the summer mulch, the new growth in most instances pushing its way through it readily. When it is too thick to permit this it is pushed aside from the crowns of the plants. Thus far Mr. Young has given the bearing fields no spring culture, adopting the common theory that the ground around the plants must not be disturbed at this season. I advocate the opposite view, and believe in *early* spring culture, as I have already explained, and I think his experience this year will lead him to give my method a trial in 1880. The latter part of April and early May was very dry at Norfolk, and the ground between the bearing plants became parched, hard, and in many instances full of weeds that had been developing through the long, mild spring of this region. Now I am satisfied that if he, and all others in this region who adopt the narrow row system, would loosen the ground deeply with

a subsoil plow *early* in the season, before the plants had made much growth, and then stir and pulverize all the surface between the plants in the rows, they would increase the size and quantity of the berries at least one-third, and in many instances double the crop. It would require a very severe drouth, indeed, to injure plants thus treated, and it is well known, also, that a porous, mellow soil will best endure too frequent rains. I have sometimes thought that light and air are as indispensable to the roots of plants as to the foliage.

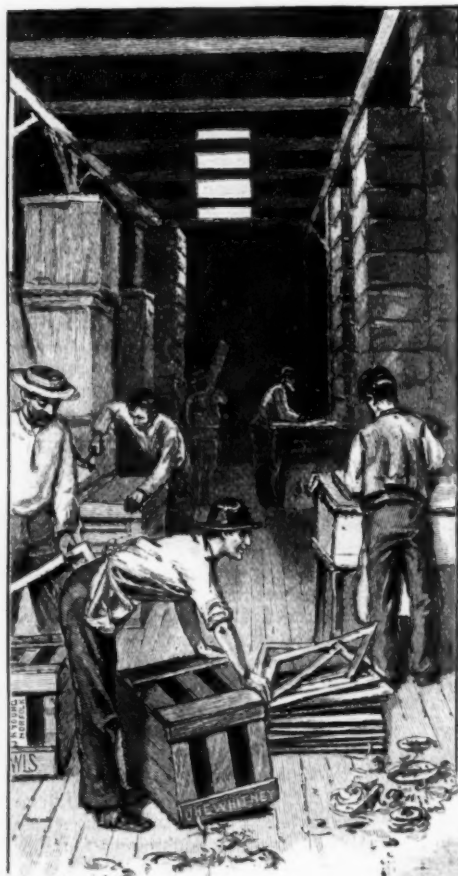
The winter mulch need not prevent this spring culture. Let the men begin on one side of a field and rake inward until half a dozen rows are uncovered. Down through these the subsoil plow and the cultivator can pass. Then the hay can be raked back again and a new space cleared, until the whole field is cultivated and the mulch left as it was before. Now, however, it is not a surface like hard pan that is covered, but a mellow soil in which the roots can luxuriate.

Mr. Young uses fertilizers, especially those containing ammonia, only to a limited extent, believing that while they undoubtedly increase the size of the fruit, they also render it soft and unfit for long carriage, and promote an undue growth of vine. This theory is true, to a certain extent, but I think the compensating benefits of fertilizers of almost any kind, far outweigh the disadvantages. At his distance from the market firmness in the berry is essential, but I think he will find this quality is dependent more upon the weather and the variety than upon the fertilizer. Of course, over-stimulation by hot manures will always produce an unwholesome, perishable growth, but a good coat of well-rotted compost scattered down the rows just before they receive their spring culture would be exceedingly beneficial in nine cases out of ten. I most heartily agree with him, however, that all fertilizers containing potash are peculiarly adapted to the strawberry.

When we reached the farm the next morning the pickers were beginning to take possession of a field containing thirty acres of *Triomphe de Gands*, and we followed them, and there came across one of the oddest characters of the plantation—"Sam Jubilee," the "row-man," black as night, short, stout, and profane. It is Sam's business to give each picker a row of berries, and he carries a brass-headed cane as the baton of authority. As we came up he was whirling

a glazed hat of portentous size in one hand, and gesticulating so wildly with his cane that one might think he was in convulsions of rage, but we soon learned that this was "his way."

"Heah, you dah!" he vociferated, to the slouching, leisurely pickers that were drifting after him, "what's de matter wid yer j'int's? Step along lively, or, by——" and then came a volley of the most outlandish oaths ever uttered by a human tongue.



MAKING CRATES.

"Don't swear so, Sam," said Mr. Young.

"Can't help it, sah. Dey makes me swar. Feels as if I could bust into ten thousand emptin's, dey's so agerwatin. Heah, my sister, take

dat row. You gemlin" (to a white man) "take dat. Heah, chile, step in dar an' pick right smart, or I'll warm yer!"

Sam "brothers" and "sisters" the motley crowd he domineers like a colored preacher, but I fear he is not "in good and regular standing" in any church in Norfolk.

"He can give out rows more rapidly and systematically than any man I ever had," said Mr. Young, and we soon observed that wherever Jubilee led with his stentorian voice and emphatic gestures there was life and movement.

Passing to and fro across the fields are the two chief overseers of the farm, Harrison and Peters, both apparently full-blooded negroes, but, in the vernacular of the south, "right smart men." They have been with Mr. Young eight or ten years, and were promoted and maintain their position solely on the ground of ability and faithfulness. They go rapidly from one to another, noting whether they are picking the rows clean. They also take from each tray a basket at random, and empty it into another, thus discovering who are gathering green or imperfect berries. If the fruit falls much below the accepted standard, the baskets are confiscated and no tickets given for them, and if the picker continues careless he is sent out of the field. Mr. Young says that he has never found any white overseers who could equal these men, and through the long year they drive along the work with tireless energy.

To the majority the strawberry season brings the halcyon days of the year. They look forward to it and enjoy it as a prolonged picnic, in which



EXTERIOR OF FACTORY.

business and pleasure are equally combined. They are essentially gregarious, and this industry brings many together during the long bright days. The light work leaves their tongues free, and families and neighbors pick together with a ceaseless chatter, a running fire of rude, broad pleasantry, intermingled occasionally with a windy war of words in a jargon that becomes all the more uncouth from anger, but which rarely ends in blows.

We were continually impressed by their courage, buoyancy, animal spirits, or whatever it is that enables them to face their uncertain future so unconcernedly. Multitudes live like the birds, not knowing where their next year's nest will be, or how tomorrow's food will come. It has come thus far, and this fact seems enough. In many instances, however, their humble fortunes are built on the very best foundations.

Scattered here and there over the fields might be seen two heads that would keep in rather close juxtaposition up and down the long rows.

"Dey's pairin' off," was the explanation.

"You keep de tickets," said a buxom young woman to her mate, as he was about to take her tray, as well as his own, to the buyers.

"You are in partnership," I remarked.

"Yes, we is," she replied, with a conscious laugh.

"You are related, I suppose?"

"Well, not 'zackly—dat is—we's partners."

"How about this partnership business—does it not last sometimes after the strawberry season is over?"

"Oh, Lor', yes! Heaps on 'em gits fallen in love; den dey gits a-marryin', arter de pickin' time is done gone by."

"Now I see what your partnership means."

"Yah, yah, yah! You sees a heap more dan I's told you!" But her partner grinned most approvingly. We were afterward informed that there was no end to the love-making among the strawberry rows.

There are from fifty to one hundred and fifty pickers in a squad, and these are in charge of subordinate overseers, who are continually moving around among them, on the watch for delinquencies of all kinds. Some of these minor potentates are white and some black. As a rule, Mr. Young gives the blacks the preference, and on strictly business principles, too. "The colored men have more snap, and can get more work out of their own people," he says. By means of these sub-overseers, large numbers



SOME BASKETS.

can be transferred from one part of the farm to another without confusion.

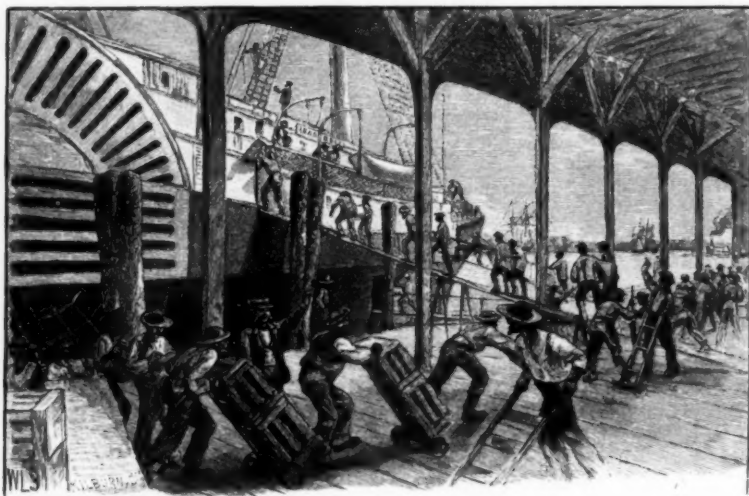
Fortunes are never made in gathering strawberries, and yet there seems no dearth of pickers. Five or six thousand bushels a day are often gathered in the vicinity of Norfolk, and the pickers rarely average over a bushel each.

As has been already suggested, the pickers are followed by the buyers and packers, and to these men, at central points in the fields, the mule-carts bring empty crates. The pickers carry little trays containing six baskets, each holding a quart. As fast as they fill these, they flock in to the buyers. If a trayful, or six good quarts, are offered, the buyer gives the picker a yellow ticket, worth twelve cents. When less than six

baskets are brought, each basket is paid for with a green ticket, worth two cents. These two tickets are eventually exchanged for a white fifty-cent ticket, which is cashed at the paying-booth after the day's work is over. The pickers therefore receive two cents for every quart of good salable berries. If green, muddy, or decayed berries are brought in, they are thrown away or confiscated, and incorrigibly careless pickers

through before they can get a cent. Peters and Harrison see to it that none are laying around in the shade, and thus, through the compulsion of system, many, no doubt, are surprised to find themselves at work for the greater part of the day.

And yet neither system nor Peters, even with his sanguinary reputation, is able alone to control the hordes employed. Of course the very dregs of the population are largely



RUSHING THE LAST LOT.

are driven off the place. Every morning the buyers take out as many tickets of these three values as they think they can use, and are charged with the same by the book-keeper. Their voucher for all they pay out is another ticket, on which is printed "Forty-five quarts," or just a crateful. Only Mr. Young and one other person have a right to give out the last-named tickets, and by night each buyer must have enough of them to balance the other tickets with which he was charged in the morning. Thus thousands of dollars change hands through the medium of four kinds of tickets not over an inch square, and by means of them the financial business of the whole gathering of the crop is managed.

Mr. Young requires that no tickets shall be cashed until the fields have all been picked over. Were it not for this regulation, the lazy and the "bummers" would earn enough merely to buy a few drinks, and then slink off. Now they must remain until all are

represented. Many go out on a "lark," not a few to steal. Walking continually back and forth through the fields, therefore, are two duly authorized constables, and only their presence prevents a great deal of crime. Moreover, according to Virginian law, every landholder has the right to arrest thieves and trespassers. Up to the time of our visit five persons had been arrested, and the fact that they were all white does not speak very well for our color. The law of the state requires that theft shall be punished by so many lashes, according to the gravity of the offense and by imprisonment. Such ignominious punishment may prevent theft, but it must tend to destroy every vestige of self-respect and pride in criminals and render them hopelessly reckless.

Mr. Young says that the negro laborers are easily managed and will endure a great deal of severity if you deal fair with them; but if you wrong them out of even five cents they will never forget it. More-

over, every citizen of "Blackville" will be informed of the fact, for what one knows they all seem to know very soon.

We were not long in learning to regard the strawberry farm as a little world within itself. It would be difficult to make the reader understand its life and "go" at certain hours of the day. Scores are coming and going; hundreds dot the fields; carts piled up with crates are moving hither and thither. At the same time the regular toil of cultivation is maintained. Back and forth between the young plants mules are drawing cultivators, and following these come a score or two women with light sharp hoes. From the great crate manufactory is heard the whir of machinery and the click of hammers; at intervals the smithy sends forth its metallic voice, while from one center of toil and interest to another the proprietor whisks in his open buggy at a speed that often seems perilous.

During a rainy day, when driven from the field, we found plenty to interest us in the printing office, smithy, and especially in the huge crate manufactory. Here were piled up coils of baskets that suggested strawberries for a million supper tables. Hour after hour the mule-power engine drove the saws through the pine boards that soon became crates for the round quart baskets. These crates were painted green, marked with Mr. Young's name, and piled to the lofty, cob-webbed ceiling. It requires several of them to hold two or three millions of baskets.

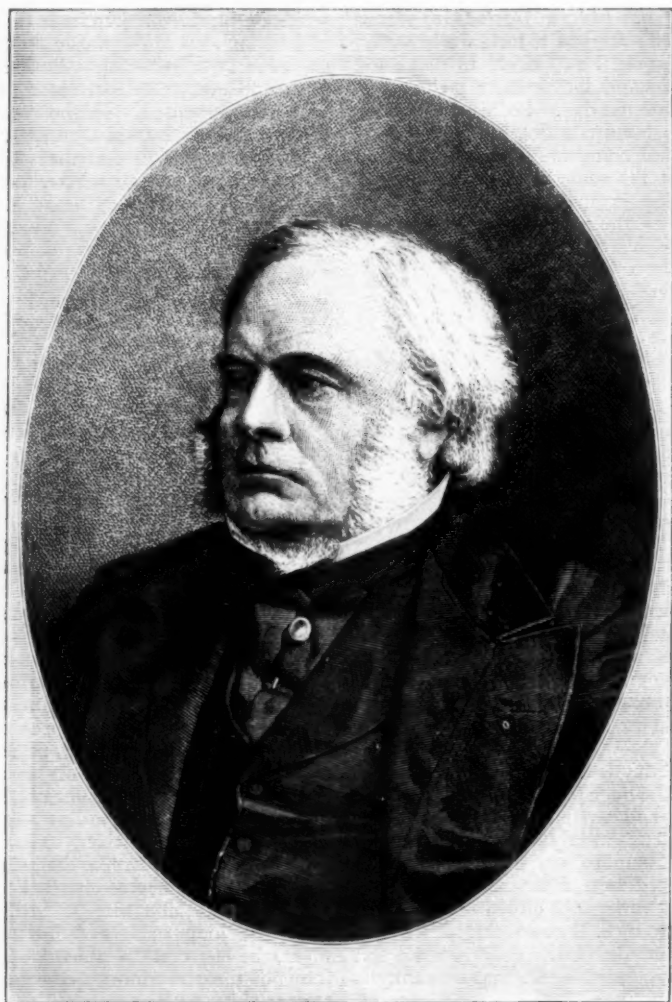
But Saturday is the culminating point of the week. The huge plantation has been gone over closely and carefully, for on the morrow the birds will be the only pickers. Around the office, crate manufactory, and paying booth were gathered over a thousand people—a motley and variegated crowd that only the South can produce. The odd and often coarse jargon, the infinite variety in appearance and character suggested again that humanity is a tangled problem. The shrewdness and accuracy, however, with which the most ignorant count their tickets and reckon their dues on their fingers is a trait characteristic of all, and having received the few shillings, which mean a luxurious Sunday, they trudge off to town, talking volubly, whether any one listens or not.

But many cannot resist the rollicking music back of the paying booth. Three sable musicians form the orchestra, and any one, white or black, can purchase the privilege of keeping step to the music for two cents, or one strawberry ticket. Business was superb, and every shade of color and character was represented. In the vernacular of the farm, the mulatto-girls are called "strawberry blondes," and one that would have attracted attention anywhere, was led out by a droll, full-blooded negro, who would have made the fortune of a minstrel troupe. She was tall and willowy. A profusion of dark hair curled about an oval face, not too dark to prevent a faint color of the strawberry to glow in her cheeks. She wore neither hat nor shoes, but was as unembarrassed, apparently, in her one close-fitting garment as could be any ball-room belle dressed in the latest mode. Another blonde, who sported torn slippers and whitestockings, was in danger of being spoiled by much attention. As a rule, however, bare feet were nothing against a "lady" in the estimation of the young men. At any rate, all who could spare a berry ticket speedily found a partner, and, as we rode away from the farm, the last sounds were those of music and merriment, and our last glimpse was of the throng of dancers on the green.

The confused uproar and rush of business around the Old Dominion steamship made a marked contrast. To the ample wharves every species of vehicle had been coming all day, while all kinds of craft, from a skiff to a large two-masted schooner, awaited their turn to discharge their freight of berry crates and garden produce, the line reaching half across the Elizabeth River. The rumble of the trucks was almost like the roar of thunder, as scores of negroes hustled crates, barrels, and boxes aboard.

As the long twilight fades utterly into night, the last crate is aboard. The dusky forms of the stevedores are seen in an old pontoon-shaped boat on their way to Portsmouth, but their outlines and the melody of their rude song are soon lost in the distance. The ship, that has become like a huge section of Washington Market, casts off her lines, and away we steam, diffusing on the night air the fragrance of a thousand acres, more or less, of strawberries.

JOHN BRIGHT.



JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT was the son of Jacob Bright, a cotton spinner of Rochdale, who owned a mill in that town. He was born in his father's house at Greenbank, a suburb of Rochdale, in the year 1811. Rochdale is a town in Lancashire, not very far to the north of Manchester. This is a region which has now become known to the world as the stronghold of English liberalism, not to say radicalism. South Lancashire,

however, was, until within a period comparatively recent, as violently tory as any part of England. A century ago the people of this country on each successive 29th of May, pledged the "king over the water," and rotten-egged everybody that did not wear green-oak favors (it was the green-oak that furnished a shelter to the younger Charles); these customs still exist in some little frequented parts. South Lancashire,

however, appears to have been more tory than other tory parts of England. It used to be the custom for boards to be stuck up in the taverns, with the words, "No Jacobins admitted here." So late as 1825, when John Bright was fourteen years old, one of these boards remained in a public house in Manchester. In 1815, that corn law had already been introduced from which England was to experience such sufferings. This was the year of the battle of Waterloo, and the evil consequences of the act were little thought upon amid the exultations which followed victory. But bread and fuel are much more necessary things to the individual than the consciousness of belonging to a victorious nation. The suffering consequent upon the enactment of the corn law soon found vent in murmurs which, in time, swelled into insurrection and riot.

Much as we hear said about the English corn laws, it is to be doubted if many people know just what they were. England has nearly always had duties both upon the importation and exportation of corn; in former times duties were imposed upon its removal from one part of the country to another. The duty upon the exportation of corn was finally abolished in 1814. The duty upon importation has varied greatly from time to time. In 1815 (against the strong opposition of the commercial classes), the agricultural interest succeeded in fixing the high figure of 80 shillings as the limit at which there should be no duty on importation. This was the law to which the distress of England was especially due. During the course of the next ten years the voice of the poor had time to make itself heard. The distress soon became so dire and the pressure so great, that efforts were made by government in the direction of modifying the duties. In 1828, the law was changed, and a minimum of duty of one shilling was fixed when the price was 73 shillings or more, with the maximum duty of 23 shillings 8 pence when the price was 64 shillings. In 1842 the government of Sir Robert Peel enacted what was called the "Sliding Scale," fixing a minimum of duty of one shilling when the price was 73 shillings or more, and adding one shilling to the duty for each decrease of one shilling in the price until the maximum duty of 20 shillings was reached. At last, in 1846, Sir Robert Peel carried through his measure, reducing the duties at once, and fixing them at a nominal rate after an expiration of a period of three years.

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This change, however, had only been effected by a popular movement of great energy, during which the anti-corn-law league was formed. In 1836 an anti-corn-law association had been formed in London, the activity of which, however, was not very great or extended. The next year, 1837, was that of the present Queen's accession. It was a year marked by great financial distress. In the elections of that year some 38 pledged Free-traders were returned to Parliament. From this time began Cobden's strenuous exertions to organize an anti-corn-law agitation. In September, 1838, some advanced Manchester Free-traders invited Sir John Bowring, who happened then to be in that town to a dinner. In the course of his speech that evening Sir John Bowring said:—"It is impossible to estimate the amount of human misery created by the corn laws, or the amount of human pleasure overthrown by them. In every part of the world I have found them the plague spot." Thereupon a Mr. Howie rose, and proposed that "the present company at once form themselves into an anti-corn-law association." This association determined that they would accept no half measures of relief, but that they would make it their business to assail any and every corn law. In 1839, the Manchester association was enlarged into a National anti-corn-law league. From this time until their final triumph the league pursued a course of determined agitation. As the movement went on, new persons from various classes of society began to join it. Thomas Carlyle said to the Conservatives, "If I were the Conservative party of England, I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those corn laws to continue. All Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them." A movement seized society which swept along with it high and low. Great mass meetings were held all over England, and monster bazars and tea-fights. The women took a lively part in it. One old lady of eighty said, that "in her daily prayers for bread, she also prayed for a blessing on the good work of Richard Cobden."

Mr. Bright was, next to Cobden, the most famous leader of the League. The first meeting of these two men had taken place when Bright, then a very young man, one day walked into the warehouse of Mr. Alderman Cobden in Manchester, and asked him to address an educational meet-

ing at Rochdale. Cobden came. Bright himself made a short speech at the same meeting, and Cobden was so struck with him, that he asked him to speak as often as he could in favor of the repeal of corn laws. This was, however, before the formation of the league. Bright's name did not become known till some years after this. He married young, and his attention to business and the delights of family life, prevented him from taking a leading part. It was not until after the death of his wife, which took place in 1841, that he devoted himself to the work of securing the abolition of the corn laws. In an address which Mr. Bright delivered a few years ago, at Bradford, on the occasion of the erection of a statue of Cobden by Mr. Booth, an American citizen, he alluded as follows to the circumstances under which he first devoted himself to the task.

"At that time I was at Leamington, and I was, on the day when Mr. Cobden called upon me—for he happened to be there at the time on a visit to some relatives—I was in the depth of grief, I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life, and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, 'There are thousands of houses in England at this moment, where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now,' he said, 'when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the corn law is repealed.'"

From this time on Mr. Bright was, after Cobden, the foremost leader of the movement, and by the time the repeal was accomplished, was generally admitted to be one of the first orators of the country. The speech he made in Parliament when Sir Robert Peel brought forward his free-trade measure was a great forensic success. Peel proposed that protection should cease wholly in three years, this respite being given to farmers to allow them time to accommodate themselves to the change. Bright strongly objected to the delay, but nevertheless accepted the measure as it was and spoke in behalf of it. A writer of the day says that on this occasion he appeared to be animated to an unusual pitch of oratorical excellence; that his periods, as adroit and elegant as ever, alternately glittered with satire and thrilled with the tones of pathos. With reference to Sir Robert Peel,

who had been bitterly attacked by the Conservative as a traitor and a renegade, he said:

"You say the Premier is a traitor. It would ill become me to attempt his defense after the speech he delivered last night—a speech, I will venture to say, more powerful and more to be admired than any speech which has been delivered within the memory of any man in this house. I watched him as he went home last night, and, for the first time, I envied him his feelings. That speech has circulated by scores of thousands throughout the kingdom and throughout the world; and wherever a man is to be found who loves justice, and wherever there is a laborer whom you have trampled underfoot, that speech will bring joy to the heart of the one, and hope to the breast of the other."

When these warm and feeling words were uttered, it is said that Peel could not restrain his emotion and that the tears sprang from his eyes.

It is the opinion of many that, even at this time, Mr. Bright had not attained that grace and attractiveness of speech which he had later. He drove rather than led the House of Commons; he compelled rather than persuaded. He seemed to have little respect for its time-honored conventions, and no tenderness for its vanity. The English House of Commons is said by those who know it best, to be an extremely conceited body; it resembles the man who took off his hat whenever he mentioned his own name. Mr. Disraeli's great parliamentary success has been ascribed to the skill with which he has played upon and profited by this weakness of the British Legislature. He probably has had his own opinions of the mental powers of the individuals composing that body; but it is said that he never rose in the House without seeming to be overwhelmed with the sense of his own temerity in daring to raise his voice in such a place. Later in his parliamentary career, Mr. Bright's speeches became agreeable to the House of Commons, but this was due to the natural gentleness of his spirit and to the charm and attractiveness of speech which he gained by practice. He appears to be no exception to the rule that the orator is made. A gentleman who heard him speak at a village meeting in the beginning of his career, thus describes him:

"He was dressed in black, and his coat was of that peculiar cut considered by the worthy disciples of George Fox as a standing protest against the fashions of the world. The lecturer was young, square-built, and muscular, with a broad face and forehead, with a fresh complexion, with 'mild blue eyes,' like those of the late Russian Nicholas, but, nevertheless, with a general expression quite suffi-

ciently decided and severe. As an orator, the man did not shine. His voice was good, though somewhat harsh; his manner was awkward, as is the custom of the country; and the sentences came out of his mouth loose, naked, and ill-formed. He was not master of the situation, yet he wanted not confidence, nor matter, nor words. Practice, it was clear, was all that he required. The orator felt this himself. He told his audience that he was learning to speak upon the question, and that he would succeed in time."

Mr. Gilchrist, the author of a little biography of Bright, to which we are indebted for many of our facts, says, that in 1847, the British public had as yet no just notion of Mr. Bright's powers. If this means that the public had a wrong notion of Mr. Bright, that they did not know how gentle, moderate, and wise a man he was, the opinion is, no doubt, true. It is probable, however, that the speeches made by Mr. Bright before the repeal of the corn laws were his greatest oratorical successes. He had then just the opportunity which suited his talents. His indignation, his pity for the poor, his hatred of injustice were called out to the full by the anti-corn-law movement; while in the sympathy of a great mass of people, profoundly interested in the same object with himself, he had in his favor another condition of eloquence.

In the following year, 1847, we find Mr. Bright opposing a motion, which became law in June of that year, for limiting the hours of labor for children under eighteen years of age. This action was, in part, due to Mr. Bright's general prepossessions as a free trader. When it was urged that the law was needed in the interests of education of the young of the working classes, Mr. Bright said: "For myself, I can say that I have never been at school since I was fifteen years of age." He said that in his own factory there was a large infant school, a reading-room, and a news-room, and a school for adults, where the workmen attended after office hours. There was also a person employed, at a considerable expense, who devoted his whole time to the investigation of the concerns of the working men, and who was a kind of missionary among them. He believed that the mental wants of operatives were equally well looked after in many other factories.

A large part of that unpopularity, which clung to the name of Mr. Bright until within comparatively recent years, was due to his opposition to the Crimean War. It is somewhat difficult to gather from Mr. Bright's utterances, just what his views are

upon the question of war. The Quakers are understood to be opposed to all wars. That this is not Mr. Bright's view is evident from his strenuous defense of the war for the preservation of the Union. It is certain that Mr. Bright strongly disbelieves in the utility of nearly all the wars which have been carried on by Great Britain. He even goes so far as to disapprove of that great war which gave the English name such luster and prestige in the early part of this century. But Mr. Bright does not believe much in luster and prestige. He thinks these only other names for selfishness and pride in superiority, and that these qualities are no more to be admired in nations than in individuals. He is of the opinion that a sound national prosperity, implying a widely distributed comfort and well-being, is more to be desired than the consciousness of prestige. He would no doubt say, "This national vainglory is a very acceptable luxury to people who are well housed and well fed, but to a man without a coat, or to a starving family, the reflection that 'Britannia rules the waves' must be of very little use." Mr. Bright spoke at the Peace Conference, which met in Edinburgh just previous to the outbreak of the Crimean War. It was at this Conference that Sir Charles Napier, who had declared his intention of bearding the Peace Society in its den, appeared and made a speech in favor of war. The old tar—whose person was, as usual, innocent of the labors of barber or laundress—pushed his way very unceremoniously to the platform, and took the seat immediately on the left of the chairman. His arrival considerably flustered the sheep-fold of the philanthropists. Such visitors had been rare at the previous meetings of the Peace Society, and there was considerable curiosity as to his identity among the audience, to very few of whom he was known. He was presently introduced by Cobden, and made a strong war speech. Mr. Bright followed. In reply to Admiral Napier's remark, that the armaments of the country had been reduced to "nothing," Mr. Bright said that he would like to know what was "nothing" in the Admiral's estimation. He said that £17,000,000 had been spent during the preceding year in warlike preparations, which, added to the interest on the debt caused by war, £28,000,000, made £45,000,000. He then remarked that the exports of England during the same year—by far the largest export which had up to that time been made—amounted to £80,000,000, and then made this striking comment: that, if

some one were placed at the mouth of every port and harbor in the United Kingdom, and should take every alternate cargo that left the country and should carry it off as a tribute, it would amount to no more than was paid every year for the item of war in Great Britain.

It was, no doubt, the fact that Mr. Bright was known to be opposed to wars in general that made of so little effect his courageous opposition to the Crimean War. He, indeed, endeavored to argue the question upon grounds which would be accepted by all Englishmen. But this he was not permitted to do by the public. Kinglake says:

"Mr. Bright's orations were singularly well qualified for preventing an erroneous acquiescence in the policy of the day; for, besides that he was honest and fearless—besides that, with a ringing voice, he had all the clearness and force which resulted from his great natural gifts, as well as from his one-sided method of thinking—he had the advantage of generally being able to speak in a state of sincere anger."

He then adds:

"A man cannot carry weight as the opponent of any particular war, if he is one who is known to be against almost all wars. * * * In vain he declares that, for the sake of argument, he will lay aside his own broad principles and mimic the reasoning of his hearers. Practical men know that his mind is under the sway of an antecedent determination, which dispenses him from the more narrow but more important inquiry in which they are engaged."

It thus happened that the opposition of Mr. Bright was perfectly helpless, and that the government could afford to treat him and Cobden with contempt. Of this, an incident which took place in the House of Commons at the beginning of the war will supply an example. Mr. Bright had alluded, with his usual angry eloquence, to the "reckless levity" which had been displayed by Lord Palmerston at a dinner which had taken place shortly before. He said that Lord Palmerston's jokes and stories at this dinner were unbecoming such a time, and were "discreditable in the last degree to the great and responsible statesman of a civilized and Christian nation." Lord Palmerston rose and said: "Sir, if the honorable and reverend gentleman—" Here Cobden interrupted him, and called him to order, saying that the epithet was "flippant and undeserved." Lord Palmerston answered that he would not quarrel with Cobden about words, but proceeded to reply to Mr. Bright in an insulting manner. In this he knew he would

be protected by his own great popularity at that time in England, and the popularity of his policy, and by the unpopularity of Mr. Bright. He knew that he was strong enough to treat Mr. Bright as insolently as he liked.

Mr. Bright's opposition to the war cost him his seat in Parliament. His protests against it, indeed, continued nearly to its conclusion, when a severe illness compelled him to forego all participation in public affairs. He was, however, elected for Birmingham in August of 1857. Notwithstanding the unpopularity which clung to his name for some years, Mr. Bright was still heard with effect in the House of Commons and in the country. He made a number of interesting speeches upon India, which may be read with profit in connection with the course of recent events in that country. He has evidently devoted great attention to this subject. When the liberal government came into power in 1867, Mr. Bright was offered the post of Secretary of State for India, but he felt his health unequal to the labors of this position, and chose instead the Presidency of the Board of Trade.

The portion of the career of Mr. Bright which has the greatest interest for Americans is his eloquent and effectual defense of us during the trying period of the War of the Rebellion. It must not be forgotten how dark our cause often looked even to ourselves, and it is easy to conceive how much darker it must have looked to our friends in Europe. But during the whole of that long period Mr. Bright never faltered in his words of advocacy and encouragement. We cannot forget that in the very depth and crisis of our struggle he used such words as these:

"I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night in order to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to 'wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.' I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision; but I will cherish it. I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

One cause, indeed, of the unpopularity of Mr. Bright and Cobden in England was their undisguised friendship for and

faith in this country; they were continually taunted with a desire to Americanize English institutions. Jokes at their expense on this point were very common in the press and in Parliament. Thus once in the House of Commons, when Cobden had spoken of "Rule Britannia" as the creed of the Conservatives, Mr. Disraeli replied by saying that, while the House might not be over-partial to the strains of the British pæan, it could hardly be expected to encore "Yankee Doodle." But Mr. Bright reaped in the end the reward of that sagacity and fidelity which he exhibited upon the question of our great struggle. The liberal party of England owed its long lease of power, after 1868, more to the triumph of the Union than to any other cause. Such, at least, is the opinion of many of the leaders of that party.

Mr. Bright is, before all, an orator. What his capacities are as an administrator, the world has not had much means of judging, though there can be little doubt that they are excellent. But, as an orator, he stands unquestionably among the two or three first which England has produced in this generation. His style combines energy and elegance to a high degree. In his eloquence dignity

is united to the simplicity and naturalness of conversation. His genius is expressed in his person. He has the nervous and sensitive features of the born speaker. The tones of his voice, even in conversation, attract and fascinate. A gentleman, himself a distinguished literary man, who once lunched with him, told the writer that, on this occasion, Mr. Bright repeated a stanza from Whittier with such expression that it seemed to him, as he said, "the finest thing he had ever heard." The qualities which most strike one in meeting Mr. Bright are his simplicity and gentleness. Within the past few months he has taken a more leading part in public affairs than it has been his custom to do of late years. For some time past his health has not permitted him to be very active, and we imagine that his disposition does not lead him to prefer, for its own sake, the excitement of a political career. He seems to have little ambition, and he is certainly averse to office. He has reason to be abundantly satisfied with that position in the respect and affection of his own country, and, we may add, of this, which his genius, his patriotism, his high character, and his great services have won.

A REMEMBERED TEACHER.

I SEE him now, importunate, eager, bold
To push for truth, as most to push for gold;
Young then, with youth's fine scorn of consequence
He weighed no whither, so he knew his whence—
Asked only, but asked hard, Is it a fact?
That point well sure, deemed then he nothing lacked.
Truth was from God, she could not lead astray.
Fearlessly glad he walked in Truth's highway;
Who joined him there, had fellow stout to cheer;
Who crossed, met foe behooved his weal to fear;
His quick, keen, urgent, sinewy, certain thrust
Well knew those knights who felt it in the joust.

Ideal Christian teacher, master, man,
Severely sweet, a gracious Puritan,
Beyond my praise to-day, beyond their blame,
He spurs me yet with his remembered name!

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW LIGHT UPON DARK PLACES.

WHEN the long, wakeful night was over, and the doctor gone, Frowenfeld seated himself to record his usual observations of the weather; but his mind was elsewhere—here, there, yonder. There are understandings that expand, not imperceptibly hour by hour, but as certain flowers do, by little explosive ruptures, with periods of quiescence between. After this night of experiences it was natural that Frowenfeld should find the circumference of his perceptions consciously enlarged. The daylight shone, not into his shop alone, but into his heart as well. The face of Aurora, which had been the dawn to him before, was now a perfect sunrise, while in pleasant timeliness had come in this Apollo of a Honoré Grandissime. The young immigrant was dazzled. He felt a longing to rise up and run forward in this flood of beams. He was unconscious of fatigue, or nearly so—would have been wholly so but for the return by and by of that same, dim shadow, or shadows, still rising and darting across every motion of the fancy that grouped again the actors in last night's scenes; not such shadows as naturally go with sunlight to make it seem brighter, but a something which qualified the light's perfection and the air's freshness.

Wherefore, resolved: that he would compound his life, from this time forward, by a new formula: books, so much; observation, so much; social intercourse, so much; love—as to that, time enough for that in the future (if he was in love with anybody, he certainly did not know it); of love, therefore, amount not yet necessary to state, but probably (when it should be introduced), in the generous proportion in which physicians prescribe *aqua*. Resolved, in other words, without ceasing to be Frowenfeld the studious, to begin at once the perusal of this newly found book, the Community of New Orleans. True, he knew he should find it a difficult task—not only that much of it was

in a strange tongue, but that it was a volume whose displaced leaves would have to be lifted tenderly, blown free of much dust, re-arranged, some torn fragments laid together again with much painstaking, and even the purport of some pages guessed out. Obviously, the place to commence at was that brightly illuminated title-page, the ladies Nancanou.

As the sun rose and illumined an atmosphere whose temperature had just been recorded as 50° F., the apothecary stepped half out of his shop-door to face the bracing air that came blowing upon his tired forehead from the north. As he did so, he said to himself:

"How are these two Honoré Grandissimes related to each other, and why should one be thought capable of attempting the life of Agricola?"

There is left, to our eyes, but a poor vestige of the picturesque view presented to those who looked down the rue Royale before the garish day that changed the rue Enghien into Ingine street, and dropped the 'e' from Royale. It was a long, narrowing perspective of arcades, lattices, balconies, *zaguans*, dormer windows, and blue sky—of low, tiled roofs, red and wrinkled, huddled down into their own shadows; of canvas awnings with fluttering borders, and of grimy lamp-posts twenty feet in height, each reaching out a gaunt iron arm over the narrow street and dangling a lamp from its end. The human life which dotted the view displayed a variety of tints and costumes such as a painter would be glad to take just as he found them: the gayly feathered Indian, the slashed and tinselled Mexican, the leather-breeched raftsmen, the blue or yellow turbaned *négresse*, the sugar-planter in white flannel and moccasins, the average townsman in the last suit of clothes of the lately deceased century, and now and then a fashionable man in that costume whose union of tight-buttoned martial severity, swathed throat, and effeminate superabundance of fine linen seemed to offer a sort of state's evidence against the pompous tyrannies and frivolities of the times.

The *marchande des calas* was out. She came toward Joseph's shop, singing in a high-pitched nasal tone this new song:

"Dé 'tit zozos—yé té assis—
Dé 'tit zozos—si la barrier.
Dé 'tit zozos, qui zabotté;
Qui ça yé di' mo pas conné.

"Manzeur-poulet vini simin,
Croupé si yé et croqué yé;
Personn' pli' 'tend' yé zabotté—
Dé 'tit zozos si la barrier."

"You lak dat song?" she asked, with a chuckle, as she let down from her turbaned head a flat Indian basket of warm rice cakes.

"What does it mean?"

She laughed again—more than the questioner could see occasion for.

"Dat mean—two lill birds; dey was sittin' on de fence an' gabblin' togeddah, you know, lak you see two young gals sometime, an' you can't mek out w'at dey sayin', even ef dey know demself? H-ya! Chicken-hawk come 'long dat road an' jes' set down an' munch 'em, an' nobody can't no mo' hea' deir lill gabblin' on de fence, you know."

Here she laughed again.

Joseph looked at her with severe suspicion, but she found refuge in benevolence.

"Honey, you ought to be asleep dis werry minit; look lak folks been a-worr'in' you. I's gwine to pick out de werry bes' *calas* I's got for you."

As she delivered them she courtesied, first to Joseph and then, lower and with hushed gravity, to a person who passed into the shop behind him, bowing and murmuring politely as he passed. She followed the new-comer with her eyes, hastily accepted the price of the cakes, whispered, "Dat's my mawstah," lifted her basket to her head and went away. Her master was Frowenfeld's landlord.

Frowenfeld entered after him, *calas* in hand, and with a grave "good morning, sir."

"— m'sieu'," responded the landlord, with a low bow.

Frowenfeld waited in silence.

The landlord hesitated, looked around him, seemed about to speak, smiled, and said, in his soft, solemn voice, feeling his way word by word through the unfamiliar language:

"Ah lag to teg you apar'."

"See me alone?"

The landlord recognized his error by a fleeting smile.

"Alone," said he.

"Shall we go into my room?"

"*S'il vous plait, m'sieu'.*"

Frowenfeld's breakfast, furnished by contract from a neighboring kitchen, stood on the table. It was a frugal one, but more comfortable than formerly, and included coffee, that subject of just pride in Creole cookery. Joseph deposited his *calas* with these things and made haste to produce a chair, which his visitor, as usual, declined.

"Idd you' bregfuz, m'sieu'."

"I can do that afterward," said Frowenfeld; but the landlord insisted and turned away from him to look up at the books on the wall, precisely as that other of the same name had done a few weeks before.

Frowenfeld, as he broke his loaf, noticed this, and, as the landlord turned his face to speak, wondered that he had not before seen the common likeness.

"Dez stog," said the somber man.

"What, sir? Oh!—dead stock? But how can the materials of an education be dead stock?"

The landlord shrugged. He would not argue the point. One American trait which the Creole is never entirely ready to encounter is this gratuitous Yankee way of going straight to the root of things.

"Dead stock in a mercantile sense, you mean," continued the apothecary; "but are men right in measuring such things only by their present market value?"

The landlord had no reply. It was little to him, his manner intimated; his contemplation dwelt on deeper flaws in human right and wrong; yet—but it was needless to discuss it. However, he did speak.

"Ah was elevade in Pariz."

"Educated in Paris," exclaimed Joseph, admiringly. "Then you certainly cannot find your education dead stock."

The grave, not amused, smile which was the landlord's only reply, though perfectly courteous, intimated that his tenant was sailing over depths of the question that he was little aware of. But the smile in a moment gave way for the look of one who was engrossed with another subject.

"M'sieu'," he began; but just then Joseph made an apologetic gesture and went forward to wait upon an inquirer after "Godfrey's Cordial"; for that comforter was known to be obtainable at "Frowenfeld's." The business of the American drug-store

was daily increasing. When Frowenfeld returned his landlord stood ready to address him, with the air of having decided to make short of a matter.

"M'sieu'——"

"Have a seat, sir," urged the apothecary.

His visitor again declined, with his uniform melancholy grace. He drew close to Frowenfeld.

"Ah wand you mague me one *ouangan*," he said.

Joseph shook his head. He remembered Doctor Keene's expressed suspicion concerning the assault of the night before.

"I do not understand you, sir; what is that?"

"You know."

The landlord offering a heavy, persuading smile.

"An unguent? Is that what you mean—an ointment?"

"M'sieu'," said the applicant, with a not-to-be-deceived expression, "*vous etes astrologue—magicien*——"

"God forbid!"

The landlord was grossly incredulous.

"You godd one 'P'tit Albert."

He dropped his forefinger upon an iron-clasped book on the table, whose title much use had effaced.

"That is the Bible. I do not know what the Tee Albare is!"

Frowenfeld darted an aroused glance into the ever-courteous eyes of his visitor, who said without a motion:

"You di'n't gave Agricola Fusilier *une ouangan, la nuit passe?*"

"Sir?"

"Ee was yeh?—laz night?"

"Mr. Fusilier was here last night—yes. He had been attacked by an assassin and slightly wounded. He was accompanied by his nephew, who, I suppose, is your cousin; he has the same name."

Frowenfeld, hoping he had changed the subject, concluded with a propitiatory smile, which, however, was not reflected.

"Ma bruzzah," said the visitor.

"Your brother!"

"Ma whide bruzzah; ah ham nod whide, m'sieu'."

Joseph said nothing. He was too much awed to speak; the ejaculation that started toward his lips turned back and rushed into his heart, and it was the quadroom who, after a moment, broke the silence:

"Ah ham de holdez son of Numa Grandissime."

"Yes—yes," said Frowenfeld, as if he would wave away something terrible.

"Nod sell me—*ouangan?*" asked the landlord, again.

"Sir," exclaimed Frowenfeld, taking a step backward, "pardon me if I offend you; that mixture of blood which draws upon you the scorn of this community, is to me nothing—nothing! And every invidious distinction made against you on that account I despise! But, sir, whatever may be either your private wrongs, or the wrongs you suffer in common with your class, if you have it in your mind to employ any manner of secret art against the interests or person of any one——"

The landlord was making silent protestations, and his tenant, lost in a wilderness of indignant emotions, stopped.

"M'sieu'," began the quadroom, but ceased and stood with an expression of annoyance every moment deepening on his face, until he finally shook his head slowly, and said with a baffled smile: "Ah can nod spig English."

"Write it," said Frowenfeld, lifting forward a chair.

The landlord, for the first time in their acquaintance, accepted a seat, bowing low as he did so, with a demonstration of profound gratitude that just perceptibly heightened his even dignity. Paper, quills, and ink were handed down from a shelf and Joseph retired into the shop.

Honoré Grandissime, f. m. c. (these initials could hardly have come into use until some months later, but the convenience covers the sin of the slight anachronism), Honoré Grandissime, free man of color, entered from the rear room so silently that Joseph was first made aware of his presence by feeling him at his elbow. He handed the apothecary—but a few words in time, lest we misjudge.

The father of the two Honorés was that Numa Grandissime—that mere child—whom the Grand Marquis, to the great chagrin of the De Grapions, had so early cadetted. The commission seems not to have been thrown away. While the province was still in first hands, Numa's was a shining name in the annals of Kerlerec's unsatisfactory Indian wars; and in the revolution of 1768 (when the colonists, ill-informed, inflammable, and long ill-governed, resisted the transfer of Louisiana to Spain), at a time of life when most young men absorb all the political extravagances of their

day, he had stood by the side of law and government, though the popular cry was a frenzied one for "liberty." Moreover, he had held back his whole chafing and stamping tribe from a precipice of disaster, and had secured valuable recognition of their office-holding capacities from that really good governor and princely Irishman whose one act of summary vengeance upon a few insurgent office-coveters has branded him in history as Cruel O'Reilly. But the experience of those days turned Numa gray, and withal he was not satisfied with their outcome. In the midst of the struggle he had weakened in one manly resolve—against his will he married. The lady was a Fusilier, Agricola's sister, a person of rare intelligence and beauty, whom, from early childhood, the secret counsels of his seniors had assigned to him. Despite this, he had said he would never marry; he made, he said, no pretensions to severe conscientiousness, or to being better than others, but—as between his Maker and himself—he had forfeited the right to wed, they all knew how. But the Fusiliers had become very angry and Numa, finding strife about to ensue just when without unity he could not bring an undivided clan through the torrent of the revolution, had "nobly sacrificed a little sentimental feeling," as his family defined it, by breaking faith with the mother of the man now standing at Joseph Frowenfeld's elbow, and who was then a little toddling boy. It was necessary to save the party—nay, that was a slip; we should say, to save the family; this is not a parable. Yet Numa loved his wife. She bore him a boy and a girl, twins; and as her son grew in physical, intellectual, and moral symmetry, he indulged the hope that—the ambition and pride of all the various Grandissimes now centering in this lawful son, and all strife being lulled, he should yet see this Honoré right the wrongs which he had not quite dared to uproot. And Honoré inherited the hope and began to make it an intention and aim even before his departure (with his half-brother the other Honoré) for school in Paris, at the early age of fifteen. Numa soon after died, and Honoré, after various fortunes in Paris, London, and elsewhere, in the care, or at least company, of a pious uncle in holy orders, returned to the ancestral mansion. The father's will left the darker Honoré the bulk of his fortune, the younger a competency. The latter—instead of taking office as an ancient Grandissime should have done—to the dis-

may and mortification of his kindred, established himself in a prosperous commercial business. The elder bought houses and became a *rentier*.

The landlord handed the apothecary the following writing:

MR. JOSEPH FROWENFELD:

Think not that anybody is to be either poisoned by me nor yet to be made a sufferer by the exercise of anything by me of the character of what is generally known as grigri, otherwise magique. This, sir, I do beg your permission to offer my assurance to you of the same. Ah, no! it is not for that! I am the victim of another entirely and a far different and dissimilar passion, *i. e.*, Love. Esteemed sir, speaking or writing to you as unto the only man of exclusively white blood whom I believe is in Louisiana willing to do my dumb, suffering race the real justice, I love Palmyre la Philosophe with a madness which is by the human lips or tongues not possible to be exclaimed (as, I may add, that I have in the same like manner since exactly nine years and seven months and some days). Alas! heavens! I can't help it in the least particles at all! What what shall I do, for ah! it is pitiful! She loves me not at all, but, on the other hand, is (if I suspicion not wrongfully) wrapped up head and ears in devotion of one who does not love her, either, so cold and incapable of appreciation is he. I allude to Honoré Grandissime.

Ah! well do I remember the day when we returned—he and me—from the France. She was there when we landed on that levee, she was among that throng of kindreds and domestiques, she shined like the evening star as she stood there (it was the first time I saw her, but she was known to him when at fifteen he left his home, but I resided not under my own white father's roof—not at all—far from that). She cried out '*A la fin to vini!*' and leap herself with both resplendant arm around his neck and kist him twice on the one cheek and the other, and her resplendant eyes shining with a so great beauty.

If you will give me a *poudre d'amour* such as I doubt not your great knowledge enable you to make of a power that cannot to be resist, while still at the same time of a harmless character toward the life or the health and of such that I shall succeed in its use to gain the affection of that emperice of my soul. I hesitate not to give you such price as it may please you to nominate up as high as to \$1,000—nay, more. Sir, will you do that?

I have the honor to remain, sir,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. GRANDISSIME.

Frowenfeld slowly transferred his gaze from the paper to his landlord's face. Dejection and hope struggled with each other in the gaze that was returned; but when Joseph said, with a countenance full of pity, "I have no power to help you," the disappointed lover merely gazed fixedly for a moment toward the street, then lifted his hat toward his head, bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER XIX.

ART AND COMMERCE.

It was some two or three days after the interview just related that the apothecary of the rue Royale found it necessary to ask a friend to sit in the shop a few minutes while he should go on a short errand. He was kept away somewhat longer than he had intended to stay, for, as they were coming out of the cathedral, he met Aurora and Clotilde. Both the ladies greeted him with a cordiality which was almost inebriating, Aurora even extending her hand. He stood but a moment, responding blushing to two or three trivial questions from Aurora; yet even in so short a time, and although Clotilde gave ear with the sweetest smiles and loveliest changes of countenance, he experienced a lively renewal of a conviction that this young lady was most unjustly harboring toward him a vague disrelish, if not a positive distrust. That she had some mental reservation was certain.

"Sieur Frowenfel," said Aurora, as he raised his hat for good-day, "you din come home yet."

He did not understand until he had crimsoned and answered he knew not what—something about having intended every day. He felt lifted he knew not where, Paradise opened, there was a flood of glory, and then he was alone; the ladies, leaving adieux sweeter than the perfume they carried away with them, floated into the south and were gone. Why was it that the elder, though plainly regarded by the younger with admiration, dependence, and overflowing affection, seemed sometimes to be, one might almost say, watched by her? He liked Aurora the better.

On his return to the shop his friend remarked that if he received many such visitors as the one who had called during his absence, he might be permitted to be vain. It was Honoré Grandissime, and he had left no message.

"Frowenfeld," said his friend, "it would pay you to employ a regular assistant."

Joseph was in an abstracted mood.

"I have some thought of doing so."

Unlucky slip! As he pushed open his door next morning, what was his dismay to find himself confronted by some forty men. Five of them leaped up from the door-sill, and some thirty-five from the edge of the *trottoir*, brushed that part of their wearing apparel which always fits with great neat-

ness on a Creole, and trooped into the shop. The apothecary fell behind his defenses, that is to say, his prescription desk, and explained to them in a short and spirited address that he did not wish to employ any of them on any terms. Nine-tenths of them understood not a word of English; but his gesture was unmistakable. They bowed gratefully, and said good-day.

Now Frowenfeld did these young men an injustice; and though they were far from letting him know it, some of them felt it and interchanged expressions of feeling reproachful to him as they stopped on the next corner to watch a man painting a sign. He had treated them as if they all wanted situations. Was this so? Far from it. Only twenty were applicants; the other twenty were friends who had come to see them get the place. And again, though, as the apothecary had said, none of them knew anything about the drug business—no, nor about any other business under the heavens—they were all willing that he should teach them—except one. A young man of patrician softness and costly apparel tarried a moment after the general exodus, and quickly concluded that on Frowenfeld's account it was probably as well that he could not qualify, since he was expecting an important government appointment as soon as these troubles should be settled and Louisiana restored to her former happy condition. But he had a friend—a cousin—whom he would recommend, just the man for the position; a splendid fellow; popular, accomplished—what? the best trainer of dogs that M. Frowenfeld might ever hope to look upon; a "so good fisherman as I never saw!"—the marvel of the ball-room—could handle a partner of twice his weight; the speaker had seen him take a lady so tall that his head hardly came up to her bosom, whirl her in the waltz from right to left—this way! and then, as quick as lightning, turn and whirl her this way, from left to right—"so grezful ligue a peajohn! He could read and write, and knew more comig song!"—the speaker would hasten to secure him before he should take some other situation.

The wonderful waltzer never appeared upon the scene; yet Joseph made shift to get along, and by and by found a man who partially met his requirements. The way of it was this: With his forefinger in a book which he had been reading, he was one day pacing his shop floor in deep thought. There were two loose threads

hanging from the web of incident weaving around him which ought to connect somewhere; but where? They were the two visits made to his shop by the young merchant, Honoré Grandissime. He stopped still to think; what "train of thought" could he have started in the mind of such a man?

He was about to resume his walk, when there came in, or, more strictly speaking, there shot in, a young, auburn-curbed, blue-eyed man, whose adolescent buoyancy, as much as his delicate, silver-buckled feet and clothes of perfect fit, pronounced him all-pure-Creole. His name, when it was presently heard, accounted for the blonde type by revealing a Franco-Celtic origin.

"'Sieur Frowenfel'," he said, advancing like a boy coming in after recess, "I 'ave somet'ing beauteeful to place into yo' window."

He wheeled half around as he spoke and seized from a naked black boy, who at that instant entered, a rectangular object enveloped in paper.

Frowenfeld's window was fast growing to be a place of art exposition. A pair of statuettes, a golden tobacco-box, a costly jewel-casket, or a pair of richly gemmed horse-pistols—the property of some ancient gentleman or dame of emaciated fortune, and which must be sold to keep up the bravery of good clothes and pomade that hid slow starvation, went into the shop-window of the ever-obliging apothecary, to be disposed of by *tombola*. And it is worthy of note in passing, concerning the moral education of one who proposed to make no conscious compromise with any sort of evil, that in this drivelling species of gambling he saw nothing hurtful or improper. But "in Frowenfeld's window" appeared also articles for simple sale or mere transient exhibition; as, for instance, the wonderful tapestries of a blind widow of ninety; tremulous little bunches of flowers, proudly stated to have been made entirely of the bones of the ordinary catfish; others, large and spreading, the sight of which would make any botanist fall down "and die as mad as the wild waves be," whose ticketed merit was that they were composed exclusively of materials produced upon Creole soil; a picture of the Ursulines' convent and chapel, done in forty-five minutes by a child of ten years, the daughter of the widow Felicie Grandissime; and the siege of Troy, in ordinary ink, done entirely with the pen, the labor of twenty years, by "a citizen of

New Orleans." It was natural that these things should come to "Frowenfeld's corner," for there, oftener than elsewhere, the critics were gathered together. Ah! wonderful men, those critics; and, fortunately, we have a few still left.

The young man with auburn curls rested the edge of his burden upon the counter, tore away its wrappings and disclosed a painting.

He said nothing—with his mouth; but stood at arm's length balancing the painting and casting now upon it and now upon Joseph Frowenfeld a look more replete with triumph than Cæsar's three-worded dispatch.

The apothecary fixed upon it long and silently the gaze of a somnambulist. At length he spoke:

"What is it?"

"Louisiana rif-using to hanter de h-Union!" replied the Creole, with an ecstasy that threatened to burst forth in hip-hurrahs.

Joseph said nothing, but silently wondered at Louisiana's anatomy.

"Gran' subjec'!" said the Creole.

"Allegorical," replied the hard-pressed apothecary.

"Allegoricon? No, sir! Allegoricon never saw that pigshoe. If you insist to know who make dat pigshoe—de harts' stan' bif-ore you!"

"It is your work?"

"'Tis de work of me, Raoul Innerarity, cousin to de distingwish Honoré Grandissime. I swear to you, sir, on a stack of Bible' as 'igh as yo' head!"

He smote his breast.

"Do you wish to put it in the window?"

"Yes, seh."

"For sale?"

M. Raoul Innerarity hesitated a moment before replying:

"'Sieur Frowenfel', I think it is a foolishness to be too proud, eh? I want you to say, 'My frien', 'Sieur Innerarity, never care to sell anything; 'tis for egs-hibby-shun'; *mais*—when somebody look at it, so," the artist cast upon his work a look of languishing covetousness, "'you say, *foudre tonnerre!* what de dev'!—I take dat ris-ponsible-ty—you can have her for two hun'ed fifty dollah!' Better not be too proud, eh, 'Sieur Frowenfel'?"

"No, sir," said Joseph, proceeding to place it in the window, his new friend following him about, spaniel-wise; "but you

had better let me say plainly that it is for sale."

"Oh—I don't care—*mais*—my rillation! will never forgive me! *Mais*—go-ahead-I-don't-care! 'Tis for sale."

"Sieur Frowenfel," he resumed, as they came away from the window, "one week ago"—he held up one finger—"what I was doing? Makin' bill of ladin', my faith!—for my cousin Honoré! an' now, I ham a harts'! So soon I foun' dat, I say, 'Cousin Honoré,'—the eloquent speaker lifted his foot and administered to the empty air a soft, polite kick—"I never goin' to do anoder lick o' work so long I live; adieu!"

He lifted a kiss from his lips and wafted it in the direction of his cousin's office.

"Mr. Innerarity," exclaimed the apothecary, "I fear you are making a great mistake."

"You tink I hass too much?"

"Well, sir, to be candid, I do; but that is not your greatest mistake."

"What she's worse?"

The apothecary simultaneously smiled and blushed.

"I would rather not say; it is a passably good example of Creole art; there is but one way by which it can ever be worth what you ask for it."

"What dat is?"

The smile faded and the blush deepened as Frowenfel replied:

"If it could become the means of reminding this community that crude ability counts next to nothing in art, and that nothing else in this world ought to work so hard as genius, it would be worth thousands of dollars!"

"You tink she is worse a t'ousand dollah?" asked the Creole, shadow and sunshine chasing each other across his face.

"No, sir."

The unwilling critic strove unnecessarily against his smile.

"Ow much you tink?"

"Mr. Innerarity, as an exercise it is worth whatever truth or skill it has taught you; to a judge of paintings it is ten dollars worth of paint thrown away; but as an article of sale it is worth what it will bring without misrepresentation."

"Two—hun-rade an'—fifty—dollahs or—not'in'!" said the indignant Creole, clenching one fist, and with the other hand lifting his hat by the front corner and slapping it down upon the counter. "Ha, ha, ha! a pase of waint—a wase of paint!"

"Sieur Frowenfel, you don't know not'in' 'bout it! You har a jedge of painting?" he added cautiously.

"No, sir."

"*Eh, bien! foudre tonnerre!*—look yeh! you know? 'Sieur Frowenfel'? Dat de way de publique halways talk about a harts's firs' pigshoe. But, I hass you to pardon me, Monsieur Frowenfel, if I 'ave speak a lill too warm."

"Then you must forgive me if, in my desire to set you right, I have spoken with too much liberty. I probably should have said only what I first intended to say, that unless you are a person of independent means——"

"You t'ink I would make bill of ladin'? Ah! Hm-m!"

"——that you had made a mistake in throwing up your means of support——"

"But 'e 'as fill de place an' don't want me no mo'. You want a clerk?—one what can speak fo' lang-widge—French, Eng-lish, Spanish, an' Italienne? Come! I work for you in de mawnin' an' paint in de evenin'; come!"

Joseph was taken unaware. He smiled, frowned, passed his hand across his brow, noticed, for the first time since his delivery of the painting, the naked little boy standing against the edge of a door, said, "Why——," and smiled again.

"I riffer you to my cousin, Honoré," said Innerarity.

"Have you any knowledge of this business?"

"I 'ave."

"Can you keep shop in the forenoon or afternoon indifferently, as I may require?"

"Eh? Forenoon—afternoon?" was the reply.

"Can you paint sometimes in the morning and keep shop in the evening?"

"Yes, seh."

Minor details were arranged on the spot. Raoul dismissed the black boy, took off his coat and fell to work decanting something, with the understanding that his salary, a microscopic one, should begin from date if his cousin should recommend him.

"Sieur Frowenfel," he called from under the counter, later in the day, "you t'ink it would be hanny disgrace to paint de pigshoe of a niggah?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, my soul! what a pigshoe I could paint of Bras-Coupé!"

We have the afflatus in Louisiana, if nothing else.

CHAPTER XX.

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

MR. RAOUL INNERARITY proved a treasure. The fact became patent in a few hours. To a student of the community he was a key, a lamp, a lexicon, a microscope, a tabulated statement, a book of heraldry, a city directory, a glass of wine, a Book of Days, a pair of wings, a comic almanac, a diving-bell, a Creole *veritas*. Before the day had had time to cool, his continual stream of words had done more to elucidate the mysteries in which his employer had begun to be befogged than half a year of the apothecary's slow and scrupulous guessing. It was like showing how to carve a strange fowl. The way he dove-tailed story into story and drew forward in panoramic procession Lufki-Humma and Epaminondas Fusilier, Zephyr Grandissime and the Lady of the *lettre de cachet*, Demosthenes De Grapion and the *filles à l'hospital*, George De Grapion and the *filles à la casséte*, Numa Grandissime, father of the two Honorés, young Nancanou and old Agricola,—the way he made them

"Knit hands and beat the ground
In a light, fantastic round,"

would have shamed the skilled volubility of Sheherazade.

"Look!" said the story-teller, summing up; "you take hanny 'istory of France an' see de hage of my familie. Pipple talk about de Boulignys, de Sauvés, de Grand-prés, de Lemoynes, de St. Maxents, *pou'e* —bla-a-a! De Grandissimes is as hole as de dev'! What? De mose of de Creole families is not so hold as plenty of my yallah kinfolks!"

The apothecary found very soon that a little salt improved M. Raoul's statements.

But here he was, a perfect treasure, and Frowenfeld, fleeing before his illimitable talking power in order to digest in seclusion the ancestral episodes of the Grandissimes and De Grapions, laid pleasant plans for the immediate future. To-morrow morning he would leave the shop in Raoul's care and call on M. Honoré Grandissime to advise with him concerning the retention of the born artist as a drug-clerk. To-morrow evening he would pluck up all his courage and force his large but bashful feet up to the door-step of Number 19 rue Bienville. And the next evening he would go and see what might be the matter with

Doctor Keene, who had looked ill on last parting with the evening group that lounged in Frowenfeld's door, some three days before. The intermediate hours were to be devoted, of course, to the prescription desk and his "dead stock."

And yet after this order of movement had been thus compactly planned, there all the more seemed still to be that abroad which, now on this side, and now on that, was urging him in a nervous whisper to make haste. There had escaped into the air, it seemed, and was gliding about, the expectation of a crisis.

Such a feeling would have been natural enough to the tenants of Number 19 rue Bienville, now spending the tenth of the eighteen days of grace allowed them in which to save their little fortress. For Palmyre's assurance that the candle-burning would certainly cause the rent-money to be forthcoming in time was to Clotilde unknown, and to Aurora it was poor stuff to make peace of mind of. But there was a degree of impracticability in these ladies, which, if it was unfortunate, was, nevertheless, a part of their Creole beauty, and made the absence of any really brilliant outlook what the galaxy makes a moonless sky. Perhaps they had not been as diligent as they might have been in canvassing all possible ways and means for meeting the pecuniary emergency so fast bearing down upon them. From a Creole standpoint, they were not bad managers. They could dress delightfully on an incredibly small outlay; could wear a well-to-do smile over an inward sigh of stifled hunger; could tell the parents of their one or two scholars to consult their convenience, and then come home to a table that would make any kind soul weep; but as to estimating the velocity of bills payable in their orbits, such trained sagacity was not theirs. Their economy knew how to avoid what the Creole-African apothegm calls *commerce Man Lison—qui asseté pou' trois picailions et vend' pou'e in escalin* (bought for three picayunes and sold for two); but it was an economy that made their very hound a Spartan; for, had that economy been half as wise as it was heroic, his one meal a day would not always have been the cook's leavings of cold rice and the lickings of the gumbo plates.

On the morning fixed by Joseph Frowenfeld for calling on M. Grandissime, on the banquette of the rue Toulouse, directly in front of an old Spanish archway and opposite a blacksmith's shop,—this black-

smith's shop stood between a jeweler's store and a large, balconied and dormer-windowed wine-warehouse,—Aurore Nancanou, closely veiled, had halted in a hesitating way and was inquiring of a gigantic negro cartman the whereabouts of the counting-room of M. Honoré Grandissime.

Before he could respond she descried the name upon a staircase within the archway, and, thanking the cartman as she would have thanked a prince, hastened to ascend. An inspiring smell of warm rusks, coming from a bakery in the paved court below, rushed through the archway and up the stair and accompanied her into the cemetery-like silence of the counting-room. There were in the department some fourteen clerks. It was a den of Grandissimes. More than half of them were men beyond middle life, and some were yet older. One or two are so handsome, under their noble silvery locks, that almost any woman—Clotilde, for instance,—would have thought, "No doubt that one, or that one, is the head of the house." Aurora approached the railing which shut in the silent toilers and directed her eyes to the farthest corner of the room. There sat there at a large desk a thin, sickly-looking man with very sore eyes and two pairs of spectacles, plying a quill with a privileged loudness.

"H-h-m-m!" said she, very softly.

A young man laid down his rule and stepped to the rail with a silent bow. His face showed a jaded look. Night revelry, rather than care or years, had wrinkled it; but his bow was high-bred.

"Madame,"—in an undertone.

"Monsieur, it is M. Grandissime whom I wish to see," she said, in French.

But the young man responded in English.

"You har one tennant, ent it?"

"Yes, seh."

"Zen eet ees M. De Brahmin zat you 'ave too see."

"No, seh; M. Grandissime."

"M. Grandissime nevva see one tennant."

"I muz see M. Grandissime."

Aurora lifted her veil and laid it up on her bonnet.

The clerk immediately crossed the floor to the distant desk. The quill of the sore-eyed man scratched louder—scratch, scratch—as though it were trying to scratch under the door of Number 19 rue Bienville—for a moment, and then ceased. The clerk, with one hand behind him and one touching the desk, murmured a few words, to which the

other, after glancing under his arm at Aurora, gave a short, low reply and resumed his pen. The clerk returned, came through a gate-way in the railing, led the way into a rich inner room, and turning with another courtly bow, handed her a cushioned arm-chair and retired.

"After eighteen years," thought Aurora, as she found herself alone. It had been eighteen years since any representative of the De Grapion line had met a Grandissime face to face, so far as she knew; even that representative was only her deceased husband, a mere connection by marriage. How many years it was since her grandfather, Georges De Grapion, captain of dragoons, had had his fatal meeting with a Mandarin de Grandissime, she did not remember. There, opposite her on the wall, was the portrait of a young man in a corslet who might have been M. Mandarin himself. She felt the blood of her race growing warmer in her veins. "Insolent tribe," she said, without speaking, "we have no more men left to fight you; but now wait. See what a woman can do."

These thoughts ran through her mind as her eye passed from one object to another. Something reminded her of Frowenfeld, and, with mingled defiance at her inherited enemies and amusement at the apothecary, she indulged a quiet smile. The smile was still there as her glance in its gradual sweep reached a small mirror.

She almost leaped from her seat.

Not because that mirror revealed a recess which she had not previously noticed; not because behind a costly desk therein sat a youngish man, reading a letter; not because he might have been observing her, for it was altogether likely that, to avoid premature interruption, he had avoided looking up; nor because this was evidently Honoré Grandissime; but because Honoré Grandissime, if this were he, was the same person whom she had seen only with his back turned in the pharmacy—the rider whose horse ten days ago had knocked her down, the Lieutenant of Dragoons who had unmasked and to whom she had unmasked at the ball! Fly! But where? How? It was too late; she had not even time to lower her veil. M. Grandissime looked up at the glass, dropped the letter with a slight start of consternation and advanced quickly toward her. For an instant her embarrassment showed itself in a mantling blush and a distressful yearning to escape; but the next moment she rose, all a-flutter

within, it is true, but with a face as nearly sedate as the inborn witchery of her eyes would allow.

He spoke in Parisian French:

"Please be seated, madame."

She sank down.

"Do you wish to see me?"

"No, sir."

She did not see her way out of this falsehood, but—she couldn't say yes.

Silence followed.

"Whom do ——"

"I wish to see M. Honoré Grandissime."

"That is my name, madame."

"Ah!"—with an angelic smile; she had collected her wits now, and was ready for war. "You are not one of his clerks?"

M. Grandissime smiled softly, while he said to himself: "You little honey-bee, you want to sting me, eh?" and then he answered her question.

"No, madame; I am the gentleman you are looking for."

"The gentleman she was look—" her pride resented the fact. "Me!"—thought she—"I have not a doubt I am the lady whom you have been longing to meet ever since the ball"; but her look was unmoved gravity. She touched her handkerchief to her lips and handed him the rent notice.

"I received that from your office the Monday before last."

There was a slight emphasis in the announcement of the time; it was the day of the run over.

Honoré Grandissime, stopping with the rent-notice only half unfolded, saw the advisability of calling up all the resources of his sagacity and wit in order to answer wisely; and as they answered his call a brighter nobility so overspread face and person that Aurora inwardly exclaimed at it even while she exulted in her thrust.

"Monday before last?"

She slightly bowed.

"A serious misfortune befell me that day," said M. Grandissime.

"Ah?" replied the lady, raising her brows with polite distress, "but you have entirely recovered, I suppose."

"It was I, madame, who that evening caused you a mortification for which I fear you will accept no apology."

"On the contrary," said Aurora, with an air of generous protestation, "it is I who should apologize; I fear that I injured your horse."

M. Grandissime only smiled, and open-

ing the rent-notice dropped his glance upon it while he said in a preoccupied tone:

"My horse is very well, I thank you."

But as he read the paper, his face assumed a serious air and he seemed to take an unnecessary length of time to reach the bottom of it.

"He is trying to think how he will get rid of me," thought Aurora; "he is making up some pretext with which to dismiss me, and when the tenth of March comes we shall be put into the street."

M. Grandissime extended the letter toward her, but she did not lift her hands.

"I beg to assure you, madame, I could never have permitted this notice to reach you from my office; I am not the Honoré Grandissime for whom this is signed."

Aurora smiled in a way to signify clearly that that was just the subterfuge she had been anticipating. Had she been at home she would have thrown herself, face downward, upon the bed; but she only smiled meditatively upward at the picture of an East Indian harbor and made an unnecessary re-arrangement of her handkerchief under her folded hands.

"There are, you know,"—began Honoré, with a smile which changed the meaning to "you know very well there are"—"two Honoré Grandissimes. This one who sent you this letter is a man of color ——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Aurora, with a sudden malicious sparkle.

"If you will entrust this paper to me," said Honoré, quietly, "I will see him, and do now engage that you shall have no further trouble about it. Of course, I do not mean that I will pay it, myself; I dare not offer to take such a liberty."

Then he felt that a warm impulse had carried him a step too far.

Aurora rose up with a refusal as firm as it was silent. She neither smiled nor scintillated now, but wore an expression of amiable practicality as she presently said, receiving back the rent-notice as she spoke:

"I thank you, sir, but it might seem strange to him to find his notice in the hands of a person who can claim no interest in the matter. I shall have to attend to it myself."

"Ah! little enchantress," thought her grave-faced listener, as he gave attention, "this, after all—ball and all—is the mood in which you look your very, very best"—a fact which nobody knew better than the enchantress herself.

He walked beside her toward the open door leading back into the counting-room,

and the dozen and more clerks, who, each by some ingenuity of his own, managed to secure a glimpse of them, could not fail to feel that they had never before seen quite so fair a couple. But she dropped her veil, bowed M. Grandissime a polite "No farther," and passed out.

M. Grandissime walked once up and down his private office, gave the door a soft push with his foot and lighted a cigar.

The clerk who had before acted as usher came in and handed him a slip of paper with a name written on it. M. Grandissime folded it twice, gazed out the window, and finally nodded. The clerk disappeared, and Joseph Frowenfeld paused an instant in the door and then advanced, with a buoyant good-morning.

"Good-morning," responded M. Grandissime.

He smiled and extended his hand, yet there was a mechanical and preoccupied air that was not what Joseph felt justified in expecting.

"How can I serve you, Mr. Frowenfeld?" asked the merchant, glancing through into the counting-room. His coldness was almost all in Joseph's imagination, but to

the apothecary it seemed such that he was almost induced to walk away without answering. However, he replied:

"A young man whom I have employed refers to you to recommend him."

"Yes, sir? Prhay, who is that?"

"Your cousin, I believe, Mr. Raoul Inerarity."

M. Grandissime gave a low, short laugh, and took two steps toward his desk.

"Rhaoul? Oh yes, I rrecommend Rhoaul to you. As an assistant in yo' sto'? —the best man you could find."

"Thank you, sir," said Joseph, coldly. "Good-morning!" he added, turning to go.

"Mr. Frhowenfeld," said the other, "do you evva rhide?"

"I used to ride," replied the apothecary, turning, hat in hand, and wondering what such a question could mean.

"If I send a saddle-hoss to yo' do' on day aftah to-morrhow evening at io' o'clock, will you rhide out with me for-h about a hour-h and a half—just for-h a little pleasu'e?"

Joseph was yet more astonished than before. He hesitated, accepted the invitation, and once more said good-morning.

(To be continued.)

PORTO FINO.

I KNOW a girl—she is a poet's daughter,
And many-mooded like a poet's day,
And changing as the Mediterranean water;
We walked together by an emerald bay,

So deep, so green, so promontory-hidden
That the lost mariner might peer in vain
Through storms, to find where he erewhile had ridden
Safe-sheltered from the wild and windy main.

Down the high stairs we clambered just to rest a
Cool moment in the church's antique shade.
How gay the aisles and altars! 'Twas the festa
Of brave Saint George who the old dragon laid.

How bright the little port! The red flags fluttered,
Loud clanged the bells, and loud the children's glee:
What though some distant, unseen storm-cloud muttered,
And waves breathed big along the weedy quay.

We climbed the hill whose rising cleaves asunder
Green bay and blue immeasurable sea;
We heard the breakers at its bases thunder;
We heard the chanting priests' harsh minstrelsy.

Then through the graveyard's straight and narrow portal
 Our journey led. How dark the place! How strange
 Its steep, black mountain walls,—as if the immortal
 Spirit could thus be stayed its skyward range!

Beyond, the smoky olives clothed the mountains
 In green that grew in many a moonlight night.
 Below, through cleft and chasm leaped snowy fountains,
 Above, the sky was warm, and blue, and bright.

When, sudden, from out a fair and smiling heaven
 Burst forth the rain, quick as a trumpet-blare:
 Yet still the Italian sun each drop did leaven
 And turned the rain to diamonds in the air.

A VALENTINE.

BEWARE of one who loves thee but too well!
 Of one who fain would bind thee with a spell,
 With power to draw thee, as an unknown land
 Lures the impassioned traveler to its strand.
 Oh! if thou wouldst be free,
 Beware of me!

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
 Tamed in their restless glances by thine own,
 And of a voice, where all things that may be
 In maiden hearts are told in every tone.
 If thou wouldst still be free,
 Beware of me!

But if a longing, born within thy soul
 Gives thee a far off glimpse of unknown bliss,
 Then let thy love speed onward to its goal,
 Nor thy true rest and joy for blindness miss.
 If thou wouldst not be free,
 Then come to me!

A KNIGHT OF DANNEBROG.

I.

VICTOR JULIEN ST. DENIS DANNEVIG is a very aristocratic conglomeration of sound, as every one will admit, although the St. had a touch of irony in it unless placed before the Julien, where in the present case its suggestion was not wholly inappropriate. As he was when I first met him, his nature seemed to be made up of exquisite half-tints, in which the most antagonistic tastes might find something to admire. It presented no sharp angles to wound your self-

esteem or your prejudices. Morally, intellectually, and physically, he was as smooth as velvet, and as agreeable to the touch. He never disagreed with you, whatever heterodox sentiments you might give vent to, and still no one could ever catch him in any positive inconsistency or self-contradiction. The extreme liberal who was on terms of intimacy with the nineteenth century, and passionately hostile to all temporal and spiritual rulers, put him down as a rising man, who might be confidently counted on when he should have shed his down and assumed

his permanent colors; and the prosperous conservative who had access to the private ear of the government lauded his good sense and his moderate opinions, and resolved to press his name at the first vacancy that might occur in the diplomatic service. In fact, every one parted from him with the conviction that at heart he shared his sentiments, even though for prudential reasons he did not choose to express himself with emphasis.

The inference, I am afraid, from all this, is that Dannevig was a hypocrite; but if I have conveyed that impression to any one, I certainly have done my friend injustice. I am not aware that he ever consciously suspended his convictions for the sake of pleasing; but convictions require a comparative depth of soil in order to thrive, and Dannevig's mind was remarkable for territorial expanse rather than for depth. Of course, he did with astonishing ease assume the color of the person he was talking with; but this involved, with him, no conscious mental process, no deliberate insincerity. It was rather owing to a kind of constitutional adaptability, an unconquerable distaste for quarreling, and the absence of any decided opinions of his own.

It was in the year 186-, just as the peace had been concluded between Prussia and Denmark, that I made Dannevig's acquaintance. He was then the hero of the day; all Copenhagen, as it seemed, had gone mad over him. He had just returned from the war, in which he had performed some extraordinary feat of fool-hardiness and saved seven companies by the sacrifice of his mustache. The story was then circulating in a dozen different versions, but, as nearly as I could learn, he had, in the disguise of a peasant, visited the Prussian camp on the evening preceding a battle and had acted the fool with such a perfection of art as to convince the enemy of his harmlessness. Before morning, however, he had furnished the Danish commander with important intelligence, thereby preventing the success of a surprise movement which the Prussians were about to execute. In return for this service he had been knighted on the battle-field, the order of Dannebrog having been bestowed upon him.

One circumstance that probably intensified the charm which Dannevig exerted upon the social circles of the Danish capital was the mystery which shrouded his origin. There were vague whisperings of lofty parentage, and even royal names were hinted

at, always, of course, in the strictest privacy. The fact that he hailed from France (though no one could say it for a certainty) and still had a Danish name and spoke Danish like a native, was in itself looked upon as an interesting anomaly. Then again, his easy, aristocratic bearing and his finely carved face suggested all manner of romantic possibilities; his long, delicate hands, the unobtrusive perfection of his toilet and the very texture of his handkerchiefs told plainly enough that he had been familiar with high life from the cradle. His way of living, too, was the subject of much curious comment. Without being really extravagant, he still spent money in a free-and-easy fashion, and always gave one the impression of having unbounded resources, though no one could tell exactly what they were. The only solution of the riddle was that he might have access to the treasury of some mighty man who, for reasons which perhaps would not bear publicity, felt called upon to support him.

I had heard his name abundantly discussed in academical and social circles and was thoroughly familiar with the hypothetical part of his history before chance led me to make his personal acquaintance. He had then already lost some of his first luster of novelty, and the professional yawners at club windows were inclining to the opinion that "he was a good enough fellow, but not made of stuff that was apt to last." But in the afternoon tea-parties, where ladies of fashion met and gently murdered each other's reputations, an allusion to him was still the signal for universal commotion; his very name would be greeted with clouds of ecstatic adjectives, and wild interjections and enthusiastic superlatives would fly buzzing about your ears until language would seem to be at its last gasp, and for a week to come the positive and comparative degrees would be applicable only to your enemies.

It was an open secret that the Countess von Brehm, one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom, was madly in love with him and would probably bestow her hand upon him in defiance of the wishes and traditions of her family. And what man, outside of the royal house, would be fool enough to refuse the hand of a Countess von Brehm?

II.

DURING the winter 1865-66, I met Dannevig frequently at clubs, student festivals,

and social gatherings, and his melodious voice, his epigrammatic talk, and his beauty never failed to extort from me a certain amount of reluctant admiration. I could not help noticing, however, that his charming qualities were all very much on the surface, and as for his beauty, it was of a purely physical kind. As a mere animal he could not have been finer. His eyes were as pure and blue and irresponsible as a pair of spring violets, and his face was as clean-cut and perfect as an ideal Greek mask, and as devoid of spiritual meaning. His animation was charmingly heedless and genuine, but nevertheless was mere surface glitter, and never seemed to be the expression of any really strong and heartfelt emotion. I could well imagine him pouting like Achilles over the loss of a lovely Briseis and bursting into vituperative language at the sight of the robber; but the very moment Briseis was restored his wrath would as suddenly have given way to the absolute bliss of possession.

The evening before my final departure from Copenhagen he gave a little party for me at his apartments, at which a dozen or more of our friends were invited.

I must admit that he was an admirable host. Without appearing at all to exert himself, he made every one feel at his ease, filled up every gap in the conversation with some droll anecdote or personal reminiscence, and still contrived to make us all imagine that we were entertaining instead of being entertained. The supper was a miracle of culinary skill, and the wines had a most refined and aristocratic flavor. He ate and drank with the deliberation and relish of a man who, without being exactly a gourmand, nevertheless counted the art of dining among the fine arts, and prided himself on being something of a connoisseur. Nothing, I suppose, could have ruined me more hopelessly in his estimation than if I had betrayed unfamiliarity with table etiquette,—if, for instance, I had poured Rhine wine into the white glasses, or sherry or Madeira into the blue.

As the hours of the night advanced, Dannevig's brilliancy rose to an almost dangerous height, which, as it appeared to us, could end in nothing short of an explosion. And the explosion came at last in the shape of a speech which I shall quote as nearly as the long lapse of years will permit.

After some mysterious pantomimic play directed toward a singularly noiseless and soft-mannered butler, our host rose, assumed

an attitude as if he were about to address the universe and spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen! As our distinguished friend here (all Americans, as you are aware, are born sovereigns and accordingly distinguished) is about to leave us, the spirit moves me to give voice to the feeling which animates us all at this peculiar juncture of events." (Here the butler returned with two bottles, which Dannevig seized and held up for general inspection.) "Bravo! here I hold in my hand a rare and potent juice, the condensed essence of all that is rich and fair and sweet in the history, character and climate of *la belle France*, a juice for which the mouths of princes have often watered in vain—in short a bottle of Château Yquem. I have my reasons for plucking the fairest bloom of my cellar on an occasion like this: for what I am about to say is not entirely in the nature of a compliment, and the genial influence of this royal wine will be needed to counteract the possible effects of my speech. In other words, I want the goodness of my wine to compensate for the rudeness of my intended remarks.

"America has never until now had the benefit of my opinion of her, which may in part account for the crudeness of her present condition. Now she has sent a competent emissary to us, who will return and faithfully report my sentiments, and if he does his work well, you may be prepared for revolutions beyond the Atlantic in decades to come. To begin with the beginning: the American continent, extending as it does from pole to pole, with a curious attenuation in the middle, always looked to me in my boyhood as a huge double bag flung across the back of the world; the symbolic sense of this form was not then entirely clear to me; but now, I think, I divine its meaning. As the centuries with their changing civilizations rolled over Europe, it became apparent to the Almighty that a spacious lumber-room was needed, where all the superfluous odds and ends that no longer fitted to the changed order of things might be stowed away for safe-keeping. Now, as you will frequently find in a lumber-room, amid a deal of absolute dross, stumble upon an object of rare and curious value, so also in America you may, among heaps of human trumpery, be startled by the sparkle of a genuine human jewel. Our friend here, I need not add, is such a jewel, though cut according to the fashion of the last century, when men went wild over liberty and other illusory ideals, and

when, after having exhausted all the tamer kinds of dissipation, they amused themselves by cutting each other's heads off. Far be it from me to impute any such truculent taste to my honored guest. I only wish to observe that the land from which he hails has not yet outlived the revolutionary heresies of a century ago, that his people is still afflicted with those crude fever fantasies, of which Europe was only cured by a severe and prolonged bleeding. It has always been a perplexing problem to me, how a man who has seen the Old World can deliberately choose such a land as his permanent abode. I, for my part, should never think of taking such a step until I had quarreled with all the other countries of the world, one by one, and as life is too short for such an experience, I never expect to claim the hospitality of Brother Jonathan under his own roof.

"As regards South America, I never could detect its use in the cosmic economy, unless it was flung down there in the southern hemisphere purely as ballast, to prevent the globe from upsetting.

"Now, the moral of these edifying remarks is that I would urge my guest to correct, as soon as possible, the mistake he made in the choice of his birthplace. As a man never can be too circumspect in the selection of his parents, so neither can he exercise too much caution in the choice of his country. My last word to thee is: 'Fold thy tent, and pitch it again where mankind, politics, and cookery are in a more advanced state of development.' Friends, let us drink to the health of our guest, and wish for his speedy return."

I replied with, perhaps, some superfluous ardor to this supercilious speech, and a very hot discussion ensued. When the company finally broke up, Dannevig, fearing that he had offended me, laid his arm confidentially on my shoulder, drew me back from the door, and pushed me gently into an easy-chair.

"Look here!" he said, planting himself in front of me. "It will never do for you and me to part, except as friends. I did not mean to patronize you, and if my foolish speech impressed you in that way, I beg you to forgive me."

He held out his long, beautiful hand, which after some hesitation I grasped, and peace was concluded.

"Take another cigar," he continued, throwing himself down on a damask-covered lounge opposite me. "I am in a confiding mood to-night, and should like to tell

you something. I feel an absolute need to unbosom myself, and Fate points to you as the only safe receptacle of my confidence. After to-morrow, the Atlantic will be between us, and if my secret should prove too explosive for your reticence, your indiscretion will do me no harm. Listen, then. You have probably heard the town gossip connecting my name with that of the Countess von Brehm."

I nodded assent.

"Well, my modesty forbids me to explain how far the rumor is true. But, the fact is, she has given me the most unmistakable proofs of her favor. Of course, a man who has seen as much of the world as I have cannot be expected to reciprocate such a passion in its sentimental aspects; but from its—what shall I say?"

"Say, from a financial point of view it is not unworthy of your consideration," I supplied, unable to conceal my disgust.

"Well, yes," he resumed blandly, "you have hit it. However, I am by no means blind to her fascination. Moreover, the countess has a latent vein of fierceness in her nature which in time may endear her to my heart. Last night, for instance, we were at a ball at the Baron P——'s, and we danced together incessantly. While we were whirling about to the rhythm of an intoxicating melody, I, feeling pretty sure of my game, whispered half playfully in her ear: 'Countess, what would you say, if I should propose to you?' 'Propose and you will see,' she answered gravely, while those big black eyes of hers flashed at me until I felt half ashamed of my flippancy. Of course I did not venture to put the question then and there, although I was sorely tempted. Now, that shows that she has spirit, to say the least. What do you think?"

"I think," I answered, with emphasis, "that if I were a friend of the Countess von Brehm, I should go to her to-morrow and implore her to have nothing to do with you."

"By Jove," he burst forth, laughing; "if I were a friend of the countess, I should do the very same thing; but being her lover, I cannot be expected to take such a disinterested view of the case. Moreover, my labor would be thrown away; for, *entre nous*, she is too much in love with me."

I felt that if I stayed a moment longer we should inevitably quarrel. I therefore rose, somewhat abruptly and pulled on my overcoat, averring that I was tired and

should need a few hours of sleep before embarking in the morning.

"Well," he said, shaking my hand heartily, as we parted in the hall, "if ever you should happen to visit Denmark again, you must promise me that you will look me up. You have a standing invitation to my future estate."

III.

SOME three years later I was sitting behind my editorial desk in a newspaper office in Chicago, and the impressions from my happy winter in Copenhagen had well nigh faded from memory. The morning mail was brought in, and among my letters I found one from a Danish friend with whom I had kept up a desultory correspondence. In the letter I found the following paragraph:

"Since you left us, Dannevig has been going steadily down hill, until at last his order of Dannebrog just managed to keep him respectable. About a month ago he suddenly vanished from the social horizon, and the rumor says that he has fled from his numerous creditors and probably now is on his way to America. His resources, whatever they were, gradually failed him, while his habits remained as extravagant as ever. If the popular belief is to be credited, he lived during the two last years on his prospect of marrying the Countess von Brehm, which prospect in Copenhagen was always convertible into cash. The countess, by the way, was unflinching in her devotion to him, and he would probably long ago have led her to the altar, if her family had not so bitterly opposed him. The old count, it is said, swore that he would disinherit her, if she ever mentioned his name to him again; and those who know him feel confident that he would have kept his word. The countess, however, was quite willing to make that sacrifice, for Dannevig's sake; but here, unfortunately, that cowardly prudence of his made a fool of him. He hesitated and hesitated long enough to wear out the patience of a dozen women less elevated and heroic than she is. Now the story goes that the old count, wishing at all hazards to get him out of the way, made him a definite proposition to pay all his debts and give him a handsome surplus for traveling expenses, if he would consent to vanish from the kingdom for a stated term of years. And according to all appearances Dannevig has been fool enough to accept the offer. I should not be surprised if you would hear from him before long, in which case I trust you will keep me informed of his movements. A Knight of Dannebrog, you know, is too conspicuous a figure to be entirely lost beneath the waves of your all-leveling democracy. Depend upon it, if Dannevig were stranded upon a desert isle, he would in some way contrive to make the universe aware of his existence. He has, as you know, no talent for obscurity; there is a spark of a Caesar in him, and I tremble for the fate of your constitution if he stays long enough among you."

Four months elapsed after the receipt of this letter, and I had almost given up the expectation (I will not say hope) of seeing

Dannevig, when one morning the door to my office was opened, and a tall, blonde-haired man entered. With a certain reckless grace, which ought to have given me the clue to his identity, he sauntered up to my desk and extended his hand to me.

"Hallo, old boy!" he said, with a weak, weary smile. "How are you prospering? You don't seem to know me."

"Heavens!" I cried, "Dannevig! No, I didn't know you. How you have altered!"

He took off his hat, and flung himself into a chair opposite me. His large, irresponsible eyes fixed themselves upon mine, with a half-daring, half-apologetic look, as if he were resolved to put the best face on a desperate situation. His once so ambitious mustache drooped despondingly, and his unshaven face had an indescribably withered and dissipated look. All the gloss seemed to have been taken off it, and with it half its beauty and all its dignity had departed.

"Dannevig," I said, with all the sympathy I had at my command, "what *has* happened to you? Am I to take your word for it, that you have quarreled with all the world, and that this is your last refuge?"

"Well," he answered, evasively, "I should hardly say that. It is rather your detestable democratic cookery which has undone me. I haven't had a decent meal since I set my foot on this accursed continent. There is an all-pervading plebeian odor of republicanism about everything one eats here, which is enough to ruin the healthiest appetite, and a certain barbaric uniformity in the bill of fare which would throw even a Diogenes into despair. May the devil take your leathery beef-steaks, as tough as the prose of Tacitus, your tasteless, nondescript buckwheats, and your heavy, melancholy wines, and I swear it would be the last you would hear of him!"

"There! that will do, Dannevig!" I cried, laughing. "You have said more than enough to convince me of your identity. I do admit I was skeptical as to whether this could really be you, but you have dispelled my last doubts. It was my intention to invite you to dine with me to-day, but you have quite discouraged me. I live quite *en garçon*, you know, and have no Château Yquem nor pheasant à la Sainte Alliance, and whatever else your halcyon days at the Café Anglais may have accustomed you to."

"Never mind that. Your company will in part reconcile me to the republicanism of your table. And, to put the thing bluntly, can you lend me thirty dollars? I have

pawned my only respectable suit of clothes for that amount, and in my present costume I feel inexpressibly plebeian,—very much as if I were my own butler, and—what is worse—I treat myself accordingly. I never knew until now how much of the inherent dignity of a man can be divested with his clothing. Then another thing: I am absolutely forced to do something, and, judging by your looks, I should say that journalism was a profitable business. Now, could you not get me some appointment or other in connection with your paper? If, for instance, you want a Paris correspondent, then I am just your man. I know Paris by heart, and I have hob-nobbed with every distinguished man in France.”

“But we could hardly afford to pay you enough to justify you in taking the journey on our account.”

“*O sancta simplicitas!* No, my boy, I have no such intention. I can make up the whole thing with perfect plausibility, here under your own roof; and by a little study of the foreign telegrams, I would undertake to convince Thiers and Jules Favre themselves that I watched the play of their features from my private box at the French opera, night before last, that I had my eye at the key-hole, while they performed their morning ablutions, and was present as eavesdropper at their most secret councils. Whatever I may be, I hope you don’t take me to be a chicken.”

“No,” I answered, beguiled into a lighter mood by his own levity. “It might be well for you if you were more of one. But as Paris correspondent, we could never engage you, at least not on the terms you propose. But even if I should succeed in getting a place for you, do you know English enough to write with ease?”

“I see you are disposed to give vent to your native skepticism toward me.” But I never knew the thing yet that I could not do. At first, perhaps, I should have to depend somewhat upon your proof-reading, but before many months, I venture to say, I could stand on my own legs.”

After some further parley it was agreed that I should exert myself in his behalf, and after a visit to the pawnbroker’s, where Dannevig had deposited his dignity, we parted with the promise to meet again at dinner.

IV.

It was rather an anomalous position for a knight of Dannebrog, a familiar friend

of princes, and nobles, and an *ex-habitué* of the Café Anglais, to be a common reporter on a Chicago republican journal. Yet this was the position to which (after some daring exploits in book-reviewing and art criticism) my friend was finally reduced. As an art critic, he might have been a success, if western art had been more nearly in accord with his own fastidious and exquisitely developed taste. As it was, he managed in less than a fortnight to bring down the wrath of the whole artistic brotherhood upon our journal, and as some of these men were personal friends of the principal stockholders in the paper, his destructive ardor was checked by an imperative order from the authorities, from whose will there is no appeal. As a book-reviewer he labored under similar disadvantages; he stoutly maintained that the reading of a volume would necessarily and unduly bias the critic’s judgment, and that a man endowed with a keen, literary nose could form an intelligent opinion, after a careful perusal of the title-page, and a glance at the preface. A man who wrote a book naturally labored under the delusion that he was wiser or better than the majority of his fellow-creatures, in which case you would do him a moral service by convincing him of his error. If humanity continued to encourage authorship at the present rate, obscurity would soon become a claim to immortality. If a writer informed you that his work “filled a literary void,” his conceit was reprehensible, and on moral grounds he ought to be chastised; if he told you that he had only “yielded to the urgent request of his friends,” it was only fair to insinuate that his friends must have had very long ears. Nevertheless, Dannevig’s reviews were for about a month a very successful feature of our paper. They might be described as racy little essays, bristling with point and epigram, on some subject suggested by the title-pages of current volumes. At the end of that time, however, books began to grow scarce in our office, and before another month was at an end, we had no more need of a reviewer. My friend was then to have his last trial as a reporter.

One of his first experiences in this new capacity was at a mass-meeting preceding an important municipal election. Not daring to send his “copy” to the printer without revision, I determined to sacrifice two or three hours’ sleep, and await his return. But the night wore on, the clock struck twelve,

one, and two, and no Dannevig appeared. I began to grow anxious; our last form went to press at four o'clock, and I had left a column and a half open for his expected report. Not wishing to resort to dead matter, I hastily made some selections from a fresh magazine, and sent them to the foreman.

The next day, about noon, a policeman brought me the following note, written in pencil, on a leaf torn from a pocket-book.

DEAR FRIEND:

I made a speech last night (and a very good one too) in behalf of oppressed humanity, but its effect upon my audience was, to say the least, singular. Its results, as far as I am personally concerned, were also somewhat unpleasant. Looking at myself in my pocket-glass this morning, I find that my nose has become disproportionately prominent, besides showing an abnormal lateral development. If you would have the goodness to accompany the obliging gentleman, who is the bearer of this, to my temporary lodgings, I will further explain the situation to you. By the way, it is absolutely necessary that you should come.

Yours in haste,

VICTOR J. ST. D. DANNEVIG,
R. D. O.*

I found Dannevig, as I had expected, at the so-called Armory (the city prison), in pleasant converse with half-a-dozen policemen, to whom he was describing, with inimitable grace and good-humor, his adventures of the preceding night. He was too absorbed in his narrative to notice my arrival, and I did not choose to interrupt him.

"You can imagine, gentlemen," he was saying, accompanying his words with the liveliest gesticulations, "how the rude contact of a plebeian fist with my tender skin must have impressed me. Really, gentlemen, I was so surprised that I literally lost my balance. I was, as you are no doubt aware, merely asserting my rights as a free citizen to protest against the presumptions of the unprincipled oligarchy which is at present ruling this fair city. My case is exactly parallel to that of Caius Gracchus, who, I admit, reaped a similar reward."

"But you were drunk," replied a rude voice from his audience. "Dead drunk."

"Drunk," ejaculated Dannevig, with a gesture of dignified deprecation. "Now, I submit it to you as gentlemen of taste and experience: how would you define that state of mind and body vulgarly styled 'drunk'?" I was merely pleasantly animated as far as such a condition can be induced by those vulgar liquids which you are in the habit of imbibing in this benighted country. Now,

if I had had the honor of your acquaintance in the days of my prosperity, it would have given me great pleasure to raise your standard of taste regarding wines and alcoholic liquors. The mixed drinks, which are held in such high esteem in this community, are, in my opinion, utterly demoralizing."

Thinking it was high time to interrupt this discourse, I stepped up to the orator, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Dannevig," I said, "I have no time to waste. Let me settle this business for you at once."

"In a moment I shall be at your service," he answered, gracefully waving his hand; and for some five minutes more he continued his harangue on the corrupting effects of mixed drinks.

After a visit to the court-rooms, a brief examination, and the payment of a fine, we took our departure. Feeling in an exceptionally amiable mood, Dannevig offered me his arm, and as we again passed the group of policemen at the door, he politely raised his dilapidated hat to them, and bade them a pleasant good-morning. The cross of Dannebrog, with its red ribbon, was dangling from the button-hole of his coat, the front of which was literally glazed with the stains of dried punch.

"My type of countenance, as you will observe," he remarked, as we hailed a passing omnibus, "presents some striking deviations from the classic ideal; but it is a consoling reflection that it will probably soon resume its normal form."

Of course, all the morning as well as the evening papers, recounted, with flaming headings, Dannevig's oration, and his ignominious expulsion from the mass-meeting, and the most unsparing ridicule was showered both upon him and the journal which, for the time, he represented. One more experience of a similar nature terminated his career as a journalist; I dared no longer espouse his cause, and he was dismissed in disgrace. For some weeks he vanished from my horizon, and I began to hope that he had again set his face toward the old world, where talents of the order he possessed are at higher premium in the social market. But in this hope I was to be grievously disappointed.

V.

ONE day, just as I had ordered my lunch at a restaurant much frequented by journalists, a German named Pfeifer, one of the

* Knight of the Order of Dannebrog.

largest stockholders in our paper, entered and seated himself at the table opposite me. He was a somewhat puffy and voluminous man with a very round bald head, and an air of defiant prosperity about him. He had retired from the brewery business some years ago, with a very handsome fortune.

"I have been hunting for you high and low," he began in his native tongue. "You know there is to be a ball in the *Turnverein* to-morrow night,—a very grand affair, they say. I suppose they have sent you tickets."

"Yes, two."

"And are you going?"

"I had half made up my mind to send Fenner or some one else."

Mr. Pfeifer here grew superfluously confidential and related to me in a mysterious whisper his object in seeking me. The fact was, he had a niece, really *ein allerliebste Kind*, who had come from Milwaukee to visit him and was to spend the winter with him. Now, to be honest, he knew very few young gentlemen whom he would be willing to have her associate with, and the poor child had set her heart on going to the *Turnball* to-morrow. Would I kindly overlook the informality of his request, and without telling the young lady of his share in the proceeding, offer her my escort to the ball? Would I be responsible for her and bring her home in good season? And to avert Fräulein Pfeifer's possible suspicions, would I come and dine at his house to-night and make her acquaintance?

To refuse the acquaintance of a young lady who even remotely answered to the description of "a very lovely child," was contrary to my principles, and I need not add that I proved faithful to them in the present instance.

A German, even if he be not what one would call a cultivated man, has nevertheless a certain somber historic background to his life which makes him averse to those garish effects of barbaric splendor that impress one so unpleasantly in the houses of Americans whose prosperity is unsupported by a corresponding amount of culture. This was my first reflection on entering Mr. Pfeifer's drawing-room, while in my heart I begged the proprietor's pardon for the patronizing attitude I found myself assuming toward him. The heavy solid furniture, the grave and decorously mediocre pictures, and the very tint of the walls wore an air of substantial, though somewhat lugubrious, comfort. His niece, too, although her form was by no means lacking in grace, seemed somehow to partake of this all-

pervading air of Teutonic solidity and homelike comfort. She was one of those women who seemed born to make some wretched man undeservedly happy. (I always feel a certain dim hostility to any man, even though I may not know him, who marries a charming and lovable woman; it is with me a foregone conclusion that he has been blessed beyond his deserts.) There was a sweet matronliness in the quiet dignity of her manner, and beneath the placid surface of her blue eyes I suspected hidden depths of pure maidenly sentiment. The cast of her countenance was distinctly Germanic; not strikingly beautiful, perhaps, but extremely pleasing; there was no discordant feature in it, no loud or harsh suggestion to mar the subdued richness of the whole picture. Her blonde hair was twisted into a massive coil on the top of her head, and the unobtrusive simplicity and taste of her toilet were merely her character (as I had conceived it) translated into millinery. My feelings, as I stood gazing at her, unconsciously formulated themselves into the well-known benediction of Heine's, which I could with difficulty keep from quoting:

"Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold."

I observed with quiet amusement, though in a very sympathetic spirit, that she did not manage her train well; and from the furtive attention she was ever bestowing upon it, I concluded, that her experience with long dresses must have been of recent date. I noticed, too, as she came forward to salute me, that her hands were not unused to toil; but for this I only honored her the more.

The dinner was as serious and substantial as every thing else in Mr. Pfeifer's house, and passed off without any notable incident. The host persisted in talking business with me, which the young lady, at whose side I sat, accepted as a matter-of-course, making apparently no claim whatever upon the smallest share of my attention. When the long and tedious meal was at an end, upon her uncle's suggestion, she seated herself at the piano, and sang in a deep, powerful contralto, Schubert's magnificent arrangement of Heine's song of unrequited love:

"Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlorne Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in meines Herzens Nacht."

There was a pathos and passion in her voice which fairly startled me, and when I hastened to her side to thank her for the pleasure she had given me, she accepted my compliments with a beautiful, unaffected enthusiasm, as if they were meant only for the composer, and were in no respect due to her.

"There is such a depth of suffering in every word and note," she said with glowing cheeks. "He bears her no ill will, he says, and still you feel how the suppressed bitterness is still rankling within him."

She then sang "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," whereupon we sat down and talked music and Heine for the rest of the evening. Mr. Pfeifer, reclining in his capacious easy-chair, smoked on with slow, brooding contentment, and now and then threw in a disparaging remark regarding our favorite poet.

"He blackguarded his country abominably," he said. "And I have no respect for a man who can do that. Besides, he was a miserable, renegade Jew, and as I never like to have any more to do with Jews than I can possibly help, I have never read any of his books."

"But, uncle," retorted his niece, warmly, "he certainly could not help being a Jew. And there was no one who loved Germany more ardently than he, even though he did say severe things about it."

"That is a thing about which you can have no opinion, Hildegard," said Pfeifer, with paternal decision, and he blew a dense cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

Miss Hildegard looked rebellious for an instant, but accepted the verdict of superior wisdom with submissive silence. The old man gave me a little confidential wink as if to say:

"There is a model girl for you. She knows that women should not speak in meeting."

"What a delightfully fresh and unspoiled girl," I reflected, as I wended my way homeward through the still moonlight; "so true-hearted, and genuine, and unaffected. And still beneath all that sweet, womanly tranquillity there are strong slumbering forces, which some day will startle some phlegmatic countryman of hers, who takes her to be as submissive as she looks."

VI.

SOME fifteen minutes after the appointed hour I called with a carriage for *Fräulein*

Hildegard, whom, to my wonder, I found standing in all the glory of her ball-toilet (for she was evidently afraid to sit down) in the middle of the somber drawing-room. I had been prepared to wait for a good half hour, and accordingly felt a little provoked at myself for my seeming negligence.

"I do not mind telling you," she said, as I sat compressed in a corner of the carriage, striving to reduce myself to the smallest practicable dimensions, "that this is my first ball. I don't know any of the gentlemen who will be there to-night, but I know two or three Milwaukee ladies who have promised to come, so, even if I don't dance much, I shall not feel lonely."

"Of course you will give me the first chance at your card," I answered. "How many dances will you grant me?"

"As many as you want. Uncle was very explicit in impressing upon me that I am to obey you unquestioningly and have no will of my own."

"That was very unkind of him. I shall be unwilling to claim any privilege which you do not of your own free will bestow upon me."

"I didn't mean it so," she answered, impulsively, and by the passing light of a gas-lamp I caught a glimpse of her beaming, innocent face. "I shall not be apt to forget that I am indebted to your kindness for all the pleasure I shall have to-night, and if you wish to dance with me, of course it is very kind of you."

"Well, that is not much better," I murmured, ruefully, feeling very guilty at heart. "On that ground I should be still more reluctant to assert my claim on you."

"Oh, what a bungler I am!" she exclaimed, with half-amused regret. "The truth is, I am so glad, and when I am very happy I always make blundering speeches."

As we entered the magnificently lighted and decorated hall, I noticed, to my dismay, that the company was a little more mixed than I had anticipated. I had, therefore, no scruples in putting down my name for four waltzes and a quadrille. I observed, too, that my fair partner attracted much attention, partly, perhaps, on account of her beauty, and partly on account of her superb toilet. Her dress was of satin of a cool, lucid, sea-green tint, such as one sees in the fjords of Norway on a bright summer's day; the illusion was so perfect that in dancing with her I expected every moment to see sea-weeds and pale-green things sprouting up along its border, and the

white bunches of lilies-of-the-valley in her hair, as they wafted their faint fragrance toward me, seemed almost an anomaly. She danced, not with vehement abandon, but with an airy, rhythmical grace, as if the music had entered into her soul and her limbs were but obeying their innate tuneful impulse. When we had finished the first waltz, I left her in the company of one of her Milwaukee friends and started out in quest of some acceptable male partner whose touch of her I should not feel to be a positive desecration. I had reached about the middle of the hall when an affectionate slap on my shoulder caused me to turn around.

"Dannevig!" I exclaimed, with frigid amazement. "By Jove! Where do you come from? You are as unexpected as a thunderclap from a cloudless sky."

"Which was a sign that Jupiter was wroth," replied Dannevig, promptly, "and required new sacrifices. Now the sacrifice I demand of you is that you shall introduce me to that charming little girl you have had the undeserved luck of securing."

"You choose your metaphors well," I remarked, calmly. "But, as you know, even the Romans with all their reputed hardness of heart, were too conscientious to tolerate human sacrifices. And I, being, in the present instance, the *pontifex*, would never be a party to such an atrocity."

The transformation which Dannevig's face underwent was almost terrible. A look of perfectly animal savageness distorted for a brief moment his handsome features; his eyes flashed, and his brow was one mass of wrinkles.

"Do you mean to say that you refuse to introduce me?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"That is exactly what I mean to say," I answered, with well-feigned coolness.

"And do you really suppose," he continued, while his brow slowly relaxed, "that you can prevent me from making that girl's acquaintance if I made up my mind to thwart you?"

"I don't suppose anything of the kind," was my reply. "But you know me well enough to be aware that you can not browbeat me. She shall, at all events, not owe your acquaintance to me."

Dannevig stood for a while, pondering; then, with one of those sudden transitions of feeling which were so characteristic of him, he continued in a tone of good fellowship:

"Come, now; this is ridiculous! You have been dining on S——'s leathery beefsteak, which I have so frequently warned you against, and, what is worse, you have had mince pie for dessert. Your digestion is seriously deranged. For old friends like you and me to quarrel over a little chit of a girl, is as absurd as committing suicide because you have scratched your hand with a pin. If your heart is really engaged in this affair, then I won't interfere with you. I wish you luck, although judging by what I have seen, I should say you might have made a better choice. *Au revoir.*"

He skipped lightly down the floor, and was lost in the crowd. Having selected some journalistic friends as partners for Fräulein Hildegard, and listened with great patience to their rhapsodies over her beauty and loveliness, I stationed myself at the upper end of the hall, and in philosophic discontent watched the dancers. Dannevig's parting words had filled me with vague alarm; I knew that they were insincere, and I suspected that he was even now at work to accomplish some disastrous intention. At this moment a couple came whirling straight toward me; a pale-green satin train swept over my feet, and the cross of the order of Dannebrog sent a swift flash into my very eyes. A fierce exclamation escaped me; my blood was in tumult. I began to feel dangerous. As the usual accelerated rush of violins and drums announced that the dance was near its end, I did not dare to seek my fair partner, and I had no pleasure to feign when I saw her advancing, with a light and eager step, to where I was standing. She was evidently too pre-occupied to notice the change I had undergone since our last parting.

"Now," she said, with as near an approach to archness as a woman of her type is capable of, "you must not think me odd if I do something that may seem to you a little bit unconventional. It is only your own kindness to me which encourages me to ask you a favor, which I shouldn't wonder if you would rather grant than not. The fact is, there is a gentleman who wishes very much to dance with me, and my card is already full. Now, would you mind giving up one of yours? I know, in the first place, that it was from a sense of duty that—that—that you took so many," she finished desperately, as I refused to come to her aid.

"We will not discuss my motives, Fräulein," I said, with as much friendliness as I had at my command. "But, before grant-

ing your not unreasonable request, you must be good enough to tell me who the gentleman is who is to profit by my sacrifice."

"His name is Mr. Dannevig. He is a knight of Dannebrog, and moreover, as he tells me, an intimate friend of yours."

"Tell him, then, Fräulein, that he might have presumed sufficiently upon our friendship to prefer his request in person, instead of sending you as his messenger."

The color sprang to her cheeks; she swept abruptly around, and with an air of outraged majesty, marched defiantly down the hall.

The night wore on. The hour for supper came, and politeness forced me to go and find Miss Pfeifer. Then we sat down in a corner, and ate and chatted in a heedless, dispirited fashion, dwelling with feigned interest on trifling themes, and as by a tacit agreement avoiding each other's glances. Then some gentleman came to claim her, and I was almost glad that she was gone. And yet, in the very next moment a passionate regret came over me, as for a personal loss, and I would fain have called her back and told her, with friendly directness, my reasons for interfering so rudely with her pleasure.

I do not know how long I sat thus idly nursing my discontent, and now and then, as my anger blazed up, muttering some fierce execration against Dannevig. What was this girl to me, after all? I was certainly not in love with her. And if she chose to ruin herself, what business had I to prevent her? But then, she was a woman, and a sweet and pure and true-hearted woman; it was, at all events, my duty to open her eyes, and I vowed that, even though she should hate me for it, I would tell her the truth. I looked at my watch; it was a few minutes past two. With a sting of self-reproach, I remembered my promise to Mr. Pfeifer, and resolved not to shirk the responsibility I had voluntarily assumed. I hastened up the hall, then down again, surveyed the dancers, sent a girl into the dressing-room with a message; but Fräulein Hildegard was nowhere to be seen. A horrible thought flashed through me. I seized my hat, and rushed down into the restaurant. There, in an inner apartment, divided from the public room by drooping curtains, I found her, laughing and chatting gayly with Dannevig over a glass of Rhine wine and a dish of ice-cream.

"Fräulein," I said, approaching her with grave politeness, "I am sorry to be obliged to interrupt this agreeable *tête-à-tête*. But

the carriage has arrived, and I must claim the pleasure of your company."

"Now, really," she exclaimed, with impulsive regret, while her eyes still hung with a fascinated gaze on Dannevig's face, "is it, then, so necessary that we should go just now? Do you really insist upon it? Mr. Dannevig was just telling me some charming adventures of his life in Denmark."

"I am happy to say," I answered, "that I am so well familiar with Mr. Dannevig's adventures as to be quite competent to supplement his fragmentary statements. I shall be very happy to continue the entertainment——"

"*Sacré-~~je~~ nom de Dieu!*" Dannevig burst forth, leaping up from his seat. "This is more than I can bear!" and he pulled a card from his portmonnaie and flung it down on the table before me. "May I request the honor of a meeting?" he continued, in a calmer voice. "It is high time that we two should settle our difficulties in the only way in which they are capable of adjustment."

"Mr. Dannevig," I replied, with a cool irony which I was far from feeling. "The first rule of the code of honor, to which you appeal, is, as you are aware, that the combatants must be equals in birth and station. Now, you boast of being a knight of Dannebrog, while I have no such claim to distinction. You see therefore that your proposition is absurd."

Miss Hildegard had in the meanwhile risen to take my proffered arm, and with a profound bow to the indignant hero we moved out of the room. During our homeward ride hardly a word was spoken; the wheels rattled away over the cobble-stones, and the coachman snapped his whip, while we sat in opposite corners of the carriage, each pursuing his or her own lugubrious train of thought. But as we had mounted together the steps to Mr. Pfeifer's mansion, and I was applying her latch-key to the lock, she suddenly held out her hand to me, and I grasped it eagerly and held it close in mine.

"Really," she said in a tone of conciliation, "I like you too well to wish to quarrel with you. Wont you please tell me candidly why you objected to my dancing with Mr. Dannevig?"

"With all my heart," I responded warmly; "if you will give me the opportunity. In the meanwhile you will have to accept my reasons on trust, and believe that they were very weighty. You may

feel assured that I should not have run the risk of offending you, if I had not felt convinced that Dannevig is a man whose acquaintance no young lady can claim with impunity. I have known him for many years and I do not speak rashly."

"I am afraid you are a very severe judge," she murmured sadly. "Good-night."

VII.

DURING the next months many rumors of Dannevig's excesses reached me from various sources. He had obtained a position as interpreter of one of the Immigration Companies, and made semi-monthly excursions to Quebec, taking charge of the immigrants, and conducting them to Chicago. The opportunity for revealing his past history to Miss Pfeifer somehow never presented itself, although I continued to call frequently, and spent many delightful evenings with her and her uncle. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that the occasion for such a revelation no longer existed, and I had no desire needlessly to persecute a man whose iniquities could, at all events, harm no one but himself. And still, knowing from experience his talent for occult diplomacy, I took the precaution (without even remotely implicating Miss Hildegard) to put Mr. Pfeifer on his guard. One evening as we were sitting alone in his library enjoying a confidential smoke, I related to him, merely as part of the secret history of our paper, some of Dannevig's questionable exploits while in our employ. Pfeifer was hugely entertained, and swore that Dannevig was the most interesting rascal he had ever heard of.

A few days later I was surprised by a call from Dannevig, who seemed again to be in the full bloom of prosperity. And yet, that inexpressible flavor of aristocracy and that absolute fineness of type which at our first meeting had so fascinated me, had undergone some subtle change which was almost too fleeting for words to express. To put it bluntly, he had not borne transplantation well. Like the finest European grapes, he had thriven in our soil, but turned out a coarser product than nature intended. He talked with oppressive brilliancy about everything under the sun, patronized me (as indeed he had always done), and behaved with a certain effusive, amiability, the impudence of which was simply masterly.

"By the way," he cried, with fine unconcern, "speaking of beer, how is your friend,

Miss Pfeifer? Her old man, I believe, owns a good deal of stock in this paper, quite a controlling interest, I am told."

"It will not pay to make love to her on that ground, Dannevig," I answered, gravely, knowing well enough that he had come on a diplomatic errand. "Mr. Pfeifer is, in the first place, not her father, and secondly, he has at least a dozen other heirs."

"Make love to Miss Pfeifer!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh. "Why, I should just as soon think of making love to General Grant! Taking her all in all, bodily and mentally, there is a certain Teutonic heaviness and tenacity about her—a certain professorial ponderosity of thought which would give me a nightmare. She is the innocent result of twenty generations of beer-drinking."

"Suppose we change the subject, Dannevig," I interrupted, rather impatiently.

"Well, if you are not the oddest piece I ever did come across!" he replied, laughingly. "You don't suppose she is a saint, do you?"

"Yes, I do!" I thundered, "and you would greatly oblige by never mentioning her name again in my presence, or I might be tempted to do what I might regret."

"Heavens!" he cried, laying hold of the door-knob. "I didn't know you were in your dangerous mood to-day. You might at least have given a fellow warning. Suppose, henceforth, when you have your bad days, you post a placard on the door, with the inscription: 'Dangerous—must not be crossed.' Then I might know when not to call. Good-morning."

On the lake shore, a short distance north of Lincoln Park, Mr. Pfeifer had a charming little villa, where he spent the summer months in idyllic drowsiness, exhibiting a spasmodic interest in the culture of European grapes. Here I found myself one Saturday evening in the middle of June, having accepted the owner's invitation to stay over Sunday with him. I rang the door-bell and inquired for Mr. Pfeifer. He had unexpectedly been called in to town, the servant informed me, but would return presently; the young lady I would probably find in the garden. As I was not averse to a *lêve-à-lêve* with Miss Hildegard just then, I threaded my way carefully among the flower-beds, whose gorgeous medley of colors gleamed indistinctly through the twilight. A long bar of deep

crimson traced itself along the western horizon, and here and there a star was struggling out from the faint, blue, nocturnal dimness. Green and red and yellow lights dotted the surface of the lake, and the waves beat, with a slow, gurgling rhythm against the strand beneath the garden fence; now and then the irrational shrieks of some shrill-voiced little steamer broke in upon the stillness like an inappropriately lively remark upon a solemn conversation. I had half forgotten my purpose and was walking aimlessly on, when suddenly I was startled by the sound of human voices, issuing apparently from a dense arbor of grape-vines at the lower end of the walk.

"Why will you not believe me, darling?" some one was saying. A great rush of emotion—fear, anguish, hatred, shook my very soul. "Your skepticism would make Tyndall tear his hair. Angels have no business to be so skeptical. You are always doubting me, always darkening my life by your irrational fears."

"But, Victor," answered another voice, which was none other than Hildegard's, "he is certainly a very good man, and would not tell me anything he believed to be untrue. Why, then, did he warn me so solemnly against you? Even though I love you, I cannot help feeling that there is something in your past which you hide from me."

"If you will listen to that white-livered hypocrite, it is useless for me to try to convince you. But, if you must know it,—though, mind you, I tell you this only because you compel me,—I once interfered, because my conscience forced me to do so, in a very disgraceful love-affair of his in Denmark. He has hated me ever since, and is now taking his vengeance. I will give you the details some other time. Now, are you satisfied?"

"No, Victor, no. I am not. It is not because I have been listening to others, that I torment you with these ungrateful questions. Sometimes a terrible dread comes over me, and though my heart rebels against it, I can not conquer it. I feel as if some dark memory, some person, either living or dead, were standing between us, and would ever keep you away from me. It is terrible, Victor, but I feel it even now."

"And then all my love, my first and only abiding passion, my life, which I would gladly lay down at your feet—all goes for naught, merely because a foolish

dream has taken possession of you. Ah, you are ill, my darling, you are nervous."

"No, no, do not kiss me. Not to-night, Victor, not to-night."

The horrible discovery had completely stunned me. I stood as if spell-bound, and could neither stir nor utter a sound. But a sudden rustling of the leaves within broke through the torpor of my senses, and, with three great strides, I stood at the entrance to the arbor. Dannevig, instantly recognizing me, slipped dexterously out, and in the next moment I heard him leaping over the fence, and running away over the crisp sand. Miss Hildegard stood still and defiant before me in the twilight, and the audible staccato of her breath revealed to my ears the agitation which the deepening shadows hid from my eyes. An overwhelming sense of compassion came over me, as for one who had sustained a mortal hurt that was beyond the power of healing. Alas, that simplicity and uprightness of soul, and the boasted womanly intuitions, should be such poor safeguards against the wiles of the serpent! And yet, I knew that to argue with her at this moment would be worse than vain.

"Fräulein," I said, walking close up to her, and laying my hand lightly on her arm, "with all my heart I deplore this."

"Pray do not inconvenience yourself with any such superfluous emotion," she answered, in a tone, the forced hauteur of which was truly pathetic. "I wish to hear no accusations of Mr. Dannevig from your mouth. What he does not choose to tell me himself, I will hear from no one else."

"I have not volunteered any revelations, Fräulein," I observed. "Moreover, I see you are posing for your own personal gratification. You wish to convince yourself of your constancy by provoking an attack from me. When love has reached that stage, Miss Hildegard, then the patient is no longer absolutely incurable. Now, to convince you that I am right, will you have the kindness to look me straight in the eyes and tell me that there is no shadow of doubt in your heart as to Mr. Dannevig's truthfulness; that, in other words, you believe that on one occasion he assumed the attitude of indignant virtue toward me, and in holy horror rebuked my profligacy. Dare you meet my eye, and tell me that?"

"Yes," she exclaimed, boldly stepping out into the moonlight, and meeting my eye with a steady gaze; but slowly and gradually the tears *would* gather, her under-

lip *would* quiver, and with a sudden movement she turned around, and burst out weeping.

"Oh, no! I cannot! I cannot!" she sobbed, sinking down upon the green sod.

I stood long gazing mournfully at her, while the sobs shook her frame; there was a child-like, hearty abandon in her grief, which eased my mind, for it told me that infatuation was not so hopeless, nor her hurt so great as I had feared.

The next evening when dinner was at an end, Mr. Pfeifer proposed a walk in the park. Hildegard pleaded a headache, and wished to be excused.

"Nonsense, child," said Pfeifer, with his usual good-humored peremptoriness. "If you have a headache, so much the more ought you to go. Put on your things now, and don't keep us waiting any longer than you can help."

Hildegard submitted with demure listlessness, and soon re-appeared in her walking costume.

The daylight had faded, and the evening was in its softest, most etherial mood. The moon was drifting lazily among the light summer clouds, gazing down upon the many-voiced tumult of the crowded city, with that calm philosophic abstraction which always characterizes the moon, as if she, up there in her airy heights, were so infinitely exalted above all the distracting problems and doubts that harass our poor human existence. We had entered the park, which was now filled with gayly dressed pleasure-seekers; somewhere under the green roof of the trees an orchestra was discoursing strains of German music to a delighted Teutonic audience.

"*Donnerwetter!*" said Pfeifer, enthusiastically; "that is the symphony in *E flat*; pretty well rendered too. Only hear that"—and he began to whistle the air softly, with lively gesticulations. "Come, let us go nearer and listen."

"No, let us stay here, uncle," remonstrated Hildegard. "I don't think it is quite nice to go so near. They are drinking beer there, and there are so many horrible people."

"Nonsense, child! Where did you get all those silly whims from? Where it is respectable for your uncle to go, I am sure it won't hurt you to follow."

We made our way through the throng, and stationed ourselves under a tree, from which we had a full survey of the merry company, seated at small tables, with huge

foam-crowned mugs of beer before them. Suddenly a voice, somewhat louder than the rest, disentangled itself from the vague, inarticulate buzz, which filled the air about us. Swift as a flash my eyes darted in the direction from which the voice came. There, within a few dozen steps from us, sat Dannevig between two gaudily attired women; another man was seated at the opposite side of the table, and between them stood a couple of bottles and several half-filled glasses. The sight was by no means new to me, and still, in that moment, it filled me with strange, unspeakable disgust. The knight of Dannebrog was as charmingly free-and-easy, as if he were nestled securely in the privacy of his own fireside; his fine plumes were deplorably ruffled, his hat thrust back, and his hair hanging in tangled locks down over his forehead; his eyes were heavy, and a smile of maudlin happiness played about his mouth.

"Now, don't make yourself precious, my dear," he was saying, laying his arm affectionately around the waist of the woman on his right. "I like German kisses. I speak from experience. Angels have no business to be —"

"*Himmel*, what is the matter with the child," cried Pfeifer, in a voice of alarm. "Why, my dear, you tremble all over. I ought not to have made you go out with that headache. Wait here while I run for some water."

Before I could offer my services, he was gone, leaving me alone with Hildegard.

"Let us go," she whispered, with a long, shuddering sigh, turning a white face, full of fright, disgust, and pitiful appeal toward me.

"Shall we not wait for your uncle?" I asked.

"Oh, I cannot. Let us go," she repeated, seizing my arm, and clinging convulsively to me.

We walked slowly away, and were soon overtaken by Mr. Pfeifer.

"How do you feel now, child?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, I feel—I feel—unclean," she whispered and shuddered again.

VIII.

Two years passed, during which I completely lost sight of Dannevig. I learned that he had been dismissed from the service of the Immigration Company; that he played second violin for a few

months at one of the lowest city theaters, and finally made a bold stroke for fame by obtaining the Democratic nomination for County Clerk. I was faithless enough, however, to call attention to the fact that he had never been naturalized, whereupon, a new caucus was called, and another candidate was put into the field.

The Pfeifers I continued to see frequently, and, at last, at Hildegard's own suggestion, told her the story I had so long withheld from her. She showed very little emotion, but sat pale and still with her hands folded in her lap, gazing gravely at me. When I had finished, she arose, walked the length of the room, then returned, and stopped in front of me.

"Human life seems at times a very flimsy affair, doesn't it?" she said, appealing to me again with her direct gaze.

"Yes, if one takes a cynical view of it," I answered.

She stood for a while pondering.

"Did I ever know that man?" she asked, looking up abruptly.

"You know best."

"Then it must have been very, very long ago."

A slight shiver ran through her frame. She shook my hand silently, and left the room.

One evening in the summer of 1870, just as the news from the Franco-Prussian war was arousing the enthusiasm of our Teutonic fellow-citizens, I was sauntering leisurely homeward, pondering with much satisfaction on the course history was taking. About half a mile from the Clark street bridge I found my progress checked by a crowd of men who had gathered on the sidewalk outside of a German saloon, and were evidently discussing some exciting topic. My journalistic instincts prompted me to stop and listen to the discussion.

"Poor fellow, I guess he is done for," some one was saying. "But, they were both drunk; you couldn't expect anything else."

"Is any one hurt?" I asked, addressing my next neighbor in the crowd.

"Yes. It was a poor fool of a Dane. He got into a row with somebody about the war. Said he would undertake to whip ten Deutschers single-handed; that he had done so many a time in the Schleswig-Holstein war. Then there was some fighting, and he was shot."

I spoke a few words to the policeman at the door, and was admitted. The saloon

was empty, but in the billiard-room at its rear I saw a doctor in his shirt-sleeves, bending over a man who lay outstretched on a billiard-table. A bar-tender was standing by with a basin of water and a bloody towel.

"Do you know his name?" I inquired of the police officer.

"They used to call him Danish Bill," he answered. "Have known him for a good while. Believe his real name was Danborg, or Dan—something."

"Not Dannevig?" I cried.

"Dannevig? Yes, I guess you have got it."

I hastily approached the table. There lay Dannevig—but I would rather not describe him. It was hard to believe it, but this heavy-lidded, coarse-skinned, red-veined countenance bore a cruel, caricatured resemblance to the clean-cut, exquisitely modeled face of the man I had once called my friend. A death-like stupor rested upon his features; his eyes were closed, but his mouth half open.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the physician, in a burst of professional enthusiasm, "what a splendid animal he must have been! Hardly saw a better made man in all my life."

"But he is not dead!" I protested, somewhat anxiously.

"No; but he has no chance, that I can see. May last over to-morrow, but hardly longer. Does any one know where he lodges?"

No one answered.

"But, *Himmel!* he cannot stay here!"

The voice was the bar-tender's, but it seemed to be addressed to no one in particular.

"I have known him for years," I said.

"Take him to my rooms; they are only a dozen blocks away."

A carriage was sent for, and away we drove, the doctor and I, slowly, cautiously, holding the still unconscious man between us. We laid him on my bed, and the doctor departed, promising to return before morning.

A little after midnight Dannevig became restless, and as I went to his side, opened his eyes, with a look of full, startled consciousness.

"I'm about played out, old fellow, aint I?" he groaned.

I motioned to him to be silent.

"No," he went on, in a strained whisper, "it is no use now. I know well enough how I stand. You needn't try to fool me."

He lay for a while motionless, while his

eyes wandered restlessly about the room. He made an effort to speak, but his words were inaudible. I stooped over him, laying my ear to his mouth.

"Can—can you lend me five dollars?"

I nodded.

"You will find—a pawnbroker's check—in my vest pocket," he continued. "The address is—is—on it. Redeem it. It is a ring. Send it—to—to the Countess von Brehm—with—with—my compliments," he finished with a groan.

We spent several hours in silence. About three o'clock the doctor paid a brief visit; and I read in his face that the end was near. The first sunbeams stole through the closed shutters and scattered little quivering fragments of light upon the carpet. A deep stillness reigned about us. As I sat watch-

ing the defaced ruin of what had been, to me at least, one of the noblest forms which a human spirit ever inhabited, the past moved in a vivid retrospect before my eye, and many strange reflections thronged upon me. Presently Dannevig called me and I stood again bowing over him.

"When you—bury me," he said in a broken whisper. "Carry my—cross of—Dannebrog—on a cushion after me." And again after a moment's pause: "I have—made a—nice mess of it, haven't I? I—I—think it would—have—have been better for—me, if—I had been—somebody else."

Within an hour he was dead. Myself and two policemen followed him to the grave; and the cross of Dannebrog, with a much soiled red ribbon, was carried on a velvet cushion after his coffin.

NOTES OF A WALKER.

I.

A NEW NOTE IN THE WOODS.

THERE is always a new page to be turned in natural history if one is sufficiently on the alert. I did not know that the eagle celebrated his nuptials in the air till one early spring day I saw a pair of them fall from the sky with talons hooked together. They dropped a hundred feet or more, in a wild embrace, their great wings fanning the air, then separated and mounted aloft, tracing their great circles against the clouds. "Watch and wait" is the naturalist's sign. For years I have been trying to ascertain for a certainty the author of that fine plaintive piping, to be heard more or less frequently, according to the weather, in our summer and autumn woods. It is a note that much resembles that of our small marsh frogs in spring—the *hylodes*; it is not quite so clear and assured, but otherwise much the same. Of a very warm October day I have heard the wood vocal with it; it seemed to proceed from every stump and tree about one. Ordinarily, it is heard only at intervals throughout the woods. Approach never so cautiously the spot from which the sound proceeds, and it instantly ceases, and you may watch for an hour without again hearing it. Is it a frog, I said, the small tree-frog, the piper of the marshes repeating his

spring note but little changed amid the trees? Doubtless it is, yet I must see him in the very act. So I watched and waited, but to no purpose, till one day, while bee-hunting in the woods, I heard the sound proceed from beneath the leaves at my feet. Keeping entirely quiet, the little musician presently emerged, and lifting himself up on a small stick, his throat palpitated and the plaintive note again came forth. "The queerest frog ever I saw," said a youth who accompanied me, and whom I had enlisted to help solve the mystery. No; it was no frog or toad at all, but the small, red salamander, commonly called lizzard. The color is not strictly red, but a dull orange, variegated with minute specks or spots. This was the mysterious piper, then, heard from May till November through all our woods, sometimes on trees, but usually on or near the ground. It makes more music in the woods in autumn than any bird. It is a pretty, inoffensive creature, walks as awkwardly as a baby, and may often be found beneath stones and old logs in the woods, where, buried in the mold, it passes the winter. (I suspect there is a species of little frog—*Pickering's hylodes*—that also pipes occasionally in the woods.) I have discovered also that we have a musical spider. One sunny April day, while seated on the borders of the woods my attention was attracted by a soft uncertain purring sound that proceeded from

the dry leaves at my feet. On investigating the matter, I found that it was made by a busy little spider. Several of them were traveling about over the leaves as if in quest of some lost cue or secret. Every moment or two they would pause, and by some invisible means make the low purring sound referred to. Mr. J. C. Allen says the common turtle or land tortoise also has a note,—a loud, shrill, piping sound. It may yet be discovered that there is no silent creature in nature.

II.

THE SAND HORNET.

I TURNED another (to me) new page in natural history, when, during the past season, I made the acquaintance of the sand wasp or hornet. From boyhood I had known the black hornet, with his large paper nest, and the spiteful yellow-jacket, with his lesser domicile, and had cherished proper contempt for the various indolent wasps. But the sand hornet was a new bird, in fact, the harpy eagle among insects, and he made an impression. While walking along the road about mid-summer, I noticed working in the tow-path, where the ground was rather inclined to be dry and sandy, a large yellow hornet-like insect. It made a hole the size of one's little finger in the hard, gravelly path beside the road-bed. When disturbed, it alighted on the dirt and sand in the middle of the road. I had noticed in my walks some small bullet-like holes in the field that had piqued my curiosity, and I determined to keep an eye on these insects of the road-side. I explored their holes, and found them quite shallow, and no mystery at the bottom of them. One morning in the latter part of July, walking that way, I was quickly attracted by the sight of a row of little mounds of fine freshly dug earth resting upon the grass beside the road, a foot or more beneath the path. "What is this?" I said. "Mice, or squirrels, or snakes," said my neighbor. But I connected it at once with the strange insect I had seen. Neither mice nor squirrels work like that, and snakes do not dig. Above each mound of earth was a hole the size of one's largest finger, leading into the bank. While speculating about the phenomenon, I saw one of the large yellow hornets I had observed, quickly enter one of the holes. That settled the query. While spade and hoe were being brought to dig him out, another hornet

appeared, heavy-laden with some prey, and flew humming up and down and around the place where I was standing. I withdrew a little, when he quickly alighted upon one of the mounds of earth, and I saw him carrying into his den no less an insect than the cicada or harvest fly. Then another came, and after coursing up and down a few times, disturbed by my presence, alighted upon a tree, with his quarry, to rest. The black hornet will capture a fly, or a small butterfly and after breaking and dismembering it, will take it to his nest; but here was this hornet carrying an insect much larger than himself, and flying with ease and swiftness. It was as if a hawk should carry a hen, or an eagle a turkey. I at once proceeded to dig for one of the hornets, and after following his hole about three feet under the foot-path and to the edge of the road-bed, succeeded in capturing him, and recovering the cicada. The hornet weighed fifteen grains, and the cicada nineteen, but in bulk the cicada exceeded the hornet by more than half. In color the wings and thorax, or waist, of the hornet, were a rich bronze; the abdomen was black, with three irregular yellow bands; the legs were large and powerful, especially the third, or hindmost pair, which were much larger than the others, and armed with many spurs and hooks. In digging its hole the hornet has been seen at work very early in the morning. It backed out with the loosened material like any other animal under the same circumstances, holding and scraping back the dirt with its legs. The preliminary prospecting upon the foot-path, which I had observed, seems to have been the work of the males, as it was certainly of the smaller hornets, and the object was doubtless to examine the ground, and ascertain if the place was suitable for nesting. By digging two or three inches through the hard, gravelly surface of the road, a fine sandy loam was discovered, which seemed to suit exactly, for in a few days the main shafts were all started in the greensward, evidently upon the strength of the favorable report which the surveyors had made. These were dug by the larger hornets or females. But one bee inhabited each hole, and the holes were two to three feet apart. One that we examined had nine chambers or galleries at the end of it, in each of which were two locusts, or eighteen in all. The locusts of the locality had suffered great slaughter. Some of them in the hole or den had been eaten to a mere shell by the larvæ of the bee. Under the wing of

each insect an egg is attached; the egg soon hatches, and the grub at once proceeds to devour the food its thoughtful parent has provided. As it grows it weaves itself a sort of shell or cocoon, into which, after a time, it undergoes its metamorphosis, and comes out, I think, a perfect bee toward the end of summer.

I understood now the meaning of that sudden cry of alarm I had so often heard proceed from the locust or cicada, followed by some object falling and rustling amid the leaves; the poor insect was doubtless in the clutches of this arch enemy. A number of locusts usually passed the night on the under side of a large limb of a mulberry tree near by; early one morning a hornet was seen to pounce suddenly upon one and drag it over on the top of the limb; a struggle ensued, but the locust was soon quieted and carried off. It is said that the hornet does not sting the insect,—for that would kill it, and it would not keep fresh for its young,—but stupefies it, or chloroforms it, or does something of the sort, so that life remains for some days.

My friend Van, who watched the hornets in my absence, saw a fierce battle one day over the right of possession of one of the dens. An angry, humming sound was heard to proceed from one of the holes; gradually it approached the surface, until the hornets emerged locked in each other's embrace, and rolled down the little embankment, where the combat was continued. Finally, one released his hold and took up his position in the mouth of his den (of course I should say *she* and *her*, as these were the queen bees), where she seemed to challenge her antagonist to come on. The other bee maneuvered about a while, but could not draw her enemy out of her stronghold; then she clambered up the bank and began to bite and tear off bits of grass and to loosen gravel-stones and earth, and roll them down into the mouth of the disputed passage. This caused the besieged hornet to withdraw farther into her hole, when the other came down and thrust in her head, but hesitated to enter. After more maneuvering, the aggressor withdrew, and began to bore a hole about a foot from the one she had tried to possess herself of by force.

Besides the cicada, the sand hornet captures grasshoppers and other large insects. I have never met with it before the present summer (1879), but this year I have heard of its appearance at several points along the Hudson.

III.

THE SOLITARY BEE.

If you "leave no stone unturned" in your walks through the fields, you may perchance discover the abode of another of our solitary bees. Indeed, I have often thought what a chapter of natural history might be written on "Life under a Stone," so many of our smaller creatures take refuge there,—ants, crickets, spiders, wasps, bumble-bees, the solitary bee, mice, toads, snakes, newts, etc. What do these things do in a country where there are no stones? A stone makes a good roof, a good shield; it is water-proof and fire-proof, and, until the season becomes too rigorous, frost-proof, too. The field-mouse wants no better place to nest than beneath a large, flat stone, and the bumble-bee is entirely satisfied if she can get possession of his old or abandoned quarters. I have even heard of a swarm of hive bees going under a stone that was elevated a little from the ground. After that, I did not marvel at Samson's bees going into the carcass or skeleton of the lion.

In the woods one day (it was in November), I turned over a stone that had a very strange-looking creature under it,—a species of salamander I had never before seen, the *S. Fasciata*. It was five or six inches long, and was black and white in alternate bands. It looked like a creature of the night,—darkness dappled with moonlight,—and so it proved. I wrapped it up in some leaves and took it home in my pocket. By day it would barely move, and could not be stimulated or frightened into any degree of life; but at night it was alert and active. Of its habits I know little, but it is a pretty and harmless creature. Under another stone was still another species, the *S. Subviolacea*, larger, of a dark plum-color, with two rows of bright yellow spots down its back. It evinced more activity than its fellow of the moon-bespattered garb. I have also found the little musical red newt under stones, and several small, dark species.

But to return to the solitary bee. When you go a-hunting of the honey-bee, and are in quest of a specimen among the asters or golden-rod in some remote field to start a line with, you shall see how much this little native bee resembles her cousin of the social hive. There appear to be several varieties, but the one I have in mind is just the size of the honey-bee, and of the same general form and color, and its manner among the

flowers is nearly the same. On close inspection, its color proves to be lighter, while the under side of its abdomen is of a rich bronze. The body is also flatter and less tapering, and the curve inclines upward, rather than downward. You perceive it would be the easiest thing in the world for the bee to sting an enemy perched upon its back. One variety, with a bright buff abdomen, is called "sweat-bee" by the laborers in the field, because it alights upon their hands and bare arms when they are sweaty,—doubtless in quest of salt. It builds its nest in little cavities in rails and posts. But the one with the bronze—or copper—bottom builds under a stone. I discovered its nest one day in this wise: I was lying upon the ground in a field, watching a line of honey-bees to the woods, when my attention was arrested by one of these native bees flying about me in a curious, inquiring way. When it returned the third time, I said, "That bee wants something of me," which proved to be the case, for I was lying upon the entrance to its nest. On my getting up, it alighted and crawled quickly home. I turned over the stone, which was less than a foot across, when the nest was partially exposed. It consisted of four cells, built in succession in a little tunnel that had been excavated in the ground. The cells, which were about three-quarters of an inch long and half as far through, were made of sections cut from the leaf of the maple—cut with the mandibles of the bee, which work precisely like shears. I have seen the bee at work cutting out these pieces. She moves through the leaf like the hand of the tailor through a piece of cloth. When the pattern is detached she rolls it up, and embracing it with her legs, flies home with it, often appearing to have a bundle disproportionately large. Each cell is made up of a dozen or more pieces; the larger ones, those that form its walls, like the walls of a paper bag, are oblong, and are turned down at one end, so as to form the bottom: not one thickness of leaf merely, but three or four thicknesses, each fragment of leaf lapping over another. When the cell is completed it is filled about two-thirds full of bee-bread—the color of that in the comb in the hive, but not so dry, and having a sourish smell. Upon this the egg is laid, and upon this the young feed when hatched. Is the paper bag now tied up? No, it is headed up; circular bits of leaves are nicely fitted into it to the number of six or seven. They are cut without pattern or compass, and yet they are all alike, and all

exactly fit. Indeed, the construction of this cell or receptacle shows great ingenuity and skill. The bee was, of course, unable to manage a single section of a leaf large enough, when rolled up to form it, and so was obliged to construct it of smaller pieces, such as she could carry, lapping them one over another.

A few days later I saw a smaller species carrying fragments of a yellow autumn leaf under a stone in a corn-field. On examining the place about sundown to see if the bee lodged there, I found her snugly ensconced in a little rude cell that adhered to the under side of the stone. There was no pollen in it, and I half suspected it was merely a berth in which to pass the night.

These bees do not live even in pairs, but absolutely alone. They have large baskets on their legs in which to carry pollen, an article they are very industrious in collecting.

Why the larger species above described should have waited till October to build its nest is a mystery to me. Perhaps the pollen of the fall flowers is indispensable; or may be this was the second brood of the season.

IV.

A WISE ARCHITECT.

I AM more than half persuaded that the muskrat is a wise little animal, and that on the subject of the weather, especially, he possesses some secret that I should be glad to know. In the fall of '78 I noticed that he built unusually high and massive nests. I noticed them in several different localities. In a shallow, sluggish pond by the roadside, which I used to pass daily in my walk, two nests were in process of construction throughout the month of November. The builders worked only at night, and I could see each day that the work had visibly advanced. When there was a slight skim of ice over the pond this was broken up about the nests, with trails through it in different directions where the material had been brought. The houses were placed a little to one side of the main channel and were constructed entirely of a species of coarse wild grass that grew all about. So far as I could see from first to last they were solid masses of grass, as if the interior cavity or nest was to be excavated afterward, as doubtless it was. As they emerged from the pond they gradually assumed the shape of a miniature mountain, very bold and steep

on the south side, and running down a long gentle grade to the surface of the water on the north. One could see that the little architect hauled all his material up this easy slope, and thrust it out boldly around the other side. Every mouthful was distinctly defined. After they were two feet or more above the water, I expected each day to see that the finishing stroke had been given and the work brought to a close. But higher yet, said the builder. December drew near, the cold became threatening, and I was apprehensive that winter would suddenly shut down upon those unfinished nests. But the wise rats knew better than I did; they had received private advices from head-quarters, that I knew not of. Finally, about the 6th of December, the nests assumed completion; the northern incline was absorbed or carried up, and each structure became a strong massive cone, three or four feet high, the largest nest of the kind I had ever seen. Does it mean a severe winter? I inquired. An old farmer said it meant "high water," and he was right once, at least, for in a few days afterward we had the heaviest rain-fall known in this section for half a century. The creeks rose to an almost unprecedented height. The sluggish pond became a seething, turbulent water-course; gradually the angry element crept up the sides of these lake dwellings, till, when the rain ceased, about four o'clock, they showed above the flood no larger than a man's hat. During the night the channel shifted till the main current swept over them, and next day not a vestige of the nests was to be seen; they had gone down-stream, as had many other dwellings of a less temporary character. The rats had built wisely, and would have been perfectly secure against any ordinary high water, but who can foresee a flood? The oldest traditions of their race did not run back to the time of such a visitation.

Nearly a week afterward another dwelling was begun, well away from the treacherous channel, but the architects did not work at it with much heart; the material was very scarce, the ice hindered, and before the basement-story was fairly finished, winter had the pond under his lock and key.

In other localities I noticed that where the nests were placed on the banks of streams, they were made secure against the floods by being built amid a small clump of bushes. The present season the muskrats are building a nest in the same pond, but they began it later and have not planned it

on so large a scale. At the present writing (December 15) it is not yet finished. This fact would seem to indicate a later and milder winter and less high water. The muskrat is not found in the Old World, which is a little singular, as other rats abound there, and as those slow-going English streams especially, with their grassy banks, are well suited to him. The water-rat of Europe is smaller, but of similar nature and habits. The muskrat does not hibernate like some rodents, but is pretty active all winter. In December I noticed in my walk where they had made excursions of a few yards to an orchard for frozen apples. One day, along a little stream, I saw a mink track amid those of the muskrat; following it up, I presently came to blood and other marks of strife upon the snow beside a stone wall. Looking in between the stones, I found the carcass of the luckless rat, with its head and neck eaten away. The mink had made a meal off him.

V.

CHEATING THE SQUIRRELS.

FOR the largest and finest chestnuts I had last fall I was indebted to the gray squirrels. Walking through the early October woods one day, I came upon a place where the ground was thickly strewn with very large unopened chestnut burs. On examination I found that every bur had been cut square off with about an inch of the stem adhering, and not one had been left on the tree. It was not accident, then, but design. Whose design? The squirrels'. The fruit was the finest I had ever seen in the woods, and some wise squirrel had marked it for his own. The burs were ripe, and had just begun to divide, not "threefold" but fourfold "to show the fruit within." The squirrel that had taken all this pains had evidently reasoned with himself thus: "Now, these are extremely fine chestnuts, and I want them; if I wait till the burs open on the tree the crows and jays will be sure to carry off a great many of the nuts before they fall; then, after the wind has rattled out what remain, there are the mice, the chipmunks, the red squirrels, the raccoons, the grouse, to say nothing of the boys and the pigs, to come in for their share; so I will forestall events a little; I will cut off the burs when they have matured, and a few days of this dry October weather will cause every one of them to open on the ground; I shall be

on hand in the nick of time to gather up my nuts." The squirrel, of course, had to take the chances of a prowler like myself coming along, but he had fairly stolen a march on his neighbors. As I proceeded to collect and open the burs, I was half prepared to hear an audible protest from the trees about, for I constantly fancied myself watched by shy but jealous eyes. It is an interesting inquiry how the squirrel knew the burs would open if left to lie on the ground a few days. Perhaps he did not know, but thought the experiment worth trying.

The gray squirrel is peculiarly an American product, and might serve very well as a national emblem. The Old World can beat us on rats and mice, but we are far ahead on squirrels, having five or six species to Europe's one.

VI.

A FORLORN QUEEN.

ONCE, while walking in the woods, I saw quite a large nest in the top of a pine-tree. On climbing up to it, I found that two or three years before it had been a crow's nest. The next season a red squirrel had appropriated it; he had filled up the cavity with the fine inner bark of the red cedar, and made himself a dome-shaped nest, upon the crow's foundation of coarse twigs. It is probable that the flying squirrel, or the white-footed mouse, had been the next tenants, for the finish of the interior suggested their dainty taste. But when I found it, its sole occupant was a bumble-bee—the mother or queen bee, just planting her colony. She buzzed very loud and complainingly, and stuck up her legs in protest against my rude inquisitiveness, but refused to vacate the premises. She had only one sack or cell constructed, in which she had

deposited her first egg, and beside that a large loaf of bread, probably to feed the young brood with, as they should be hatched. It looked like Boston brown bread, but I examined it, and found it to be a mass of dark-brown pollen, quite soft and pasty. In fact, it was unleavened bread, and had not been got at the baker's. A few weeks later, if no accident befell her, she had a good working colony of a dozen or more bees.

This was not an unusual incident. Our bumble-bee, so far as I have observed, invariably appropriates a mouse-nest for the site of its colony, never excavating a place in the ground, nor conveying materials for a nest, to be lined with wax, like the European species. Many other of our wild creatures take up with the leavings of their betters or stronger. Neither the skunk nor the rabbit digs his own hole, but takes up with that of a woodchuck, or else hunts out a natural den among the rocks. In England the rabbit burrows in the ground to such an extent that in places the earth is honey-combed by them, and the walker steps through the surface into their galleries. Our white-footed mouse has been known to take up his abode in a hornet's nest, furnishing the interior to suit his taste. A few of our birds also avail themselves of the work of others, as the tit-mouse, the brown creeper, the blue-bird, and the house wren. But in every case they re-furnish the tenement: the wren carries feathers into the cavity excavated by the woodpeckers, the blue-bird carries in fine straws, and the chickadee lays down a fine wool mat upon the floors. When the high-hole occupies the same cavity another year, he deepens and enlarges it; the phoebe-bird in taking up her old nest puts in a new lining; so does the robin; but cases of re-occupancy of an old nest by the last named birds are rare.

(To be continued.)

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

IN a few months we shall be plunged once more in the excitement of a Presidential canvass, and this time the excitement promises to be unusually great, owing to the prevailing belief that the contest will be very close, and that neither candidate will be willing to acknowledge his defeat. It is, of course, possible that Congress may in the meantime agree on some mode of counting the vote, which will make the

counting a simple process as far as Congress is concerned, or, in other words, make it easy for the majority to dispose of all doubtful or disputed returns in the way most agreeable to itself. But it is not probable that anything will be done which will make the decision of the majority morally satisfactory to the minority. As long as the two great parties are as evenly balanced as they are now, the result is likely

to turn on the vote of one or two states, and this, of course, exposes the returns from all states to greater or less suspicion, and makes the temptation to doctor them in every state very powerful. In most of the states, however, the condition of public opinion, or the arrangement of the canvassing machinery, makes it easy to overcome this suspicion, but there are probably half a dozen, if not more, in which fraud may be reasonably anticipated, if the strength of the candidates in the other states should appear to be nearly equal. Unluckily, too, these states in which fraud may be reasonably anticipated are those in which, owing to the sparseness of population, and defectiveness of railroad or other communication, it is easiest to find excuses for holding back the returns until the result elsewhere has been ascertained, and until the time for judicial or other investigation has gone by. The situation is aggravated by the fact that each party believes the other capable of fraud on any needful scale. The Democrats think the Republicans cheated them out of the Presidency in 1876. The Republicans are equally well satisfied that the Democrats did their best to cheat them out of it. There is not, on either side, the least confidence in the integrity of the chiefs of the other party, any more than in that of its underlings. Each thinks its opponents capable of any trick or intrigue in order to get or keep power. This is, of course, an unfortunate state of things, but it is, of itself, not an uncommon or alarming one. In fact, it is by no means an infrequent state of things under party government everywhere, and it is one which public opinion is pretty sure under ordinary circumstances to correct.

The circumstances, however, under which the coming presidential election is to take place are not ordinary any more than those under which the last took place. The seriousness of the blow given to the Federal machinery of government by the Southern rebellion was not made manifest until the election of 1876, and that blow struck it in its weakest point,—the one election in which the whole Union participates, and the choice of the one officer who represents the whole Union. From the close of the war until 1876, the artificial organization of the Southern States under the reconstruction acts made them perforce Republican. We call their organization artificial, in the sense that it put in power a portion of the population which, rightly or wrongly, did not represent the physical

and intellectual force of the State. Government everywhere and always tends, with a strength which no legislation not backed by a powerful standing army can resist, to pass into the hands of that part of the population, whether it be the minority or majority, which is able to command the preponderance of physical force, and this preponderance of physical force in our day means a preponderance of intellectual force, because it means capacity for discipline, organization, and persistence. Between 1865 and 1876 this tendency at the South was held in a check by a variety of agencies, which we do not need here to enumerate, and the consequence was that in 1868 and 1872 the South gave a powerful vote for Grant, and made the opposition to him seem contemptible. By 1876, this tendency had, however, carried everything before it, and threw the majority of the Southern states into the hands of those whom we may call—without expressing any opinion on the morality of their title—the natural owners.

The election which followed consequently brought forcibly to mind—more forcibly even than the secession of the South—the truth of the old saying, that the greatest danger to the government lay in the manner of choosing its chief officer. We say the election of 1876 brought this to mind more forcibly than the secession of 1861, because it is much easier to deal with a movement for setting up a rival republic than with a dispute about offices. In the one case, the malcontents openly and avowedly commit treason, and expose themselves thereby to its pains and penalties. In the other, each side maintains that it is itself the government, and the minds of the best men may be confused as to “which is king, which pretender.” In the one case, the revolt has to be, from the very nature of its aims, sectional; that is, it must find the materials for its new political organization on a determinate piece of territory. In the other, it finds its adherents in every district all over the country, and they cannot be separated from the general mass of population. In fact, the late war with the South was civil war, it is true, but civil war in its most mitigated form, because the combatants were separated by geographical lines.

The contest of 1876 was made all the more dangerous by the effect of the war in exalting the Presidential office. During the war, the President was the commander-in-chief of an enormous army, and the wielder of that somewhat ill-defined, but very potent

weapon, "the war power." For some years after the war, he acted, through the army, as a sort of Protector of the states lately in rebellion, with vague, though very great authority, which in Louisiana allowed him to organize the legislature by military force. The war, too, by the additions to the revenue which it made necessary, greatly increased the number of subordinate officers dependent on his pleasure for their places, and the rapid growth of population and of the inhabited area of soil, still further increased it. During General Grant's eight years, the idea, which had grown up during Mr. Lincoln's four, that the President was not simply the chief executive officer of the government, but the champion of the Nation against active and insidious enemies seeking its destruction, gained steadily in strength, partly owing to General Grant's own antecedents and partly to the state of things at the South, about which everybody still felt uncertain and uneasy. There probably never was a period since the adoption of the Constitution in which there was greater need of the play of free criticism of the government, either from an honest or intelligent opposition, or from its own friends, than during the eight years of General Grant's administration, when so many new problems had to be solved, so many new situations dealt with, and so many mischievous relics of the war had to be swept away. But it was exempted from all such criticisms in an extraordinary degree. The memories of the war were still very fresh, and there was great reluctance felt in the Republican party to comment ungenerously on the conduct of an officer who had rendered such signal service to the country, or to appear to embarrass him in the work of keeping the "ex-rebels" in order. The opposition was disqualified for the task by its persistent hostility to the war and its ill-concealed sympathy with the secessionists. In fact the new stage in the history of the Republic was entered upon, in circumstances very similar to those which would have attended the foundation of the government, if the Tories of the Revolution, instead of flying from the country, or hiding their heads in shame, had remained and formed a powerful party in Congress and in the states to work against the new order of things, and if the framers of the Constitution instead of trying to satisfy every shade of opinion, and to disarm every order of prejudice both by their work and their explanation of it, had been largely occupied with

confounding the enemies of the Republic and keeping them out of power. Washington elected and kept in office as a menace and defense against British partisans would have been a very different President in spite of himself from the austere statesman who wrote the Farewell Address, and who though he was the object of a good deal of abuse, was a popular hero from one end of the Union to the other, and among all classes and conditions of people.

The problem was still further complicated by the means resorted to to secure the newly emancipated negroes against hostile state legislation. The suffrage was not exactly bestowed on them by Congress, but every state was forbidden to make any electoral discrimination in the distribution of the franchise on the ground of color or previous condition of servitude, and the exaction of any qualification whatever for the suffrage was discountenanced by providing that the state exacting it should suffer a loss of representatives in proportion to the number of voters which such qualification disfranchised. It was supposed that in this way not only would the negroes be enabled to protect themselves against the whites, but they would form a constituency at the South devoted to the United States government and faithful to the party which liberated them. The substantial failure of this plan, the reduction of the negroes all over the South to a condition of political inferiority, and the loss of several States in the election of 1874, giving the Democrats the majority in the following House of Representatives, combined to make the Republicans very nervous and anxious by 1876, and impelled them to cling to the Presidency with increasing tenacity. The more importance they attached to it, however, and the more use they seemed disposed to make of it, the more eagerly the Democrats desired to get hold of it; and the result was that both parties, as all the world now knows, entered on the count of the votes in the fall of that year in a thoroughly unscrupulous spirit. Of the scandals which followed we do not need to speak. Civil war was avoided by a device which, though it put an end to strife, did not satisfy the defeated party, therefore did not establish a useful precedent. The worst of it was that it left both sides in what may be called a revolutionary state of mind.

By a revolutionary state of mind, we mean a state of mind in which the voters or party managers are so eager to get possession of

power that they do not care what their opponents think of the means which they employ for that purpose, as distinguished from the constitutional state of mind, which prevents a party from taking power by any process which its opponents do not consider fair play. This revolutionary state, which has undoubtedly shown itself in both parties since 1876, is something which no thinking man can contemplate without uneasiness, or can fail to see the necessity of extirpating, at almost any cost. As long as it lasts, free government is in constant danger, not of sudden overthrow, but of insidious dry rot. It has already produced, in the Republican party, a certain amount of longing for escape from the dull and uncertain processes of persuasion and education, on which it relied for success in its beginnings, through the short cut of reliance on one man's individual character, or judgment, or even personal boldness. This is what the "strong man cry," as it is called, to-day means. It is a short expression of this sort of idea: "Our opponents are corrupt, unreasonable, wicked, and will destroy the government if they can get hold of it. Arguing with them is useless. We shall very likely have to fight them again, in defense of everything we most value, though, in the meantime, we must go through the form of contending with them at polls. Let us, therefore, propose some candidate in whom we have confidence for this crisis—some man on whose firmness and audacity we can rely, and who, when the other side try to cheat him out of the Presidency, as they probably may, will see that he gets the place, peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must." This is not, of course, Cæsarism, by any means; but it is the mental condition which has always and everywhere preceded Cæsarism. It is the cry of weary, heavy-laden men, who are willing, not to sacrifice liberty exactly, but to get rid of the strife and turmoil which attends the maintenance of liberty through constitutional processes for the sake of a more quiet life; but it is one which in every free state ought to be promptly stifled the minute it is heard.

No enumeration of the causes of the excitement which attended the last Presidential election and is likely to attend the coming one is complete without mention of the great length of time under which a party once in possession of power is, under our constitution, able to retain it. Experience seems to show that it takes from fifteen to twenty years to oust a party in power from

the Senate, the House, and the Presidency. When it is borne in mind that a change of parties means a redistribution of offices on a scale never before witnessed without a revolution, it is not surprising that a party in the United States which has been eighteen years in power, as the Republican party has, and has fought out successfully a great war, should have come to look on itself as substantially the government itself, and should look on attempts to overthrow it very much as Frenchmen look on attempts to change the form of the government. The Democrats, for these very reasons, seek the Presidency with the eagerness of men who seek a revolution, and the Republicans resist it in the spirit of men who dread a revolution. The Democrats seek the enjoyments of an amount of patronage, and the handling of an amount of money, which in other constitutional countries nothing but a revolution could give, and the Republicans hold on to an amount of patronage and the handling of an amount of money which in other constitutional countries nothing but a revolution could take away. No state in our time, with the population and revenue of the United States, would dare to throw all the administrative offices of the government into the arena to be struggled for at every election, for no political machinery as yet invented besides our own is considered able to bear such a strain. The strain is increased, too, by the periodicity of the struggle—that is by the fact that it recurs at certain fixed and frequent intervals,—so that the large and growing body of persons who seek government employment for themselves and their friends are kept in a state of constant expectation of it, and preparation for it. The effect of this on their mind and character alone, apart from its effects on legislation, is very much like that of a great public lottery. The fierceness and bitterness which this state of expectation and preparation gives to the Presidential campaign, must be added to the causes of the prodigious momentum with which each party now enters on the Presidential struggle.

What is the remedy for all this? A complete remedy no one can supply, but some suggestions toward a remedy may be offered without too much assumption. We have got to a stage in the new period of national politics in which one party or the other must take a forward step, and everybody to whom politics is a serious business, and not merely a machine for the redistribution of offices at stated intervals,

is interested in the highest degree both in compelling that step and in deciding in which direction it shall be taken. The duty of taking it rests as much on one side as on the other. It is true that the party in power only can take the initiative in all matters of legislation, but the duty of the opposition is something more than criticism. It is bound, whenever it objects, to say what it would, if it could, do instead of the thing it objects to. It is bound to give the country some better reason for putting it in possession of the government than the bad management of those who actually hold the government. A capacity for judging by no means argues a capacity for doing; and political criticism differs from literary or artistic criticism, in that the critic is bound to describe the kind of work he would produce in place of what he condemns, if the opportunity were afforded him; and not only this, but offer to produce it. It is only by taking this position that any opposition can make itself respectable, or play any useful part in politics, or earn any title to public confidence. It cannot rely simply on the failures and short-comings of the other side. It must have a programme, and submit it frequently for popular approval.

The same thing is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the party in power. It cannot rely on the assertion that it is more patriotic, or more moral, or more religious, or more upright in any way than those who seek to supplant it. It is only a very small part of the duty of men in office to set an example of virtue in handling money or dispensing justice. Nor is a party, like a church, a depository of settled doctrines or a cultivator of private morals. It is an organization for the transaction of business. Its function, when in power, is not simply to prevent murder and robbery, and collect the revenue honestly, but to make incessant improvements, both in legislation and administration, so as not only to increase their efficiency, but to adapt them to the ever changing needs and conditions of a progressive society. No party can in our time, therefore, justify its retention of power by the simple plea that something very unpleasant would happen if it went out of office, owing to the moral inferiority of those who would probably take its place. The Turkish government is now the only one in the Western world which gives this as its *raison d'être*.

Democrats and Republicans have successfully protected themselves for ten years or more against the demand that they

should move on, by the plea that they were either getting rid of "the results of the war," or saving "the results of the war," or in some manner dealing with the results of the war. In whatever shape the plea was produced, it furnished a reason for looking back and not forward, for standing still and not marching onward. Whatever justification it may have been heretofore possible to find for this attitude, it is quite certain that all dealing with the results of the war which is possible through legislation has been exhausted. There remains not a single problem arising out of the war, except the disposition of the legal tender notes of the government, which is not now largely or wholly economical in its character, and is certain to be solved, if soluble, by the ordinary movements of trade and population, and by the ordinary social agencies of a commercial civilization. The political condition of the negro has occupied much of the attention of the Republican party since the war. He undoubtedly owes the franchise to the legislation which immediately followed the war, but it is noteworthy that no legislation has been effective in securing him the free and peaceful exercise of it, because no legislation can make a poor, or ignorant, or lethargic man independent of the opinions and feelings of his stronger and more intelligent and well-to-do neighbors in the exercise of any legal rights. If they will not support the law, the law avails him little, even if it have a half million of soldiers behind it. It has been naturally hard for the Republican party which gave him the franchise to accept this fact, and it has been trying in one way or another, for fifteen years, to overcome it, both by devices of legislation, and devices of administration, but without effect. The real remedy for the evils of the negro condition has in all probability at last been found in emigration; in other words, it turns out to be the old remedy for the hardships of the laborer and small farmer, which has been in use at the north ever since the settlement of the country. For two hundred years or more, whenever the mechanic or laborer in New York or Massachusetts found his wages too low, or his employers too harsh or grasping, or his dependence on the store-keeper too grinding, he went to the West, or moved into some other state in which labor was scarcer, and the laborer was better treated. When in like manner the small farmer found his land too poor, or mortgages too usurious, or his market too

distant, he sold or abandoned his farm, and sought better luck elsewhere. In fact, the country west of the Alleghanies and the Hudson River may be said to have been peopled in this way by the unsuccessful or discontented of the states along the ocean, and in no country is the flow of population in every direction in search of better luck, still fuller and more constant. For suffering from bad legislation or for inefficient administration of justice, relief, the like of which no other country has to show, is to be found in the multiplicity of state governments, each with its political and judicial peculiarities, and offering new-comers immediate citizenship, without any of the hardships, or inconveniences even, of exile. No political arrangement ever devised provides so effective a restraint on oppressive legislation directed either against capital or against any particular kind of industry, or any particular class of labor, as this does. Every state which indulges in such legislation is sure to be punished before very long either by the withdrawal of capital or the emigration of labor, and of the efficiency of this sanction the history of the jurisprudence of every state at the North has numerous illustrations. It did not work at the South before emancipation for obvious reasons. Labor was not free, and there was only one form of investment for capital, and legislation was exclusively in the hands of the owners of it.

The most interesting question in the Southern problem since the war has been whether the negroes would attain to the degree of intelligence and enterprise necessary to enable them to resort to the great American cure for local hardship or disabilities, and following the example of free white men at the North when they do not like their condition at home, seek better luck elsewhere; or whether they would sink into barbarous indifference to their lot, or only look for amelioration in it to appeals, pauper fashion, to the Government at Washington. The emigration movement which has commenced during the past year seems to furnish a very gratifying answer to this question. The negroes are apparently both intelligent and enterprising enough to do what white men have done for generations—seek the best field for their labor and capital without regard to state lines. Those who are thrifty enough, and acute enough, as a great many of them are, to save money in spite of the extortions of the storekeeper, and the oppressions of the planter, will stay where

they are, just as white men of the same kind would do. Those who find life too hard for them in their old homes, or like roving, will seek new homes in the North-west. Those who remain behind will then get higher wages and better social and political treatment. In other words, we are witnessing the solution by a very familiar economical process of a difficulty, on which, probably, neither Constitutional Amendments nor Acts of Congress, nor any number of Republican victories at the polls, would have produced any perceptible effect. It is a curious illustration of the extent to which the negro has come to be regarded as a mere pawn in the political game, that his emigration in accordance with an economic law, the working of which has been witnessed all over the Union for a century and which has brought millions of Irish and Germans to this country, should receive the special and high sounding name of "The Exodus," and should now be made the subject of a special Congressional inquiry.

The negro question settled, there is little or nothing of the Southern problem left. The only thing, barring differences of manners and social traditions, which separated the North from the South, was the condition of the negroes. While they were slaves, the question was who should control their labor. When they were freed, and endowed with the suffrage, the question was who should control their votes. The attempt to keep the control of them at the North by the use of party machinery has failed, and if we are to judge by what is happening in Virginia and Georgia and other States, this question also is being settled by the mere course of events,—that is, by divisions among the whites, which make the negro vote worth courting. It is all but certain that, five years hence, the negroes, in every Southern State, will be divided between parties on questions in which their own status will be in no way concerned. Once this has come to pass, there is nothing to keep the South "solid" against the North in politics. It has no interests opposed to the North; its position toward the tariff is in no way different from that of the North-west; it has to depend, and will have to depend probably for a good while to come, on the North-eastern States for its capital and credit, and in some degree for its market. The old social ideal, which did so much to produce the sectional bitterness which led to the war, was cherished in the main by men

who are old, or dead, or ruined. There are very few of the generation who now have charge of the politics and business of the South, who have more than a very faint and childish recollection of the social conditions which made the Keitts, and Butlers, and Yanceys, and Masons hate the North, and wish to set up a Republic of their own. The great cloud over the Southern future to-day consists in the fact that the young men who receive a good education, or are stirred by much enterprise or ambition, will not be induced to stay there. If they once get a taste of the North, they shrink from a return to the dullness and monotony and poverty of their home life. It no longer touches their imagination, either socially or politically or commercially. In short, the social system created by slavery was the thing known in American politics as "The South." With slavery, it has utterly perished, nay, more than perished—*etiam perire ruinae*. The motives which keep the Southern whites in the Democratic party are those which keep the Northern whites in the Democratic party—no better and no worse. They would like to get control of the administration, for the same reasons that the Tildens, Pendletons, and Voorheeses at the North would like to get hold of it, because they like power and place. There is something fantastic to every mind not accustomed to devouring the fiction of political campaigns, in the notion that, if they do get hold of it, they would destroy or break it up, or, in other words, that a body of men greatly impoverished, without any materials of their own for a political future, just emerging from the jaws of ruin, would smash a machine which they now think they have a fair chance of managing in the near future, and which would give them control of the resources of a great nation, the expenditure of \$400,000,000 per annum, and the distribution of nearly 80,000 offices.

There is not much likelihood, however, that this view will be willingly accepted by either of the parties now in the field. It would be against all experience if it were. The Democrats are not likely to acknowledge that the South will shortly have no reason to fear Republican aggression, nor the Republicans to admit that the South with which they have so long contended has vanished from the arena. Parties are composed, it is true, of large bodies of voters, with certain deeply rooted ideas on broad lines of public policy, and certain traditions held with greater or less tenacity;

but their policy and views, within any given period of ten years, are determined in the main by a few leaders, who work either openly on the stump and in the press, or secretly in the committee or the caucus. It is these men who, within certain wide limits, find what are called the issues for each election. It is they who give notice of the dangers the voter has to provide against, and suggest the means by which they are to be averted. It is they, too, who in ordinary times, generally determine the order in which those questions with which the party is bound to deal, are to be taken up. But they do all this under the influence of their own training, and habits, and antecedents, and these inevitably incline them to hold on as long as possible to the subjects with which they are familiar, or on which they speak with the confidence of long experience. By the time the party has done one piece of work, they are generally too far advanced in life to turn readily to a new one, and generally not far advanced enough to yield their places graciously to younger men. The new departure in the party career has, therefore, almost invariably to be taken under the influence of strong pressure from without, caused by the action of events on public opinion, and we can recall no case where old leaders have headed it cheerfully.

The Union which has come out of the war is in many important respects a different Union from the one which the Republican party fought to save, and which the Democratic party were willing to lose sooner than fight. It is much larger and more populous; it collects a far greater revenue; it covers a far wider area; its population is much less homogeneous, in race, in religion, in social ideals, and in character; it is confronted by many more problems of great complexity, legal and social and economical; it needs a vast deal of new legislation and new organization, and a great deal of minute investigation preparatory to such legislation and organization. The province of the government, both State and Federal, needs more defining than it has yet received. The mode of taxation needs much overhauling in every State in the Union. The management of growing masses of capital by corporations needs to be regulated on some basis that will settle the question at least for another century. The problem of the relations of the Federal to the State governments needs thorough examination from the

peaceful rather than the military side, though with the aid of all the light thrown on it by the war. It needs a solution which will have, like the Constitution, the character of a compromise between conflicting ideas rather than that of a party weapon of offense. The mode of electing the President calls for careful revision without reference to the election next ensuing; and with regard to this as well as to the honest, orderly and efficient despatch of public business, the mode of appointment, the tenure and rate of payment of the large body of officers who now constitute the civil service of the national government, call imperatively for careful reorganization. Few thinking men, whose personal interests are not affected by the existing state of things in this department, and with the grave electioneering disorders which we now witness before their eyes, believe that a Republic which in twenty years will contain 80,000,000 of people, can contrive to transact its business with a body of officers who, every four years, are compelled to view the presidential election as a revolution which threatens them with the loss of their head. With regard to popular education, to prison discipline, to the administration of criminal justice, to the treatment of the poor and the insane, the United States have lost the pre-eminent position which they held forty years ago. In none of these things has the country held the lead which it had assumed in the earlier part of the century; or, in other words, in almost all branches of the work of social reformation, Europe has got ahead of us almost as much as we have got ahead of her in almost all branches of material development and mechanical contrivance.

To resume our old place, a spirit will have to be infused into politics very different from that by which the leading party men on both sides are now animated and which they strive to keep alive. To deal adequately with any of the subjects we have here enumerated, an amount of drudgery, if only in the shape of investigation and collation, would be necessary, which to nearly every prominent man on both the Republican and Democratic side would be utterly distasteful, for which his training and experience during the last twenty years have gone far to unfit him. The conflict with the South has been essentially a passionate conflict, which, except during the period of military organization for the war, has made no demand on any of our politicians for that de-

votion to detail, which in the complicated modern societies is almost the first requisite of a statesman. More than this, the very magnitude of the struggle in which they have passed so many years has given an air of insignificance and even paltriness in their eyes to the conditions on which depend the happiness and prosperity of the millions who pursue their humble and monotonous industry in the dull days of peace. But that the chiefs on either side will be forced into dealing with the really vital questions of the day by any movement which will embrace the main body of either party, is very unlikely. The main body of all parties is fond of routine in politics as in daily life, and loth to withdraw its confidence from men whom it has ever trusted or followed. The new direction to party progress is apt to come from the comparatively small force who are not so easily led, and on whom the bonds of party discipline sit lightly, and who obtain a hearing because at certain crises in party history victory cannot be achieved at the polls without their aid. The necessity of securing their support secures place for their ideas in the party programme, at first, probably,—as in the case of the insertion of the civil service plank in the Republican platform at Cincinnati,—without any intention that they shall be acted on. But this secures attention from voters whom these ideas would never reach in any other way, and attention is followed by discussion, and discussion by the conversion of the active pushing men who are seeking their fortunes in politics, and are ready to try every or any road. These once enlisted may be trusted to do the work of propagandism. The Republican party is to-day in a position which makes the work of its diversion to new uses and enterprises probably comparatively easy. It is composed of too good material to be ever wholly reduced to the condition of a machine, and its hold on the government is so greatly weakened, and its strength at the polls so nearly equalled by that of its opponents, that it is more open to new currents of thought than it has ever been before in its history. Its susceptibility to the action of the outlying corps, who pass by the name of Independents, was fully revealed in the last election in this state; and if they cease to bring their influence to bear, by some sort of organized effort, they will neglect what seems to be a great opportunity to turn American politics into new and more promising channels.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word on Politics.

As both political parties have at various times declared themselves in favor of a reform in the Civil Service, we shall not be accused of dabbling in party politics by an allusion to the subject. It is true that neither party has shown itself to be in thorough earnest. The men on both sides who ran the political machine are very much averse to this reform. They talk in their organs very contemptuously about "doctrinaires" and "impracticable schemes," and about the application to democratic institutions of a rule of action transplanted from the monarchical and aristocratic government of Great Britain!

Those who have read the President's Annual Message, and have carefully considered his somewhat elaborate treatment of this subject, will hardly find anything new or impressive in what we may offer here; but Presidents' messages are read so little, or so carelessly, that the bread may well be broken to the multitude by other hands. The subject is an easy one to argue. There is no man living who, before an audience of intelligent and non-partisan persons, can justify the old mode of political appointment to office. Every consideration is against it. The rewarding of party service by the gift of office is, in the first place, a direct corruption of morals in all concerned. It is the patent substitution of a base motive in political work for a patriotic one; and wherever and in whatever measure it prevails, it degrades politics and debases character, so that the very process of earning office by party work unfits for the public service with which it seeks to be rewarded. In any fair man's mind, the fact that a man has done some powerful politician's dirty work for the sake of getting an office which has been promised him, would be enough to condemn him as most unfit to hold any office in the gift of the government.

Opposition to Civil Service reform comes only from party politicians who have dirty work to do,—and by dirty work we mean simply the work which they are ashamed to do for themselves. How to pay for this work without taking the money out of their own pockets, is the question. If there were some other way besides the bestowal of public office, they would take the people's side of this matter, and we should have the reform fully and at once. But, in truth, they see no way of getting their own work done except by paying office for it. So they are opposed to the reform, and throw all possible obstacles in its way. In this they are aided, of course, by all their whipper-snappers up and down the land. Let it be understood that the advocates of reform simply ask that the government shall have the advantage of the same rules of business that are practiced and enjoyed by a private man or a corporation. No business concern would prosper, or be considered safe for a day, whose affairs were carried on by

a set of officials and operatives who had received their places, not because of any fitness for their work, but from corrupt considerations of favoritism. The fact that reform is entirely practicable is demonstrated by the history of the same reform in Great Britain, where office was formerly bestowed both as a reward of party service and as the gift of personal favoritism. The reform met the same opposition there that it is meeting here; but it is complete, and all are not only satisfied but delighted with it.

It should be remembered, also, in the consideration of this subject, that the effect of "the machine" is not only disastrous to the efficiency of the public business, but that it reacts mischievously upon the political life of the country. If there were no such thing as "the spoils of office," a very different set of men would naturally find themselves in possession of the political machinery. It is the base men—the men who are open to mercenary considerations, the men who are after rewards of various sorts, and who are working in the private interest of others as well as themselves—who control the primaries, and drive from influence those who cannot become yoke-fellows with political understrappers and gamblers. The great masses of the people are honest, and desire to deal honestly with political affairs; but they have not at all the machinery of politics in their hands, and they are led by a set of political tricksters into campaigns the bottom motives of which are utterly base and shameful. Take the last political campaign in New York. The Democratic party was divided on the question simply as to who should control it. It was a fight as to what set of personal influences should have the precedence. The Republican party ran a ticket nominated by the machine,—a ticket notoriously unpopular, every influence of which would be delivered against Civil Service reform,—set up and approved by the arch opponent of that reform. That an administration fully committed to this reform should be compelled, for the sake of consolidating its party and keeping it in harmony for its next year's work, to labor for the success of this ticket was the most disgusting and humiliating dish of political crow that any administration was ever called upon to eat. Voting, in these last years, has become simply a choice of evils. Men have party preferences, and desire to see their party succeed. They find themselves hampered, however, by the machine, with never a good ticket; and in their votes they nominally approve of men and methods which are offensive or unsatisfactory to them. So true is this, that Mr. Evarts will be obliged to look among the "scratchers," whom he taunted with "voting in the air," for the indorsement of that part of the message of his chief which is devoted to the matter of Civil Service reform.

Congress can do no better work than in keeping alive, by a generous and just appropriation, the Civil

Service Commission, established several years ago. It seems that, notwithstanding the practical suspension of the presiding Commission, examinations have been kept up at various points, and especially in New York, with the very happiest results. We say Congress can do no better work than this, for it is in the line of political purity and departmental efficiency. The obstructionists can have no hope that this reform is going backward. They may find a Grant who will grow lukewarm in their favor, or a Conkling to cook crow for his own party, but these will prove to be only temporary advantages. The reform is based upon right. It is on the side of a sound business policy in public administration. It has the good will of all good and unselfish men. It is only opposed by base men,—by selfish men, who have something to make out of the bestowal of office as a political or personal favor. The people believe in it, and the people will have it,—if not by this Congress and this administration, then by others,—sometime and soon.

Temperance Education.

BY the vote of our city Board of Education, on the sixth of November last, the English school-book, prepared by Benjamin Ward Richardson, called "The Temperance Lesson-Book," was adopted among the text-books which our city teachers are at liberty to use. We hope there are a good many teachers in the city who are willing to take up this book and teach it to their classes, for there is no doubt that boys go out into the dangers of the world lamentably ignorant of those that await them among the drinking-shops. We are sorry that this instruction must come into the schools through special text-books, though it is better that it come in this way than not at all. It must come, at last, into all competent schools, but when that point shall be reached, it will come in books on physiology and political economy, in a natural and perfectly legitimate way. A special text-book on temperance may be well enough in the absence of the general books, in which the topic has its appropriate place and space; but it is like a text-book on opium-eating. In short, the incompetence of the books on physiology and political economy has forced the friends of temperance into the use of this make-shift, which is surely a great deal better than nothing.

There is, probably, no hallucination so obstinate as that which attributes to alcoholic drink a certain virtue which it never possessed. After all the influence of the pulpit and the press, after all the warning examples of drunkenness and consequent destruction, after all the testimony of science and experience, there lingers in the average mind an impression that there is something good in alcohol, even for the healthy man. Boys and young men do not shun the wine-cup as a poisoner of blood and thought, and the most dangerous drug that they can possibly handle; but they have an idea that the temperance man is a foggy or a foe to a free social life, whose practices are ascetic, and whose warnings are to be laughed at and disregarded. Now, in alcohol, in its various forms,

we have a foe to the human race so subtle and so powerful, that it destroys human beings by the million, vitiates all the mental processes of those who indulge in it, degrades morals, induces pauperism and crime in the superlative degree when compared with all other causes, corrupts the homes of millions and makes hells of them, and wastes the national resources more certainly and severely than war; yet so little have the writers upon physiology and political economy regarded this vital and economical factor in human affairs, that the friends of temperance have been obliged to get up and push a special text-book upon it! Verily, they must be a brilliant set of men! Hereafter no text-book on either physiology or political economy should be adopted in any school in the country that does not competently treat of the alcohol question.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society, without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society. Of course, the great barrier between the youth and correct knowledge,—the great mystifier and misleader,—is respectable society. This is practically saying to the young, pretty universally, that wine is a good thing. Fine dinners are never given without it, and good men and women drink it daily. They do not get drunk, they may be conscientious and religious, and many of them not only do not regard wine-drinking as harmful, but as positively beneficial. The boy and the young man see all this, and think, naturally, that those who have experience in drink should know better about its results than those who let drink alone.

Now, what we want to do in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example, and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. (1st) They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues,—that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or a disturbing force. (2d) They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. (3d) They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. (4th) They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. (5th) They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause. (6th) They should be

taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent for drink in this country, every ounce of which was made by the destruction of bread, and not one ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct.

The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbors and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he begs for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they ask for bread. It scowls upon us from the hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of misery from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time, the better will it be for them and for the world. Let us use the "temperance lesson-book" wherever we may. Let parents demand that it shall be used, and particularly let all writers upon physiology and political economy for schools take up the subject of alcohol, and treat it so candidly, fully, and ably that their books shall no longer be commentaries on their own incompetency to fill the places whose functions they have assumed.

Familiarity.

Of all the sources of bad manners, we know of none so prolific and pernicious as the license of familiarity. There is no one among our readers, we presume, who has not known a village or a neighborhood in which all the people called one another by their first or Christian names. The "Jim," or "Charley," or "Mollie," or "Fanny," of the young days of school-life, remain the same until they totter into the grave from old age. Now, there may be a certain amount of good-fellowship and homely friendliness in this kind of familiar address, but there is not a particle of politeness in it. It is all very well, within a family or a circle of relatives, but when it is carried outside, it is intolerable. The courtesies of life are carried on at arm's length, and not in a familiar embrace. Every gentleman has a right to the title, at least, of "Mister," and every lady to that of "Miss" or "Mistress," even when the Christian name is used. For an ordinary friend to address a married woman as "Dolly" or "Mary," is to take with her an unpardonable liberty. It is neither courteous nor honorable; in other words, it is most unmannerly. We have known remarkable men, living for years under the blight of their familiarly-used first names,—men whose fortunes would have been made, or greatly mended, by removing to some place where they

could have been addressed with the courtesy due to their worth, and been rid forever of the cheapening processes of familiarity. How can a man lift his head under the degradation of being called "Sam" by every man, young and old, whom he may meet in the street? How can a strong character be carried when the man who bears it must bow decently to the name of "Billy?"

This is not a matter that we have taken up to sport with. We approach it and regard it with all seriousness, for this feeling and exhibition of familiarity lie at the basis of the worst manners of the American people. We are not asking, specially, for reverence for age or high position, but for manhood and womanhood. The man and woman who have arrived at their majority have a right to a courteous form of address, and he who withholds it from them, or, presuming upon the intimacies of boyhood, continues to speak to them as still boy and girl, is a boor, and practically a foe to good manners. We suppose the Friends would object to this statement, but we do not intend to embrace them in this condemnation. They look at this matter from a different stand-point, and base their practice upon certain considerations which have no recognition in the world around them. We think they are mistaken, but their courteous way of speaking the whole of the first name is very different from the familiar use of names and nicknames of which we complain. There is no use in denying that the free and general use of first names, among men and women, in towns and neighborhoods, is to the last degree vulgar. Gentlemen and ladies do not do it. It is not a habit of polite society, anywhere.

There is a picture we have often contemplated, which would impress different men in different ways, of a family now living in this city,—a picture which is, to us, very beautiful and very suggestive. A gentleman of the old school, somewhat reduced in circumstances, persists in living, so far as his manners are concerned, "like a king." Every night he and his sons, before dining, put themselves into evening dress. When dinner is announced, the old gentleman gives his arm to his venerable wife and leads her to the table. The other members of the family preserve the same manners that they would practice if they were dining out, or if friends were dining with them. At the close of the meal, the old man and his sons rise, while the mother and daughters withdraw, and then they sit down over their cups, and have a pleasant chat. Now the average American will probably laugh at this picture, as one of foolish and painful formality, but there is a very good side to it. Here is a family which insists on considering itself made up of ladies and gentlemen, among whom daily association is no license for familiarity, or the laying aside of good and constantly respectful manners toward one another. There is undoubtedly a great deal of bad manners in families, growing out of the license engendered by familiarity—bad manners between husband and wife, and between parents and children. Parents are much to blame for permitting familiarity to go so far that they do not uniformly receive, in court-

eous forms, the respect due to them from their children as gentlemen and ladies.

Of the degrading familiarity assumed by conscious inferiors, it is hardly necessary to speak. Nothing cures such a thing as this but the snub direct, in the most pointed and hearty form in which it can be rendered.

"The man that hails you 'Tom' or 'Jack,'
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend, indeed,
To pardon or to bear it."

Men do pardon and bear this sort of thing altogether too much for their own peace, and the best good of the transgressors. The royal art of snubbing is not sufficiently understood and practiced by the average American gentleman and lady. Considering the credit our people have for boldness and push, they yield to the familiar touch and speech of the low manners around them altogether too tamely. Every gentleman not only owes it to himself to preserve his place and secure the courtesy that is his by right, but he owes it to society that every aggressive, bad-mannered man shall be taught his place, and be compelled to keep it.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Restoration of St. Mark's.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. SIR:

Those who have been lately in Venice have been chagrined to find an ungainly structure of screened scaffoldings completely hiding that corner of the Ducal Palace which used to arch in pieces of the sea and sky, as one looks southward across the Piagetta, with an effect familiar, either through direct sight, or by photograph or picture, to all the world. I was gravely told that these scaffoldings had been there for eighteen years, and were likely to remain as long again; that nothing was being done behind them, but that the mattings and planks themselves were kept in good repair, year after year. It is a fact that the modern Italian restorers labor with extreme slowness, but their work when accomplished is none the less deadly; for, as a rule, when, after a generation or more, the screens do come down from in front of some marvel of antique art, we find that the beauty which was once there has departed forever. With regard to the Ducal Palace,—a friend of mine, who was admitted behind the scenes last summer, was shown a supporting stone which had been crushed, by the weight above it, into six pieces; and those in charge declared that the reparation was a matter of strict necessity.

Whether necessary or not in the case of the Ducal Palace, I believe that no such plea is raised in behalf of the proposed restoration of the western or main façade of St. Mark's. As I understand, this façade is itself a mere screen and is not involved in the support of the principal building. Yet, if it should prove that the structure is in danger of falling, the English memorialists hold "that it is within the power of science to devise a remedy which would restore its stability without moving a stone, or altering the present surface in the least." The effect of the contemplated restoration is not a matter of conjecture or sentiment. Workmen have been busy on the inside of the church, as well as on the north and south façades, for years past, and every spot they have touched they have everlastingly ruined.

The traveler in Europe soon finds that an old building will stand (as to its effect of beauty) almost any amount of settling down, or toppling over, or hiding by other buildings, or propping up with beams, or encrusting with dust and smoke; the one thing that it cannot stand is "restoration." From a thoroughly "restored" building the eye turns away empty, disappointed and disgusted. Nor is this merely because of the loss of association, or of the lack of the mellowness and tone imparted by time. Time, indeed, is a subtle and wonderful decorator whose handiwork is not to be lightly esteemed or ignorantly destroyed. But it is a matter of demonstration that the stone-cutters and the workers in mosaic of our times have not the same manner as the old ones; nor do they manipulate with equal skill, nor in the same artistic spirit. If the restorations of the Renaissance are out of keeping in this western façade,—whose earlier condition is fortunately preserved for us in Gentile Bellini's well-known painting in the Academy at Venice—how dangerous is it to attempt a restoration in our own time, even though the restorers do not venture upon new designs. The very improvements in our modern tools are a cause of deterioration in workmanship, for they substitute arithmetically straight for artistically irregular lines, and bring about a stiff and dazzling uniformity of design which is the death of grace and individuality and "the unexpected." The present south façade of St. Mark's, as it stands there "glittering like sugar in the sun," is no more St. Mark's as it was than a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo is the original statue.

Now that the main façade is threatened with destruction, it is to be hoped that no effort will be spared in its behalf in the way of entreaty and protest. The artists and lovers of art in Oxford, Cambridge and London, who have begun the movement, expect the co-operation of America—and are sure to receive it. If the opinion and protests of the civilized world have the desired effect upon the authorities in Venice, something more will be accomplished than this one greatly-to-be-desired consum-

mation—for the moral effect will extend, doubtless, in all directions. And never was there greater need. At this moment when interest of mankind in the artistic treasures of the world has fortunately revived, and ancient art is being studied with greater avidity and intelligence than ever,—at this very moment we are in imminent danger, through mistaken zeal or sordid speculation, of losing many of the finest examples which have ever existed. Mr. Stillman writes from Florence to the London "Times," under date of November 12th:

"The municipalities,—generally under the active direction of some fussy ignoramus whom office-holding has imbued with a sense of the necessity of doing something which will require a tablet set up to commemorate his name and *régime*,—finding municipal loans an easy means of getting money, generally set to work putting into presentable shape the most noteworthy object of antiquity in their jurisdiction, and prove themselves new brooms with a vengeance. In Perugia, I understand, they have utterly removed one of the finest "Middle-Age stained-glass windows left this century, and still uninjured, to make place for a modern Munich monstrosity. In Florence, as we all know, they swept almost everything which was most picturesque of the old city—the old walk to San Miniato, the resource of every landscape painter who came here, replacing it by an ugly flight of stone steps and balustrade; the houses of the Ponte alle Grazie; and they have those on the Ponte Vecchio marked and contracted for removal, only, fortunately, the money has failed them. The house of Dante has been renewed in the most disgusting style, 'made to look,' they said, 'as it was when Dante saw it.' In consequence we cannot see a stone that Dante ever looked on. The marvelously picturesque vista of the Arno, with its quaint old buildings, as we saw it in the Grand Duke's day, is changed into a span-new string of quays which might be Brussels, or Rouen, or any other second-rate city which has a river; and, what is worse, after spending millions in renovating, they have not even regulated the drainage of the city."

* * At Pieve di Cadere I found last summer the quaint old fountain which used to stand in front of Titian's house relegated to some rubbish depot, and

another, which used to stand in the public place, substituted for it, to make room in turn for a statue of Titian—new and shining brass."

What Mr. Stillman says of the window in Perugia is, I was told by a high authority in Florence, true of many other old Italian windows. They are not only taken down to be replaced by hideous modern ones, but the old are often hidden away and utterly lost.

R. W. G.

LONDON, Nov. 21, 1879.

P. S.—The London "Times" this morning publishes what purports to be the text of a report sent by the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject of St. Mark's at Venice, which report will be transmitted for information to the Italian Ambassador in London. By this it appears that the memorials to the Italian Government are not necessary, steps having been already taken to prevent the proposed restoration some time before the meetings of protest in England. This report is very interesting because we learn from it the truth of the rumor of the intention to restore the western façade, and because it contains an acknowledgment of the "many errors" committed by the restorers in other parts of the church. The Minister of Public Instruction states that when he became aware of "the danger which thus threatened the magnificent façade," he demanded that the funds for the restoration should be transferred to his own estimates and, after thus obtaining control, he caused the Commission for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments to examine into the matter, and they are still engaged in this examination.

It is not to be regretted that the protest has been made in England—and it has been made not only by artists, writers, university professors, but even by the Prime Minister in his private capacity, and (privately) by members of the royal family. Though the immediate danger already may have been averted by the taste and good sense of Italians themselves, still the discussion elicited and the profound and wide-spread feeling evinced cannot fail to do good in Italy and elsewhere.

LONDON, Nov. 27, 1879.

R. W. G.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

General Principles of Cookery. III. Roasting.

It is very common to find things that are proverbially easy to do, less well done than those of acknowledged difficulty, simply because it is taken as a foregone conclusion that no art at all is required. Yet, as Mrs. Gamp says, "There's art in sticking in a pin." And in roasting meat, although it will be a new idea to many, there is at least the art of simplicity, if I may so speak; and Brillat-Sav-

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arin says: "One may become a cook, but must be born a roaster," which implies that genius is required to roast well; however, common-sense and a persevering attention to rules are not bad substitutes. It is the common practice to put a quantity of water in the pan with meat to roast, and, to make a bad thing worse, the joint is thickly dredged with flour. On asking a cook, who had thrown a handful of flour over a sirloin of beef and then poured a quart of water into the pan with it, what was the object of

such immersion, Biddy answered with an air of good-natured contempt for our ignorance:

"For the gravy, of course, ma'am! Where would I get my gravy if I didn't do that?"

Of course meat so treated comes to table sodden, juiceless, tasteless and unsightly, and accompanied by a quart—more or less—of gray, thickish broth, instead of the rich brown gravy natural to well-cooked meat.

In addition to this flour-and-water treatment, the abused joint is generally put into a lukewarm oven an hour or two before it begins to cook, where it slowly steams and oozes, until the hour for dinner; when, whether it is cooked little or much, it is served.

Roasting, then, as I have hinted, must be very simple. Little or no preparation is necessary. The only requisites are a bright fire and a hot oven; then place the joint in the pan, on an iron tripod if possible, as this keeps it out of the fat; and if it is very lean, put a table-spoonful, or two, of water—not more—into the pan; if fat, it will not require any. No flour is necessary if the meat has not been washed, and if you buy from a good butcher this will only be needed in summer if it has been kept an hour or two too long; then wash it off with vinegar, dry it carefully, and very lightly dust it with flour to absorb any moisture that may remain on the surface. While the meat is in the oven, baste it several times, and when about half done turn it—always keeping the thickest part of the meat in the hottest part of the oven.

In cooking sirloin of beef great care must be taken that the fat of the "undercut," as our English cousins call it, be quite cooked. It is not unusual to see a splendid roast come to table with the fat of the tenderloin not even warm through, and the tender meat of that favorite part absolutely purple, while the upper and less choice part is sufficiently cooked.

While the meat is in the oven the fire should be kept hot and bright; it should have been so made up as to last sufficiently long, but if the joint is very large it may require replenishing, this may be done without checking the heat of the oven by adding a little fuel from time to time instead of waiting until it requires a great deal.

If the oven has been in good condition the meat will be beautifully brown and the bottom of the pan covered with a thick glaze. Gently pour off the fat, holding the pan steadily as you do it, that the gravy may not go with it; then put the pan on the stove and pour into it half a cup of boiling water (more if the joint is very large and less if very small) and a little salt. If you have soup of any kind use it in preference to water; stir it with a spoon until the adhering glaze or gravy is entirely removed from the pan, it will dissolve as it mingles with the liquid, and make a rich brown gravy.

Before the joint is served, sift over it evenly—not in patches—fine salt. This must never be done before it is cooked as it draws out the juice of the meat.

It must be repeated that nothing so injures meat as to put it into a cold oven, allowing both to get hot together.

Some meats require longer to cook than others. Pork and veal much longer than mutton and beef. The former meats require to be very well done—the latter, most people like under-done; but even when this is the case, it should be remembered that the texture should be changed all through; the gravy is then released and runs red with the knife, while the grain of the meat is seen through it, of a bright red instead of the livid purple hue so frequently called rare, but which is simply raw.

Poultry may be either cooked with a little butter to baste it, or it may be larded or "barded"—although the latter are the modes of preparing adopted by all good European cooks. To many Americans the flavor of bacon is objectionable, yet even where it is approved, larding is often supposed to be so difficult as to require a professed cook to do it; but it is actually so simple that any lady wishing to indulge in dainty dishes will take the small trouble of learning it, to teach her inexperienced cook. Two larding needles are required—to be procured at any good house-furnishing store—one large-sized for veal, beef *à la mode*, etc.; the other, small, for poultry, cutlets, and sweetbreads. In larding poultry, hold the breast over a clear fire for a minute, or dip it in boiling water to make the flesh firm. Cut some strips of firm fat bacon, two inches long, and the eighth of an inch wide, and make four parallel marks on the breast, put one of these strips of bacon fat, called lardoons, into the split end of the small needle, securely, and insert it in the first mark, bringing it out at the second, leaving an equal length of fat protruding at each end; insert these lardoons at intervals of half an inch or less down the two lines first commenced, and then do the same with the two others.

All white-fleshed birds are improved by larding, as is veal and sweetbread. Yet small ones, quails, for instance, may have a *barde*—i. e., a slice of bacon fat—tied round them. This may also be done with fowls, or veal, where bacon is liked and larding inconvenient.

Game requires nothing but good butter to baste it. Any sort of stuffing is ruinous to the flavor, except in the case of pigeons, where a little chopped parsley may be mixed with butter, and placed inside.

Wild duck, if fishy, and the flavor is disliked, should be scalded for a few minutes in salt and water before roasting. If the flavor is very strong the duck may be skinned, as the oil in the skin is the objectionable part. After skinning, spread with butter, and thickly dredge with flour before putting in a very quick oven.

CATHERINE OWEN.

Flour from Chestnuts.

[We are courteously permitted to transcribe the following paragraphs from a very interesting re-

port to the State Department by Mr. J. Schuyler Crosby, U. S. Consul at Florence.—Ed. S. M.]

THE common chestnut-tree is said to have been brought from Asia Minor to Sardinia, and from there it has spread over the whole of Southern Europe. It existed for centuries in Tuscany, where, at one time, nearly every hill and mountain-side was covered with its verdure. The number of trees in Tuscany and Lucca is estimated at several millions, and the nut and wood have done more to maintain the population of some of these districts than any other production. Indeed, in some places wheat flour and corn meal are entirely superseded by the chestnut flour, which is very nourishing and much cheaper as an article of food.

The result of a careful study of the subject has convinced me that this species of chestnut, when grafted upon the variety indigenous to our own country, and in many parts abundant, may become a source of much wealth and profit, especially in certain mountainous districts, where it is almost impossible to raise cereals, owing to the nature of the soil and the steepness of the mountain-sides, and where transportation is so difficult and labor so high and scarce. Outside of this question of using the chestnut for food in the districts where it could be cultivated and grown to advantage in the United States, the present price of the imported Spanish chestnut, which is used for various purposes throughout our country would, I am sure, amply repay any outlay farmers might have to make in importing rings or shoots of this magnificent variety from Italy for grafting on our own chestnut tree.

This tree grows to the height of 60 or 70 feet, and attains full maturity at the age of 60 years. Its vitality and productiveness, however, last for more than a hundred years. In many parts of Tuscany it is cultivated largely and is always raised from the seed or nut. The large variety of Spanish chestnut is cultivated from grafting on the young trees. The chestnut flourishes in a light, fertile deep soil, but thrives on the sides of mountains facing the south and west. The varieties cultivated are the following:

I. *Castagno Marone*. This is the most sought after for the largeness and exquisite taste of the nut. It thrives in fresh, damp soils and mild temperature, and for that reason is cultivated with difficulty in the higher mountains.

II. *Castagno Carpinese*, or *Carrara*. Produces high-flavored nuts in great quantities, and prospers even in cold places. The flour made from this variety is the sweetest of all, but requires great care to keep it from spoiling.

III. *Castagno Pastinese*. Thrives in cold situations. The fruit is smaller and darker, but gives a more healthy and durable flour than that of the *Carrara*.

IV. *Castagno Rossolo*. The nuts of this variety are smaller than those of the *Marone*, which they resemble in appearance or taste. The tree thrives in cold places, and grows luxuriously on the Apennines.

V. *Castagno Romagnuolo*. The nuts are enclosed

in burs, difficult to open. They are small, but high flavored, and especially good for flour. This tree is also very hardy.

VI. *Castagno Brandigliano*. This produces more fruit than any of those above mentioned, but the outside of the nut, being naturally marked with white spots, never appears to be perfectly ripe, though in reality, it is.

The chestnut is raised from the fruit, which should be planted in earth made soft by repeated working over. The plantation should be situated near a stream if possible, and the ground shaded by hedges or trees placed sufficiently near to answer that purpose. The square set aside for the cultivation of the chestnut is divided into furrows, six or seven feet wide, and in each of them holes are dug about three inches deep, and at a distance from each other of about six inches. In these holes are deposited the nuts with the germs downwards. The use of manure renders the plant more vigorous and healthy for the time, but is dangerous on account of transplanting, as the young tree finding itself on soil less rich than it has been accustomed to easily languishes and dies.

After two years the plants are transplanted to another part of the plantation, where they remain four years, after which they may be placed where they are destined to remain permanently. The season most adapted for transplanting is that after the falling of the leaves, although it may be done even as late as February or March.

For producing the fruit the tree must be grafted, which is done at the age of five or six years. There are two ways of grafting. One is the ordinary method of inserting the bud in the end of a branch, with a slit on it, where it is retained by wax or other substances. The other, which is the latest and has proved the most successful in its results, consists in cutting large rings of bark from the branches of the large or Spanish chestnut, and placing them on twigs of the ordinary kind. As this is rather a delicate operation requiring some care, a detailed description may be useful. The bark of the Spanish chestnut is cut into circles on the twigs where marks of buds appear, care being taken to have one or more buds on each circle or cylinder. This bark is then slightly beaten, to loosen it from its position, and gently twisted by hand until a hollow cylinder of bark is obtained, which is then drawn up the stem that has been previously denuded of its bark in like manner. The cylinder of bark is then carried to the stem of the tree, which is grafted. This stem, having been previously denuded of its bark and cut off down to the place where the ring is to be put on, is then covered with the ring, which unites with the growing bark and sends out shoots of the large chestnut from the grafted branches. Care must be taken to cut off all shoots of the common chestnut that may appear near the grafted part, as they interfere with the full development of the part grafted. This operation of grafting by rings is practised in Tuscany from the tenth of April to the first of May, that is, when the sap is running most freely, and just before the leaves and buds come out.

A method of preserving the grafting buds, so that they may be good even after a year, is to place them in tin tubes filled with honey, and hermetically sealed immediately on their removal from the tree. This method would seem especially adapted for transporting the Spanish chestnut to countries where it does not exist. Another manner of transporting the grafting buds is by putting them into hermetically sealed tubes filled with water. This method can only be used for transporting the buds for distances accomplished under 40 days.

The chestnut produces flowers, which, after the usual process of the male pollen being deposited on the ovaries of the female flower, become chestnuts or the seeds of the tree. This change of the flower into the nut, takes place about the end of July, and it is easy to foretell the crop of the year, by the state of the nut germs. For although the flowers may have been abundant, fecundation may not have taken place largely, and it is only by watching the tree carefully after it has flowered, that a judgment can be formed as to whether the production will be good. This appearance of young germs is called in Italian *animato*, that is living, active, animated. The ovaries that are not fecundated by the flowers, change into useless shells, but those fecundated become enclosed in burrs, containing one, two, and even three chestnuts. The nuts arrive at maturity in two months after flowering, that is to say, in October, and then fall to the ground. They are also beaten from the trees by peasants armed with long poles, but this should never be done, as it seriously injures future fruit-buds, and affects the yield of the tree for another year.

The chestnut should be pruned and trimmed every three years or at the most every four, and this, while helping the tree to bear more abundantly, produces wood for fuel and other purposes; the smaller twigs and branches, when dried, are used later as fuel in drying the nuts in the manner hereafter described. The leaves are also gathered when green and young, and pressed flat in large bundles, and are then used for putting under pots of butter, and in making a kind of cake called *necci*. The Spanish chestnut has been cultivated with more than usual care and success in the province of Lucca, owing to the laws to protect it from destruction made by the Lucchesan Republic in the eleventh century.

The only disease to which the chestnut is liable is internal decay of the trunk. Instances are known where the whole life of the tree has been carried on through the external bark, while the interior was completely destroyed. Though no cure exists for this disease, it may be arrested by burning out, by a slow fire, the whole interior of the tree, with leaves, grass, and light substances. This treatment has proved efficacious in most instances.

The chestnut is composed of starch, a glutinous

substance analogous to that of the cereals and sugar. Dr. Guerazzi in experiments narrated by him, was able to extract the sugar without altering the farinaceous or nutritious part of the nut.

After gathering,—which should be done by picking up those that have fallen, and not beating the tree—the nuts are deposited in huts, in the upper part of which deep trays are constructed, on which the chestnuts are placed to the depth of six inches. In these huts slow fires are kept up, with the use of green wood, until the nuts become hard and dry. In this condition they may be kept for years. They are, however, more generally carried to the mill, where they are ground into flour, in the same manner as corn or wheat.

From this chestnut flour various preparations are made, such as *polenta* (a kind of pudding, like our so-called hasty pudding of Indian meal) and various kind of cakes, fritters, and even a heavy kind of bread. These various ways of cooking the chestnut flour, are known under the popular names of *necci*, *pattoni*, *castagnacci*, *cialdi*, *fritelli*, etc., and the food so made is sweet and agreeable to the taste, and healthy. The country people cook the chestnuts in water, and make use of this water as a drink for chest troubles, colds and dry coughs, and in most cases it has proved very beneficial. The food made of the chestnut which is most in favor is the *polenta*, made by simply boiling the chestnut flour in water for ten or fifteen minutes, with a little salt to flavor it, taking care to keep up a constant movement of the paste, and clearing the edges of the cooking utensil, so that no part becomes burnt. It is eaten with cream, butter, ham, etc., and is most healthy and nutritious.

The food called *necci* is composed of flour formed into a cake, and is made by first mixing the flour with cold water, and then making cakes piled one upon another, and separated by chestnut leaves, pressed for the purpose and moistened by water; the whole mass is then cooked over a hot fire, and the cakes are taken off one by one, when the leaves are almost burnt. These cakes are eaten with buttermilk, cheese, Bologna sausages and meat.

The chestnut flour can be preserved sweet and in good condition for two years, in the same manner as wheat flour—but a round chest of chestnut wood is preferable, which should be kept in a fresh, dry place. The flour should be pressed into the receptacles as firmly as possible, and then covered with chestnut shells. It may then be preserved for two years, and is exceedingly agreeable to the taste, and though less nutritious, is much cheaper than wheat flour. It is certainly a fact, that in those regions where the inhabitants live almost entirely on the chestnut, they are of better appearance, more healthy, and not less strong, than those people who live on what in America is considered more wholesome and nutritious food.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Harpers' Latin Dictionary.*

FEW, indeed, are the educational works that retain for a generation so wide, and in the main so deserved and unchallenged a popularity, as that accorded to Andrews' edition of Freund's Latin Lexicon. But great and many as are its excellences, it has naturally become antiquated and unsatisfactory, in view of the results that have been garnered from the whole field of Latin scholarship during the last thirty years. The discovery of, and the light furnished by, a vast number of inscriptions, the critical examination and comparison of manuscripts, the closer study of the fragments of the earliest documents of the language, the more scientific grasp of Roman history and of ancient life, the more intelligent attention to archæology, the great advances in comparative philology, as well as the steady and concentrated study of the Latin literature itself, have all naturally modified the facts and principles on which lexicography is based.

The only serious attempt to meet, in English, the increased lexical requirements of Latin study has been made by Messrs. White and Riddle, in the successive editions of their Dictionary. But though this work—compared with Andrews', on which it is based—contains more words and fuller citations, is superior in its etymologies, and corrects many typographical errors and some errors in statement, yet the change, as a whole, is rather in quantity than in quality, and few have probably used the book without a keen sense of its coming far short of an attainable standard. The inconvenient form of its publication, too, has been a serious drawback to its use.

The editors and collaborators of Harpers' Latin Dictionary, by a thorough revision of the original work and by incorporating the best results of research in many directions, have made a substantial addition to our apparatus for exact Latin study, and it may reasonably be expected that their labors will be accepted as the standard by English-speaking students of Latin.

The book contains 2,019 three-column pages to 1,651 in Andrews', and each page is a trifle larger than that of the original. Dr. Freund's long and rather discursive preface has been omitted, as have his appendices that contained specimens of the oldest monuments of the language and French and Italian derivatives. Some of the derivatives are distributed throughout the Dictionary, and very many are dropped altogether. A synoptical table of the forms, syntax, and orthography of the language, until these were crystallized and stereotyped by the literature, perhaps hardly falls within the province of strict lexicography; but such a table is so full of instructive

interest that we should gladly have seen the original preserved in an augmented form.

In orthography, the new Dictionary satisfies a real desideratum. The spelling of classical Latin has for several years been essentially established, and the persistent retention of exploded forms in many recent texts and lexicons, whether from a timid conservatism or from an easy-going ignorance of accessible facts, has been a reproach upon Latin scholarship. Here very properly Brambach has been followed as a guide, and it is a positive gratification to miss such too-long usurping forms as *cana*, *concio*, *conditio*, *quum*.

For the etymologies of the Dictionary free use has been made of the labors of Corssen, Curtius, Vanicek, and other investigators, and he who works at the language from this side can here find more, and more reliable, information than in any other single treatise. But valuable though much of the etymological work is, it seems to us the least successful part of the Dictionary. There are imprudences, inconsistencies, and inequalities of statement that might have been avoided if this important and very delicate part had been intrusted to some trained and judicial etymologist. Good authorities certainly differ in regard to the etymologies of *calamitas*, *clarus*, *ingrus*, *populus*, *prælium*, *provincia*; but we doubt if many such will assent to those here preferred. What is said under *insula*, *servus*, *vidua*, in regard to the source of those words, is not in accord with the statements under *consul*, *salus*, *divido*. Quite full lists of derivatives and cognates in other languages are frequently presented; but, as this is a Latin-English Dictionary, why, under *caput*, *cutis*, *duco*, *fructus*, *hostis*, are not the genetic relations of *head*, *hide*, *tug*, *brook*, *guest*, given, as well as of the German *Haupt*, *Haut*, *ziehen*, *brauchen*, *Gast*? And where so much is attempted, ought not suggestive hints to have been more often given in regard to the origin of proper names, as *Cicero*, *Fabius*, *Lentulus*, *Marcus*?

In the accuracy and fullness of its definitions, the Dictionary will probably well stand the test of critical, as well as of ordinary, usage. The monographs on many of the words have been entirely reconstructed, and those of many more have been enlarged and thoroughly revised. The radical, current, figurative, and rarer meanings of words are clearly stated, with logical and chronological system, and corroborated by a rich array of citations drawn from the best seven centuries of the language. Nowhere else has the student before him so complete a historical conspectus of Latin words, with the means of its verification. As an example of the masterly critical and exhaustive treatment of individual words, we may refer to the six pages devoted to the conjunction *cum*. The etymology, forms, literal and derived meanings, and various syntactical uses of this word are stated with a fullness probably never before attempted in a Dictionary; the latest theories in regard to the somewhat puzzling modal uses of the

* Harpers' Latin Dictionary. A new Latin Dictionary, founded on the translation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, edited by E. A. Andrews, LL.D. Revised, enlarged, and in great part re-written, by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., and Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College. New York: Harper and Brothers. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1879.

word are reviewed, and every statement made or theory suggested is supported by a wealth of illustrative citations. This very fullness of treatment may be an impediment to tyros and ordinary users of the book; but as it is the outcome of advanced and comprehensive scholarship, so it should be a stimulus thereto. Some articles, naturally enough, are meagerly treated. We should gladly have seen an ampler discussion of e. g. *Æs*. One who tests the Dictionary by the Protean employment of this little word in, say, the first book of the *Annals* of Tacitus, will hardly be satisfied. The very frequent active use of adjectives in poetry and in the prose of the Silver Age—as *nobilis* and *liber* in Horace—ought, also, to have been more distinctly recognized.

Two Volumes of "L'Art."*

A SALIENT feature of "L'Art" is the attention it gives to foreign, and particularly to English, art. Doubtless this is good policy in a publication which puts London on its title-page in a spot quite as honorable as that accorded to Paris; but it also marks the increasing liberality of spirit pervading France. For instance, the title-page of the second volume of 1879 (Vol. XVII) is composed by an Englishman, John Watkins, a graduate of the Birmingham and South Kensington schools of art. Nor does he only furnish the leading art publication of the world with a title-page; other decorative pieces in the volume are credited to him, such as a funeral cartouche at page 24, and another at page 137. Professor Sidney Colvin is also a contributor in the same line of research as that he pursues in "The Portfolio," the able English art publication of Mr. Hamerton. His paper in this volume is upon an unknown German master, who signed himself "E. T." Moreover, Frederick Wedmore undertakes to make the French better acquainted with the etchings of Turner, who made French rivers the study of many months of his industrious life; he sketches and slightly criticises Turner in relation to his "Liber Studiorum," as edited, with catalogue and description, by W. S. Rawlinson (London, 1878). These etchings are impressions taken by Turner from the plates at an early stage, before the addition of shadings and so forth, and serve as illustrations to the paper. Mary M. Heaton is still one more English contributor, the subject being the painter-poet David Scott, who was born in 1817 and died in 1849; and two designs for Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" show his power and eccentricity. "L'Art" continues to pay some attention to American work. There are four studies from the life by George H. Boughton, reproduced in wood-cuts, and the sketches of E. A. Abbey at the Exposition receive from the reviewer much praise. An error has been made in the title of Mr. Abbey's large black and white, originally engraved for this magazine (February, 1876). It represents Mrs. Murray entertaining British officers while General Putnam escapes, whereas the meaning-

less title, "The Stage Office," has been given it by "L'Art." Du Maurier, of "Punch," has several excellent full-page fac-similes, and several other English artists, both men and women, receive varying marks of consideration. One of Doré's ventures into sculpture holds the vantage of a full-sized etching by Champollion. It is a study for a clock: Father Time stands on the globe which forms the clock, and with his scythe reaps among a mass of little Cupids, who mount and descend along clouds which support the globe, the base being formed of puffs of cloud. It is no better than Doré's vase, of which much was said at the Exposition. The biographies of artists contain one of the sculptor Auguste Préault, in which the biographer, Chesneau, sets before us the very man as he lived and battled. Préault belonged to the Romanticists, and began his career as an inventor of bitter *mots* at the age of twenty. When he went to the first representation of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and saw the pit paved with the bald heads of the Classicists, he cried out: "*A la guillotine, les genoux!*" His study of the nude made it natural that those bald heads should appear to him like so many bare knees. The brutality and recklessness of the cry was typical of the man. The bass-relief "Silence," which was made for the cemetery of Père La Chaise is a profoundly stirring piece of work; that called "La Tuerie," is like a dream of that Asiatic conqueror who is said to have built a palace of the skulls of his immolated victims.

Among the contents of volume XVIII, or No. 3 of the new series, are autograph sketches of Pietro Buonaccorsi, called Perino del Vaga, after a painter who employed him. However, modern art assumes by far the largest space in both volumes. There is some room for Frenchmen of the last two centuries, like Boucher and Cochin, but French and English art of to-day find most notice. Eugène Véron, the clever managing editor, finishes his review of the sculpture at the Salon of 1879, while Charles Tardieu completes the same service for the paintings. Mr. Comyns Carr, the London editor, examines the shows at Grosvenor Gallery and the Royal Academy in London. T. Chasrel reports on the Salon at Anvers, and Louis Brés describes the artistic expositions of Marseilles. Besides these there is a notice of the International Exposition at Munich, in which Théodore Jouret handles rather mercifully a gallery which was hastily formed, and which lacked the work of many of the strongest painters of Germany. "L'Art" gives also a list of the pictures in the Salon bought by the French Government. It seems that, owing to the prestige of such a choice, and the fact that such pictures will remain permanently before the public, artists are glad to sell cheaply to Government. The editor of "L'Art" objects to this, without, however, giving clear and sufficient reason. Owing to the low prices, artists naturally seek to have the price concealed.

In the course of his criticism of sculpture at the Paris Salon, the managing editor of "L'Art" makes some remarks that are to the point, and not only in reference to French art, but to our own. The sickly sentimental has been pretty much

* L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. A. Ballue, Editeur. Cinquième Année. Tome II. Tome III. Paris and London, 1879. New York: J. W. Bouton.

laughed out of our sculptors and painters, but in place of it they are tending to substitute a bald realism. The American student in France can hardly escape this influence. M. Véron says:

"Execution is essential, perhaps, especially in sculpture; but the cleverest execution is not enough to constitute a work of art. It is necessary that it be under the direction of a thought, a will, a personality, and, in art personality shows particularly in the sentiment. It is that which makes the poetry of a work, a thing which seems either unknown to or disdained by the most of our contemporary artists. In consequence of their fear of rhetorical or declamatory work—for which they deserve any amount of praise, since sincerity is the first of all artistic qualities—they have come to esteem nothing but pure reality, clumsy and cold reality. They copy their models sincerely, exactly, icily. They execute a work of art as they might solve a problem in geometry. It is a most regrettable exaggeration. In order that the æsthetic formula shall be complete, it is necessary that a *love* of nature be joined to a *respect* for nature."

Seldom does one come across a truer statement, or one which American artists need to take more to heart.

This volume holds the last essays on architecture written by the late Viollet-le-Duc, the able assistant of Véron in the management of "L'Art." A summary of a discourse by this great writer on mediæval architecture, before a Paris school of drawing, occupies an early place in the volume. He spoke on the study of drawing in his usual liberal and energetic way. Five papers *De la décoration appliquée aux édifices* show his radical treatment of subjects which other men only dare to touch in the most careful manner. What do we mean, he asks, by the term decorative arts? Where do they begin or end? Does a work of art cease to be decorative when it is isolated and is not dependent upon a monument? Michael Angelo, he thinks, would have been singularly surprised had any one thought of talking to him about decorative art. He thought he was creating art pure and simple. Nor did any one consider such distinctions until the reign of academies of art. These were to Viollet-le-Duc abominations, and to them the leader, strenuously seconded by Lieutenant Véron, gave hard knocks quite to the time of his death. In this volume, "L'Art" has handsome fac-similes of charcoals by Andrea del Sarto and Raphael, but none of its contents is of greater interest than these last words of a distinguished intellect,—an intellect which has already left its mark on the art and architecture of the century.

"Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun."*

FAME is almost as fickle a goddess as Fortune herself, and every whit as uncertain. The subject of these pleasant memoirs was, in her own day, one of the most admired of artists, the favorite of courts

and princes, and in her long and brilliant career tasted, at least, almost all the pleasures that make up the sum of human happiness. She was remarkable for her personal beauty, her manners had an irresistible charm, and the sweetness and sincerity of her nature gave an unaccustomed grace to a character of marked independence and originality. She was not born to riches, and in her long and industrious life she only laid up a modest competence for old age; but her admirable talent was a Fortunatus' purse, which unfailingly supplied both her own modest wants and the wants, not so modest, of her spendthrift husband. More precious than riches were the friendships that made the true wealth of her existence, springing up like the flowers of May about her youthful feet, sweetening her pathway in middle life, and making her peaceful old age fragrant with delightful memories. It is true she did not find life a rose without thorns. In the terrible times of the French Revolution, she had the bitter experience of losing many friends, and seeing sights that long darkened her days and nights with their horror. A miserable husband fell to her share in the lottery of marriage,—a sieve of a man, who swallowed up her earnings, and, like a daughter of the horse-leech, continually cried for more; and her beloved daughter, from whom in her childhood and youth she never allowed herself to be separated, and for whom she made a thousand sacrifices, brought her in the end only grief, marrying ill, and entering a social world into which her pure-hearted and refined mother could not follow her. But even troubles such as these were not able to subdue Madame Le Brun's constitutional cheerfulness, nor disturb her faith: they served only to temper her delight in living, and to make sweeter by contrast the many pleasures that remained to her. This private experience was the background to a public career of exceptional brilliance. Born in 1755, she began to paint portraits when she was very young; and, from the first, her marked talent brought her many sitters. Perhaps,—and she herself admits as much,—her beauty had something to do with her popularity as an artist; but, though she could not be ignorant of the admiration her lovely face excited, she says that her interest in her art and the delight she took in paintings made her indifferent to the homage she received. She painted in all six hundred and sixty-two portraits, and the long list includes almost every celebrity of her early and middle life in France and Italy, in Russia and Germany, and in England. Of course, being a devoted daughter of France, she gave her best powers to celebrate her own people; but, when the Revolution came, she fled from danger, and saved her life in traveling from one European state to another, practicing her profession wherever she found hospitality and employment. In France, she painted not only the queen and the royal children, but nearly all the members of the court, at which she was received with a favor that was almost affectionate. Madame Le Brun was a warm royalist; and in all her written pictures of the court and court life, we feel that we are listening to an enthusiastic woman who saw only the virtues

* *Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun.* New York: R. Worthington.

and none of the foibles of her friends, and of the people she honored. In reading her journal we wonder how such an elysium of goodness and purity as the court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette could ever have been held responsible for the miseries and misfortunes of France. But, 'tis the same, when Madame Le Brun comes to Russia in the course of her travels; Catherine II. is in her eye a great, noble, and good woman, and the Russian court is almost as immaculate as that of France. It is true there are shadows in the picture, and the charming artist is more true to history in the picture she draws of the Emperor Paul. What has been said of France and Russia may also be said of Italy: we get only the splendid, picturesque side of life; the other side had no attraction for the artist. But it is not to be denied that the picture she draws is bright, intelligent, and instructive, and gives us a varied and striking record of one side of life in a momentous time. Indeed, so manifestly true is Madame Le Brun in her record of what she saw and heard (and she seldom leaves the track of her own personal experience), that we are supplied in her memoirs—she all unconscious—with reasons more plenty than blackberries for the turbulent discontent that was the characteristic of the popular history of the eighteenth century, everywhere in Europe.

After the Restoration, Madame Le Brun, once so admired and so famous, was neglected and almost forgotten outside the circle of her own family and friends. A new world was rising about her, and art which, up to that time, had been a plant of feeble growth in France, was striking out fresh roots, and bourgeoning with the blossoms of a splendid spring. In the postscript by her niece, Madame J. Tripier Le Franc, appended to the present edition of these memoirs, it is stated that during Madame Le Brun's life-time no picture of hers was to be found in any one of the national collections. And indeed her name was in danger of being forgotten, had not a new edition of her "Souvenirs," the presentation of two of her best pictures to the Louvre by her niece, and lastly the enrolling of her name among the celebrities of her native country whose statues are to adorn the new Hôtel de Ville in Paris, brought once more into prominence the charming artist and woman whose beautiful face we meet to-day in so many places, reproduced by photography from the portrait painted by herself for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

Although no publisher's note informs us of the fact, we take it for granted, judging by certain peculiarities of expression, that the present American edition is a reprint of the same work recently published in England by Bentley. The original "Souvenirs" appeared in Paris in three volumes, published successively in 1834, 1835, and 1837, each volume containing a lithographed copy of a portrait by Madame Le Brun. It is a pity that the charming picture, prefixed to the first volume, of the artist with her daughter in her arms, could not have been reproduced for this American edition instead of the heliotype copy, or what appears to be such, of some

one's unhappy scratching with a graver, called on the title-page a steel portrait from an original painting by the author. This bears not any resemblance to any well-known portrait of Madame Le Brun and does her beauty injustice. Interesting as the book is in its present shape, it is really but a mangled version of the original, so many and so inexplicable on any known principle of editing are the omissions. Sentences and parts of sentences, paragraphs, whole pages, and at least two whole sections,—one called "Notes and Portraits," consisting of very clever and interesting accounts of famous people, and the other the account of her voyage in Switzerland,—are omitted and no intimation is given of the fact. Apart from the liberties taken with the text, the translation may be generally commended, although there are some surprising slips. The objective case of the pronoun "who" is hardly once used where it should be. Sometimes the translator misses the point of a story, as on page 88, where the pun upon Madame Du Barri's name is lost by "*du baril*" being translated "cask." The result is almost as amusing as that of the "*lupus lingua*" joke in "Joe Miller." Names are in several cases given wrong; "*quincunxes*," a plantation of trees set in a particular way, is translated "quinces"; and for the familiar "School of Athens" of Raphael we read the "Athenian School." But considering the astonishing character of the common run of English hack translations of French and German art books, we may praise the present translation as uncommonly exempt from those mistakes which arise when a translator has only a boarding-school acquaintance of a few quarters with the language of his original.

"The Amateur Poacher."*

THE "Amateur Poacher" is a sort of continuation of the author's first book, "The Game-keeper at Home," and is replete with the same qualities that made that volume so readable and entertaining. We see the world more from the stand-point of the poacher this time than from that of the game-keeper, and the glimpses are novel and refreshing. The author, who is probably the son of some well-to-do English farmer, plays at poaching himself, and recounts his adventures with great minuteness of detail and picturesqueness of effect. What portraits he gives us, too, of the professional poacher in "Oby and his System," and in "Luke, the Rabbit Contractor." These chapters are a novelty in literature. Oby summarizes his "system" pretty well in the following passage:

"The reason I gets on so well poaching is because I'm always at work out in the fields, except when I goes with the van. I watches everything as goes on, and marks the hares' tracks and the rabbit buries, and the double mounds and little copes as the pheasants wanders off to in the autumn. I keeps a 'nation good lookout after the keeper and

* The Amateur Poacher. By the Author of "The Game-keeper at Home." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

his men, and sees their dodges—which way they walks, and how they comes back sudden and unexpected on purpose. There's mostly one about with his eyes on me—when they sees me working on a farm, they puts a man special to look after me. I never does nothing close round where I'm at work, so he waits about a main bit for nothing."

Like the author's previous writings, this book has a marked local flavor—it savors unmistakably of English rural life and scenery. It is full of the sounds, the odors, the flowers, the trees, the birds, the animals, the very atmosphere of English country life. Those "double mounds" that recur so often, where the rabbits burrow, where you can hear them "thump, thump, thump" underground, as you pass, and where the pheasants skulk, and the birds hide—there is nothing like them in the American landscape, for they are the fences, the boundaries of the fields, merely earth thrown up and planted with trees and bushes. Such words as "wither," "stoies," "harling," "copeses," "mere," "buries," "moucher," "the coombs" are of frequent occurrence. "A fogger going to fodder his cattle," "before the summer ricks are all carted," "red haws on the hawthorn and hips on the briar," etc.—how Englishy such sentences sound! "The keen, plaintive whistle of the king-fisher"—evidently that is not the American king-fisher, with his loud rattle. The British bird, which is smaller than ours, takes to the shore quite a large fish and devours it at his leisure; our species seldom or never strikes a fish larger than he can bolt on the spot.

But to the American reader, perhaps the most astonishing revelation the book contains, like that of its predecessors, concerns the amount of game and of wild life of all kinds in England. Hares and rabbits are evidently more numerous there than chipmunks in this country. They are netted, and ferreted, and trapped, and shot, and taken in all manner of ways, and yet the fields are overrun with them. Some farmers derive quite a revenue from the sale of their rabbits. The vermin, too, that prey about the game—weasels, stoats, hawks, owls, crows, jays, magpies, etc., exist in prodigious numbers. Such a slaughter of owls, and crows, and jays in this country as annually takes place in the great game preserves of England would quickly exterminate the species.

Johnston's "History of American Politics."*

THIS little volume is a valuable contribution to our political literature,—valuable not only in itself, but as well in the enlarged study of and interest in politics which it is calculated to incite. Mr. Johnston's aim, "not to present the politics of the States, or to criticise party management, but to make our national political history easily available to young men," has been closely adhered to. That there is room and need for such a work goes without saying. The fact that our political history has not

been easily available, and that it certainly has not been availed of, has often furnished matter for concern to those wise and thoughtful statesmen who recognize the danger of ignorance in a country where the people rule. However intelligent the masses of this country may be as compared with those of other nations, there is yet a painful lack of information prevalent among all classes, not excepting even the more educated and the politicians, regarding the true character of the important political movements that mark our history and the underlying principles involved in the struggles of parties. The author well says: "It is of interest to the whole republic that young citizens should be able to learn that true national party differences have a history, and a recognized basis of existence, and should be prevented from following factitious party differences, contrived for personal objects by selfish men." It would be of no little interest, and doubtless a telling commentary on the political intelligence of the general voter, could we ascertain what proportion of young men who ally themselves to one or the other of the great political parties do so from conviction founded on knowledge of the principles of that party,—as against those who merely follow in the footsteps of their fathers, or become partisans from any reason but that of intelligent choice or consideration.

Starting with the division of the opposing parties into the two classes called the Strict Constructionist, and the Loose or Broad Constructionist, parties, as these respectively were in favor of restricting or enlarging the powers of the federal government, the author plainly draws the party lines in the statement, that "this question of a strict or a loose construction of the Constitution has always been at the root of legitimate national party differences in the United States," and that "all other pretended distinctions have been either local and temporary, or selfish and misleading." These elementary lines, it is true, were at times obscured, if not wholly lost sight of, through the heat of personal contests, while more than once the parties seemingly changed places on the issue of federal growth. But in the main the course of the parties has been clearly marked. The Republican-Democratic faction has clung tenaciously to its strict construction of the Constitution; and under the various names of Federalist, Whig, and Republican, the party of broad construction has been as pertinacious as it has been generally successful in securing the adoption of its measures for building up a strong central government. Mr. Johnston has succeeded admirably in outlining sharply and concisely the position and important movements of the opposing parties from their origin to the present administration. There are no waste sentences in the work. The style is plain, and in keeping with the subject; the arrangement is not less commendable than the plan. A chapter is devoted to each administration. The matter in these includes, in separate paragraphs, the sessions of congress, and the important bills proposed and discussed, legislative action on all measures of national interest, the development of political

* History of American Politics. By Alexander Johnston. A.M. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

ideas and parties, the choice and election of presidential candidates, and, in brief, all the prominent events that make up our political history. The author acknowledges many sources of information, and has used them with nice judgment, omitting nothing that was germane to his purpose, while compressing the mass of essential facts to the last degree possible with clearness. The result is not only a most valuable hand-book for students and young men in general, but a text-book which the politician will find it to his advantage to use for reference, and a short history which every citizen who cares to be well informed upon a subject of vital concern may read with profit and pleasure.

Rousset's "Serpent-Charmer."*

M. LOUIS ROUSSELET, the author of that admirable work, "India and its Native Princes," has tried his hand upon a book for young people, the scenery of which is taken from India. "The Serpent-Charmer" is a story of the Indian mutiny, sufficiently thrilling to satisfy the appetite of the most adventurous of boys. The central figures of the story are Andre and Bertha, the children of a French resident of the Maharatta district, Mali, the serpent-charmer, and Miana, his young assistant. To these may be added Hanouman, a learned monkey, and Saprani, a pet Cobra di Capello. This motley band, after the breaking out of the mutiny, and the destruction of the home of the young people, set off on a long pilgrimage across India, fleeing from the rebels, and in search of Bertha, who has been abducted from them by Nana Sahib, the leader of the mutiny at Cawnpore.

As may be divined, the adventures of the fugitives, their hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents, furnish forth a goodly array of the most exciting details. The scenery of the country, its natural history, the manners of the people, and their superstitions and customs, are all brought in review as the travelers move from point to point in search of safety and their lost companion. They meet with a great number of surprising incidents, all of which are possible, and many of which have happened to somebody at some time. Meanwhile, the dark and terrible story of the mutiny is slowly unfolded; and in this respect the work is of real value to young readers, as it will serve to fix in their minds the outlines of that memorable contest between the British power in India and the expiring vitality of native rule. Nana Sahib, who figures under his proper title of Prince Doundou Pant Rao, heir-presumptive to the empire of the Maharattas, is depicted in his true colors, and the black treachery of which he was guilty is described in the incidents of the tale. Of course, as the mutiny was finally crushed, the story ends happily, though the truth of history must needs leave the wicked Nana Sahib at liberty, escaping the penalty which justice, poetic or strict, would have visited upon him for his crimes. The

work is an attractive one for young people, and it may safely be put into their hands by those who dread the influence of what is known as "sensational" reading on youthful minds. It is fully illustrated with engravings after designs by A. Marie.

Recent Poetry by Women.

A GOOD text for a short discourse on the poetry of women forces itself upon our critical consideration in the shape of five volumes of recent poetry, the work of as many American women. We have read them all carefully,—we had almost said prayerfully,—and have come to the conclusion that the writers would have done much better if they could have compelled themselves to take more pains. All have something to learn, and something to unlearn, and the last mental process will probably be to most the harder of the two. It has not disheartened Miss Nora Perry, we are happy to say, for in her second volume* she no longer allows herself to indulge in the music of the refrain—a dangerous music, which is certain, when long pursued, to degenerate into jingle. Miss Perry has not yet discovered her strength and her weakness, nor are we at all sure that we have discovered them either; but, judging by what is before us, she inclines toward the dramatic, and is disinclined toward the meditative, side of poetry. She prefers to project herself into imaginary characters and experiences, rather than to study what she is, and thinks, and feels. The best things that she has done hitherto are in the direction of objective poetry, to which she has endeavored to give a dramatic form. In the opening poem of the present volume, she depicts the emotions of a man in daily contact with a woman who is beloved by his friend, and whom he loves in spite of himself and his fidelity to his friend. In the second poem, "For the King," she depicts the feelings of an Italian woman toward Victor Emmanuel, with whom she has danced at a ball in her youth, and her admiration of his bluff, soldierly character. In the fourth poem, "From a Convent," she depicts the passion and rage of a loving girl who is imprisoned by her high-born relatives; and in the eighth, "A Tramp," she depicts the querulous, worldly disgust of one of that numerous class of vagabonds. These poems, and one or two others which might be named, come under the head of serious dramatic studies. "The Wager," "If I were you, sir," and "A Deux Temps," are light enough in their intention and execution to come under the head of comic studies; while "Barbara," "Lady Wentworth," "Bunker Hill in 1875," and "Boston Boys," are studies of national balladry. There is considerable range, it will be perceived in these three walks of poetic art, and Miss Perry has acquitted herself creditably in all, though she has still left something to be desired in her work in each. "Her Lover's Friend" is worthy of the place it occupies, for it is not only the most agreeable poem in the

* The Serpent-Charmer, by Louis Rousset. Translated from the French by Mary De Hauteville. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Her Lover's Friend and Other Poems. By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

volume, but it is by far the most finished one. Next to this we should place "The Famous Free-Lance" and "The Rebel Flower," and with these the ballad of "Bunker Hill." We prefer her serious to her comic vein, and we think she appears to most advantage when she is most objective.

The poetry of Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, who has just published her fifth volume,* belongs to the same class as that of Miss Perry. She is nothing if not dramatic, and nothing if not subtle. Her method is a profound one, in that it works from within outward, and a faulty one, in that it implies more sympathy than she is likely to obtain, and more intelligence than is possessed by one reader in a hundred. Her conceptions are no doubt clear to her, but they are frequently obscure to others. Her situations may be striking from a psychological point of view, but they are not such as commend themselves to the eyes of common men; the stage upon which her tragedies are played is of the soul, not of the senses. She not only demands an apprehension which is denied to the many, but she demands also that they shall forget the language which is natural to them, and learn the language which is natural to her—a primitive speech, so to speak, because it leaves so much to be supplied by intuition and imagination. It is wayward, abrupt, enigmatic, and prolific in hints, and innuendoes, and questions it neglects to answer.

What we have said applies to Mrs. Piatt's poetry whether it is directly dramatic, as in the poems included here under the head of "Dramatic Persons and Moods," or indirectly dramatic, as in the poems addressed "With Children." It is her sign-manual, and it is more strongly impressed upon "A Wall Between," than upon anything else in the volume. We shall not attempt to analyze this remarkable production, in which a dying wife confesses herself to her husband, who has visited her in the disguise of a priest, but content ourselves with commending it to Mrs. Piatt's readers as a good example of her excellences and defects, and as containing isolated lines and passages noticeable, as is most of her work, alike for vigor and originality. Perhaps the most finished things here are the "Double Quatrains," of which there are ten. They are very suggestive, especially the third one, which we give:

BROKEN PROMISE.

"After strange stars, inscrutable, on high;
After strange seas beneath his floating feet;
After the glare in many a brooding eye,—
I wonder if the cry of "Land" was sweet?

"Or did the Atlantic gold, the Atlantic palm,
The Atlantic bird and flower, seem poor, at best,
To the gray Admiral under sun and calm,
After the passionate doubt and faith of quest?"

It is refreshing to turn from the elaborate poetic work of Mrs. Piatt and Miss Perry to the simple verse of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, whose bright

and unassuming little volume* will earn her many friends. It reveals a very decided poetic talent and is as natural and unaffected as any modern writing can be. There is no trace of labor in it, and no evidence of anxiety to discover new themes, nor does there appear to be much ambition to handle old themes in a new way. Mrs. Dodge is impressed by common things; the light of a flower, the song of a bird, sets her to thinking and singing. She thinks clearly, and sings sweetly, and leaves with us a pleasant feeling when she is done. One would say from these poems that she is fond of out-door life, and that she has a sunny temperament, which finds its happiness in nature, and in the cheerful performance of every-day duties.

There are between fifty and sixty poems in Mrs. Dodge's volume, all of which are marked by the qualities we have indicated. Single lines and epithets showing much imagination are more numerous than single sustained poems. It is not easy to say which are the best, they resemble one another so closely, and are so evenly written; but those which we have read with most pleasure, are "In the Cañon," a picturesque description of Colorado scenery; "There's a Wedding in the Orchard," a little, off-hand rural sketch; "The Two Mysteries," a striking piece of poetic philosophy; "Secrets," a fairy-like lyric of love; "My Window Ivy," "The Minuet," and "A Birthday Rhyme." Perhaps the most poetical poem,—the one which goes deepest in intuition,—is "Once Before," the purport of which will be detected in the opening lines:

"Once before, this self-same air
Passed me, though I know not where.
Strange! how very like it came!
Touch and fragrance were the same;
Sound of mingled voices, too,
With a light laugh ringing through;
Some one moving—here or there—
Some one passing up the stair,
Some one calling from without,
Or a far-off childish shout:—
Simple, home-like, nothing more,
Yet it all hath been before!"

If anything should make a critic hesitate in bestowing praise or censure, it is the little volume by the young New England girls who sought poetic recognition a year or so ago by the publication of "Apple Blossoms."† It consists of thirty-one separate poems, upon as many Berkshire wild-flowers, fourteen of which were written by Miss Dora Goodale, and seventeen by her sister, Miss Elaine. Before the idea of a *seriatim* treatment of the flora of a section, the muse of an older poet would have hesitated long. The result in this instance hardly justifies the venture. There is little, if any, advance on the previous book. As before, the versification is good, and the sentiment pleasing; but beyond that we cannot go, for, with two or three exceptions, the poems are not striking, and, of course, not original.

We have a kindly feeling toward Miss Charlotte

* Along the Way. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers. By Elaine and Dora Goodale, Authors of "Apple Blossoms." Illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Dramatic Persons and Moods With Other New Poems. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

Fiske Bates, and toward her volume of verse, which is free from pretension of every kind.* It is carefully, but not skillfully written, and is noticeable for gravity of thought, earnestness of purpose and restricted range. She has not sought her themes in books or in communion with other minds, but has found them in herself, in her sorrows and suffer-

ings, and in her spiritual hopes and consolations. That she has begun well is evident, we think, from this little poem, which is entitled "Treading the Circle":

"So far, so far gone out of sight,
My strained eyes follow thee no more.
Thou to the left, I to the right;
Never to meet as heretofore.

"Yet though the distance grows so wide,
We tread Love's circle year by year:
We are nearer on the other side
The farther we are sundered here."

* Risk, and Other Poems. By Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Fruit-Press.

A PRESS which is constructed upon quite a novel plan, and which presents some features of value to the householder, has been invented for the purpose of extracting juices from fruits. A tapering screw, journaled at its larger end in a bracket, or holder, designed to be fitted to the edge of a table with clamps, and having a suitable handle, forms the press. An iron cylinder tapered to fit closely over the screw, carries at the large end a hopper for the fruit, and at the small end a spout for the rejected refuse. The lower side of the cylinder is open, and strainers of different degrees of fineness may be placed inside to cover this opening. In use the cylinder is slipped over the screw and clamped to the bracket, and the fruit to be pressed is placed in the hopper. On turning the handle the fruit is conveyed along the cylinder and pressed at the same time, the juice escaping through the strainer to a vessel placed below, the dry skin, seeds, and other refuse, being expelled at the end of the cylinder. The same apparatus, by a slight change in its parts, may be used for a sausage-stuffer. In expressing juices the machine saves all handling of the fruit or refuse, and will, no doubt, prove of convenience in domestic economy.

Bridge Building.

IN erecting a single-span bridge recently in France the experiment was tried of building the bridge on shore and then pushing it over the stream into its place. The span was of iron and of a common pattern, and was 96.5 meters long (314 ft.), and weighed about 1,300,000 kilos, or 1,250 tons. Rollers were placed under the bridge and to the forward end was fastened a lighter span belonging to another bridge, with another at the rear end. When finished the bridge was pushed out over the river, and the forward portion reached the opposite bank before the center of gravity of the main span passed the rear or home shore. The advanced part met rollers and moved on supporting the main span till it crossed the river, when it was removed, and the bridge was easily put in its permanent position. This operation though claimed as novel was entirely successful, but it seems to have been hinted at by a bridge erected a year or two ago

in this country. In this case the bridge was erected piece by piece from both shores, being supported by wire ropes passed over towers on the banks and temporary towers in the river. It met in mid-air just as permanent supports were built up from below, all the work meeting at one spot in mid-stream at a great height above the water.

Etching Metals.

IN ornamenting metallic surfaces by etching it is proposed to cover the metal with an actinic film (probably gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash), and placing a transparent positive over it and exposing it to the sun. The light portions would admit the light to the film and it would be hardened, while the darks, in shade, would be untouched. On removing the positive the dark and still soluble portions are to be washed away. The etching acid is then poured over the metal, the film keeping it away from the light portions while it is free to attack the dark parts. By such a process, it will be observed, the etched parts would be black and the lights in the natural color of the metal. The process seems to be worthy of experiment.

Glass Sleepers.

GLASS sleepers for street railways are now under trial. They are made by the Sieman's glass toughening process, which differs somewhat from the well-known La Bastie process. Under careful experiment they have been found to have very considerable strength, or, at least, sufficient for light railways. So far they have been made of a rather small pattern for longitudinal sleepers, but there seems to be no reason why they may not be made of the usual size for heavy railway ties. The glass is of the cheapest quality. They may even be made from furnace slag, as cheap bottles are already manufactured, and once in the road-bed they would last for centuries, as far as mere decay is concerned.

The Audiphone.

THIS instrument, designed to supplement the ear in cases of partial deafness, has been recently introduced and has already proved of marked value in enabling many deaf persons to hear sounds of all

kinds and even spoken words. In appearance it resembles a large black fan, being formed of a flat, thin and flexible disc supported by a handle, the whole being made of vulcanized rubber. Attached to the upper edge of the fan are cords that pass through a clip, or binding ring, on the handle. In use these cords are drawn down, bending the fan somewhat, and are secured by the clip. The deaf person holds the audiphone by the handle with the upper edge resting lightly on the upper teeth and with the convex side of the fan outward. Sonorous vibrations of all kinds striking on the curved surface of the audiphone are imparted to the teeth as sensible vibrations, and are then conveyed through the teeth and the bones of the head to the internal ear. The auditory nerve conveys the resulting sensation to the brain precisely as if the vibrations had reached the internal ear through the usual channel of the external ear. It will be seen that this implies that the internal ear is perfect, otherwise no vibrations reaching it through any means would have any effect and the brain would not be aware of any sensation. The auditory nerve must also be perfect, and thus the audiphone is practically an apparatus for supplementing the loss or injury of the external ear. Repeated trials have shown that the instrument enables many deaf persons to hear distinctly. On the other hand, some deaf persons are not in any way aided by it, and the conclusion is that such persons have lost the use of the internal ear or the auditory nerve, or both. The loss of the first must, it would seem, prevent the recovery of the hearing by the use of the audiphone as it cannot be imagined that it conveys sound to the nerve without translation through the ear. From personal observation with the audiphone it appears to convey the sonorous vibrations to the ear through the teeth, just as a long wooden rod held in the teeth will convey the vibrations of the sounding board of a piano, though the piano is in another room and out of hearing by the ear. In using the audiphone during conversation there is no movement or vibration felt by the teeth; in listening to a piano there is a very faint sensation as if the audiphone vibrated slightly, while with the handle of the audiphone resting on the sounding-board of the piano the vibrations are so violent as to be painful to the teeth. By closing the ears a person with even acute hearing can observe the admirable manner in which the instrument conveys spoken words to the ear. The audiphone will prove to be of great value to deaf mutes, as it enables them to hear their own voices and thus to train them to express words, while, before, they could only make inarticulate sounds. A variation of this instrument has been introduced employing a diaphragm held in a telephone mouthpiece, and free to vibrate under the influence of sounds. This is connected by a string to a bit of wood that may be held in the teeth. In use the hearer places the wood between his teeth, the string is drawn tight and the speaker speaks through the telephone mouthpiece, the vibrations of the diaphragm being then conveyed to the teeth through the stretched string. This

apparatus is said to work with success, but it seems to lack the convenience and simplicity of the audiphone.

The Steering Screw.

THE attempt to make a propeller that should be at once screw and rudder was tried some time since upon a small steam launch with entire success, and the screw, together with a new type of marine engine, has now been applied to a sea-going boat, belonging to the torpedo service of the Navy. This boat, the *Alarm*, is armed with one fifteen-inch gun, placed at the bows, and three torpedo spars. The *Alarm* is designed to be fought "bows on," the boat itself making the gun carriage, and to train the gun the entire boat must be moved by the gunner. This implies a perfect control of the boat, so that it can be turned completely round on its center. The torpedo spars are run out under water from the stern and from each side of the bows, and for their management it is also essential that the boat be under far more complete control than can be obtained by the ordinary screw and rudder. The new screw was applied to the *Alarm* for the double purpose of moving and steering the boat, and handling its gun and torpedoes. To understand this invention the engines built to move the screw must first be examined. There are two compound horizontal engines, placed side by side near the stern of the boat. The two cylinders of each engine are placed in line with one piston for each pair, the high pressure cylinders being forward with the two low pressure cylinders on each side of the condenser. The engine frames are toward the stern and make the guides for the piston rods, so that the engine is much like a pair of upright engines, with a condenser between their feet and laid down on the side. At the foot (or stern) of each frame is a bell crank, directly connected on one side with the piston rod, and on the other side with a rod connected with a crank on the head of the upright screw shaft. The two rods from the engines are placed at a quarter angle on the shaft, and the two engines are thus joined and move together. This style of engine and its position are entirely new, and show great ingenuity, for the problem is to supply a small and narrow boat with very powerful engines, to place the engines at the stern, and at the same time to distribute the weight in an exceedingly limited space. The vertical shaft stands immediately in front of the rudder, and is supported in a journal in the hull and steadied by a second and lighter bearing on an extension of the keel, that reaches to the rudder post. Near the bottom of the shaft on a line with the screw is a gearing for imparting the motion of the upright shaft to the short, horizontal shaft of the screw. The screw is six-bladed and is designed to move forward only, as the engine has no reversing gear. To understand the next and most important feature of this invention, it must be observed that the screw is supported by a sleeve, or casing, that surrounds the shaft, and is free to turn in any direction in a horizontal plane; in other words, the screw may be

turned round and pointed in any direction. The sleeve passes through the boat, and is surmounted by a horizontal geared wheel. This wheel is controlled by a worm gear, connected by shafts and suitable gearing with a horizontal hand-wheel in the wheel-house on deck, just in front of the engine. By this appliance, the pilot in the house turns the screw about in any direction, whether it is at rest or in motion. In going ahead, the screw is placed behind the shaft. To steer to the right, the screw is turned to the left, and then the whole force of the engine is spent in pushing the stern of the boat to the left. If she were at rest she would turn round on a fixed point or pivot. If previously going ahead she would describe a curve to the right, that would be the result of the previous forward motion, and the tendency to turn on a pivot, and if the screw were kept in this position, the curve would turn on itself till the boat simply turned round on its center. To move the boat astern, the screw is turned completely round, and this without stopping the engine, as it would be practically driving forward. All movements of the boat in turning, backing, and moving in every imaginable direction, to avoid a collision, in running another vessel, in training the gun or torpedoes, are controlled by the pilot, by moving the screw, and at the same time the engines work continuously at full speed ahead. The result of this combination of screw and rudder is a more complete control of the vessel than can be obtained from any form of screw and rudder now in use. For quick turning or sudden reversal of the screw, a supplementary engine is added, that can be applied to the steering gear to assist the pilot in moving the heavy screw and its casing in the water, so that, if desired, the boat may be steered by steam. The boat is also provided with a rudder for use in case of need. This steering screw, with, perhaps, a somewhat different style of engine, would seem to be of great value in Western rivers, where a winding channel demands a complete control of the boat.

Mechanical Extraction of Cream.

THE separation of cream from milk by allowing it to rise and float on the top, while easy and convenient, is slow, and attempts have been made to employ mechanical means to the work. For this purpose a machine has been brought out which operates on the principle of the ordinary rotary dryer. The apparatus consists essentially of a circular tank, a holder, supported by an upright shaft. Surrounding the shaft is a tube or sleeve, slightly larger in diameter, and outside of this is a second sleeve, still larger, thus giving two annular pipes reaching into the tank. From the outer pipe extend smaller pipes, radiating in every direction and entering the tank near the outer edge. Under the tank is another pipe, open at the lower end and communicating with the tank above, and a pail, or other vessel, below. In operation the tank is filled with milk, and the shaft is turned by steam or other power at a speed of about 2,000 revolutions a minute. This motion at once tends to separate the

cream from the milk, or, better, the milk from the cream, by centrifugal force. The milk is driven toward the outer edge of the tank, while the cream gathers in the center. This separation takes place at once, and in a few minutes the cream may be drawn out through the central pipe, and the milk, taken from near the edge of the tank, through the outer pipe. At the same time, new milk may be added to the tank through the supply pipe below, the centrifugal tendency of the milk in the tank being sufficient to draw up new supplies from the pail or other vessel below. Thus the separation of the milk from the cream is continuous so long as the supply of fresh milk is maintained. The cream extracted by this machine is reported to be entirely free from milk or water, while the milk is completely relieved of all its cream, showing a perfect separation of the two. Appliances are provided for regulating the density of the cream and for carrying the process to completion without waste of time or material.

Novel Photo-Printing Process.

A NEW method of making gelatine films for actinic processes has been brought out that is quite the reverse of those now in use. In sensitizing plates and films for photo-printing, the gelatine is charged with bichromate of potash, and on exposure to light, the parts exposed become insoluble, while parts in shade are soluble and may be washed away with water. In the new process this is reversed, and the prepared gelatine film is insoluble when made and remains so while kept in the dark. On exposure to light under a transparent negative the portions in light become soluble, and may be washed out, leaving the shaded portions in relief. When applied to the reproduction of line-drawings the gelatine film may be covered by a positive, or a pen-and-ink drawing on thin paper, and the light will act through the translucent portions, leaving the shaded parts untouched. When sufficiently exposed, the film is placed in warm water, when the soluble parts (lights) will be washed out, leaving the drawing (shades) in relief. From this, it is easy to see, molds may be taken for casting in type-metal for ordinary printing. The formula given for making the solution to be mixed with the gelatine is as follows:—Water, 100 cubic cents.; iron perchloride, 3 grams; tartaric acid, 1 gram. The proportion of gelatine is not yet announced. The process is one that, if all that is claimed for it be true, promises to simplify and cheapen photo-printing.

Simple Electrical Signal.

FOR dispatching a fixed signal, as in fire alarm lines, and in all mere calling and warning, a new device for giving the call or signal without the aid of machinery, has been introduced. The apparatus consists of a board or other non-conducting tablet, on which are laid strips or points of wire arranged in pairs and in a vertical line. These pieces of wire and points correspond to the dots and

dashes of the intended signal, and are parts of the line circuit. To send a signal it is only necessary to pass by hand a piece of metal down and over the wires and points in turn, the metal being wide

enough to unite each pair and close the circuit as it passes. The simplicity and cheapness of this method of signaling seem likely to make it of general use everywhere.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Beggar's Mirror.

A Fable.

A PERSIAN beggar—once it came to pass—
Acquired an old but curious looking-glass,
Which had a value for the shiftless tramp
As wonderful as had Aladdin's lamp.
For, looking on the broad, clear mirror's face,
All persons were endowed with heavenly grace.
The veriest hag who stood a moment there
Found that her face became divinely fair,
And no coarse clown could so ill-favored be
But in this glass great beauty he could see.
So the shrewd beggar, when he strolled about,
Failed not to bring the famous mirror out,
And, holding it in front of those he met,
Unnumbered pennies he was sure to get.

Now, when the beggar died, unto his son
He gave the glass to use as he had done.
But though the son went all the country through,
He let none but himself the mirror view,—
For, finding his own face so fair a sight,
He simply looked at it from morn to night,
Till, when he came unto his house once more,
Each day his purse was empty as before.

MORAL.

They who spend life in vanity and pride
Will find their feast set forth by Barmecide;
"Who draws the world to Flattery's glass gains
pelf,
But he's a fool who looks in it himself."

JOEL BENTON.

The Polyphone.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

PROFESSOR JONES was very wise,
And wore green goggles on his eyes—
Or 'twould be better, I suppose,
To say he wore 'em on his nose—
And was so very tall and slim
The street-boys made a jest of him,
And to his garments would attach
The label: "Here's a walking match."
Yet this ungainly friend of ours
Made daily gain in mental powers.
To him, each coming moment brought
Some thing of moment—fact or thought—
And he could bid the boys defiance
When rambling in the paths of Science.

For many weeks, Professor Jones
Made study of the laws of tones.
Of phonographs, and telephones,
And megaphones, he had a store
That filled up half his study floor—
The number of his tools, indeed,
Would make a work too long to read
With any sort of satisfaction;
But magnets were the chief attraction.
With these he labored, much intent

On making a new instrument
Which should, by means of sound-vibrations,
Make both "transmissions" and translations.
Said he: "For speech, we must have tone,
And every language has its own—
(Our high-toned English such-and-such,
And so-and-so the lowest Dutch)—
Its given rules to guide inflection
In some particular direction.
There's philologic evidence
That all our languages commence
In some lost parent tongue—each root
Each nation modifies to suit—
And languages, 'tis clearly found,
In no way differ but in sound.
Now, diaphragms may well be trusted,
If once they're properly adjusted
For language A and language B,
According to the phonic key,
(And then connected in a circuit
By persons competent to work it.)
To transpose these root-derivations
Which differ with the tones of nations—
So if one 'sends' an English sermon
'Twill sound a sound discourse in German,
And our Italian learned at home
Can be well understood at Rome."

So saying, the Professor toiled,
And hammered, polished, filed and oiled,
Until, adjusted and connected,
Behold the polyphones perfected!
One stood upon the study table,
And one was down-stairs in the stable,
Where curious neighbors might not spy it,
And naught remained to do but try it.
A boy placed at the sending station,
To speak (for a consideration)
The noble language of our nation,
Professor Jones hied up the stair
To listen to the sounds, up there,
Which would at once, no doubt, determine
If English could be changed to German.

That boy below, sad to relate,
Was not in a regenerate state:
His language did not smack of schools,
Or go by proper laws and rules—
His speech was very shrill, but oh!
Its tone was most exceeding low!
So then and there the stable rang
With slang, and nothing else but slang,
Which, having no equivalent
In German, clogged the instrument—
And while the disappointed Jones
Stood quaking at the horrid tones
That came from the receiving-plate,
Discordant, inarticulate,
The boy began the last new song—
There was a clang, as from a gong—
And shattered were the polyphones,
And eke the intellect of Jones!



DESIGN FOR A BICYCLER'S HANDKERCHIEF.

An American Sketch.

His heart is all of English oak,
His trowsers all of English kersey,
He always rows the English stroke—
And yet he came from North New Jersey.

He docks his horses' flowing tails,
He drives an English cart, with Buttons;
His beard is like the Prince of Wales',
His eye-glass like the Earl of Mutton's.

His satin scarf is Oxford blue,
And cut-away his English coat is,
And when he speaks, oh, English too
The difficulty in his throat is.

He calls his cousins' dresses 'frocks',
And rides upon an English nag
To hounds—although the English fox
Is started from a pudding-bag.

J. Edmonds-Jones he writes his name;
And yet, if you'll believe me, sirs, he
Was known as 'Jim' Jones when he came
Some years ago, from North New Jersey.
NELLIE G. CONE.

Beside Love's Bier.

MEN came and wondered, when he died,
And stood with wet eyes by his bier.
"We never dreamed," some wildly cried,
"That Love could die, he was so dear;"
Some only looked awhile and sighed,
Then went their way; they had no tear;
One moaned: "I've wandered far and near,
And sought for Love, and would have died
For his sweet sake,—I find him here;"
Another kissed his cold, white brow:
"Farewell," he cried. "Thou wilt not move;
Eternal slumber holds thee now:
No resurrection comes for Love!"
But one who stood apart a space
Drew near him gently. "Love," said he,
"He never truly knew thy face,
Who saw thee dead, nor died with thee."
R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

Epigrams.**TO DEATH.**

HARSH dealings at thy hands do all men seek,
Or seem to seek, who speak but ill of thee,
Death, / thy name with praise shall ever speak—
Thou canst afford to give long life to me.

TRUTH.

"Truth dwells in wells." How old tradition lies!
For truth dwells not in wells, but in my lady's
eyes!
Yet should you for the fable still feel ruth
I'll call them eyes no more, but merely wells of
truth.

TO POETS.

When you've contrived in language wondrous
terse
Into one epic some high theme to cram,
Take my advice, burn all your ragged verse—
Expand it all into an epigram.

CHARLES H. DENNIS.

From a Counting-house.

THERE is an hour when first the westering sun
Takes on some forecast faint of future red;
When from the wings of weariness is shed
A spell upon us toilers, every one;
The day's work lags a little, well-nigh done;
Far, dusky lofts through all the close air spread
A smell of eastern bales; the old clerk's head
Nods by my side, heavy with dreams begun

In dear dead days wherein his heart is tombed.
But I my way to Italy have found;
Or wander where high stars gleam coldly
through
The Alpine skies; or in some nest perfumed,
With soft Parisian luxury set round
Hold out my arms and cry "At last!" to
you.

H. C. BUNNER.